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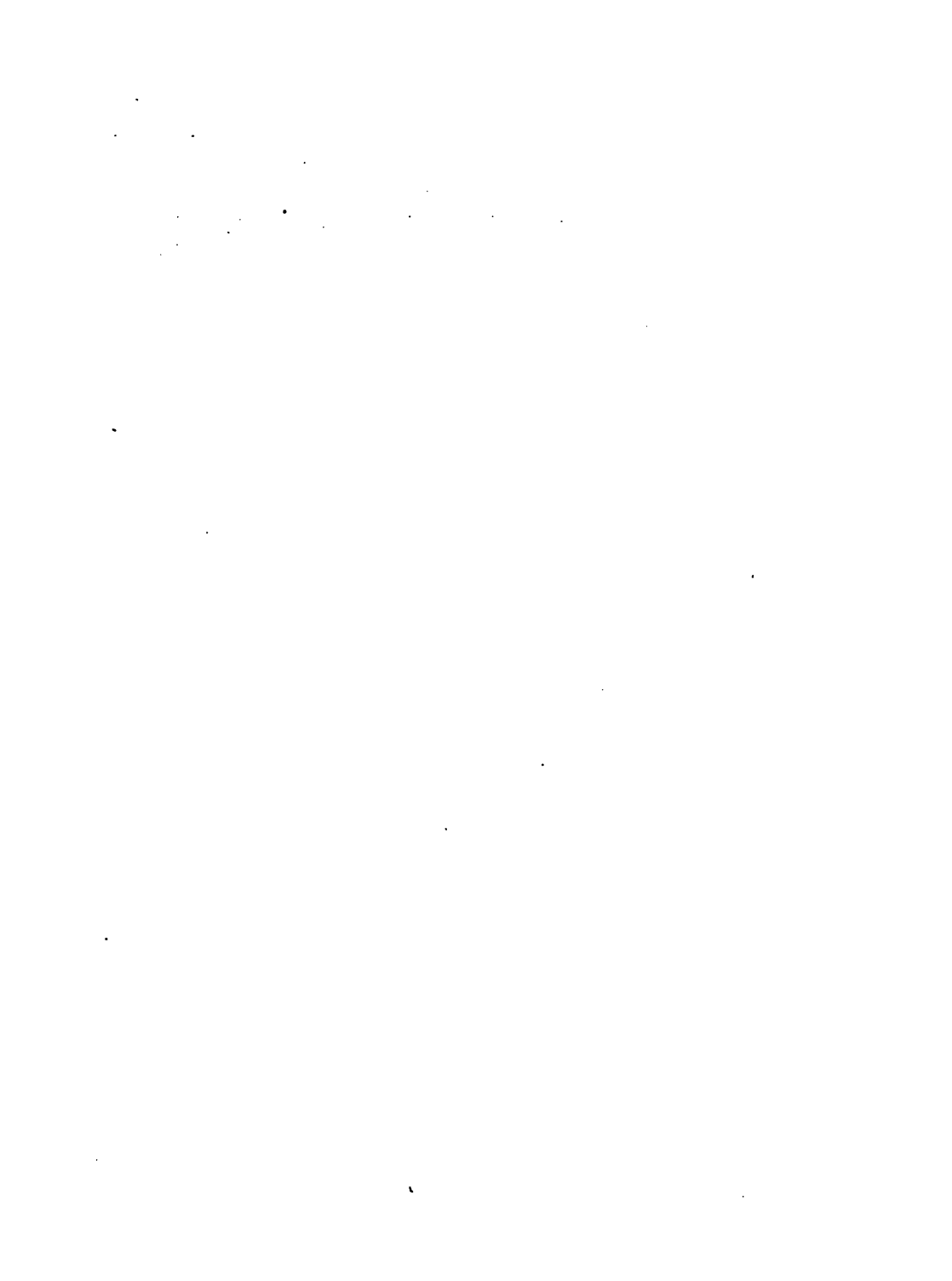
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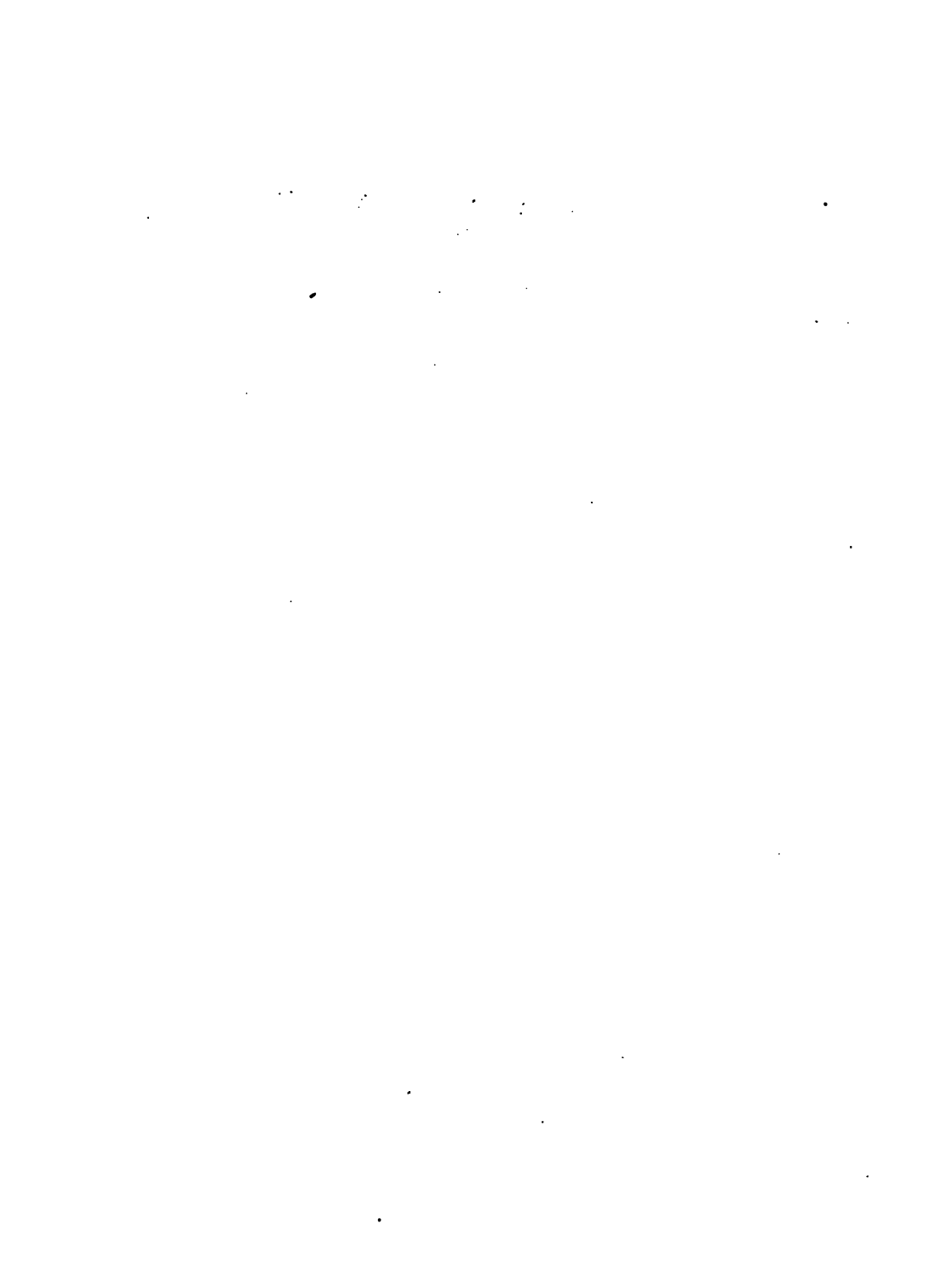
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The girls went back to the house around which the symmetrical oaks threw a cool, dense shade. (Page 143)

KATHERINE SOMERVILLE

OR

The Southland Before and After the Civil War

BY

ANNIE SOMERS GILCHRIST

AUTHOR OF

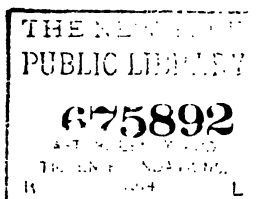
"Harcourt," "Rosehurst, or the Stepdaughter," "The Mystery of Beechcroft,"
"Zulleme," "The Robins," "Representative Women," etc., etc.

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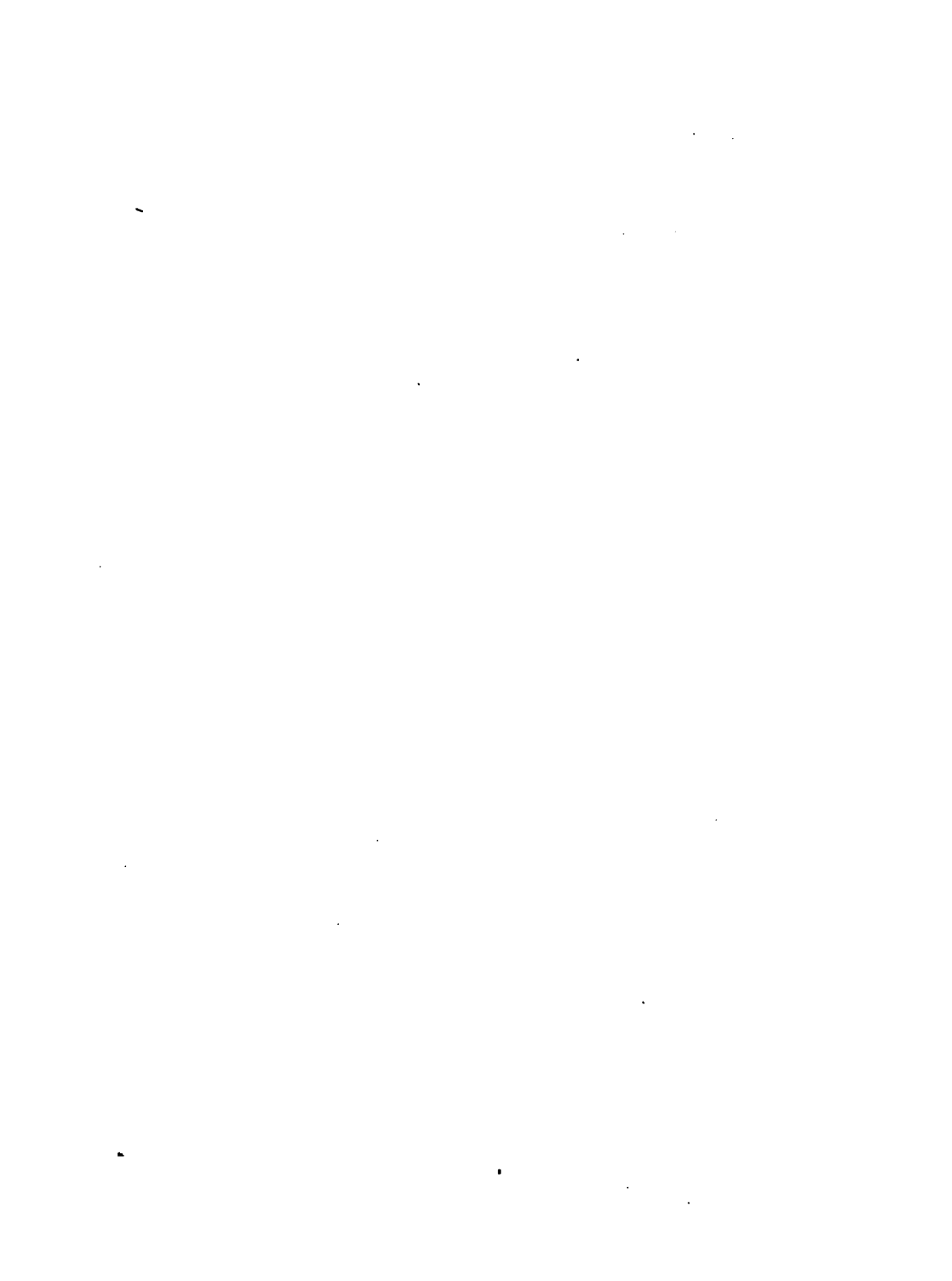
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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE main incidents in this volume actually occurred, and many of the characters here delineated are still living, though the majority have passed away. Naught has been set down in malice—just a true picture of life in the South before, during, and after the Civil War is here set forth, covering a period of over fifty years.

Forty years have passed since the great struggle, and the writer has reviewed the conditions of living before and since that time in the South, and the causes that led to those conditions, with a calm, unprejudiced spirit. For many of the historical points, she is indebted to the writings of Lieutenant General Richard Taylor. For the exegeses of religious truth herein set forth, she is indebted to the reverend gentlemen, A. B. Simpson, H. C. Morrison, and L. L. Gladney.



KATHERINE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OAKS IN THE FORTIES.



It was a pleasant, sunny morning late in March; in the old-fashioned garden, Amos, the gardener, was carefully making straight rows preparatory to planting seeds of beans, okra, and squash. Already the lettuce bed was sending up above the rich dark loam small, green shoots, and the onions were several inches high. Two broad walks intersected each other, cutting the great garden into four equal squares. Sage bushes, thyme, and chamomile grew on one of the walks, and rose bushes on another were putting forth green, tender leaves. Four great pear trees grew along the palings dividing the garden from the backyard where, in their shade, the sheltered well a hundred feet deep provided crystal water almost ice-cold, and never-failing. Skirting the garden to the left a plum nursery blossomed, filling the air with fragrance. Beyond was the chicken yard, with its long, low houses, and still farther the peach orchard blushed with gorgeous bloom. Directly at the back of the garden, and on its right, grew the apple orchard, stretching in undulating sweep to the forest with its varied shades of tender green waving in the soft south wind half a mile away. The two-storied house, built of hewn logs and plaster, the latter whitened with lime, contained eight rooms, four of them twenty feet square. The main hall was weather-boarded, having double doors, front and back, which now stood open, admitting the warm breeze, bringing sweet, woodsy scents on its capricious wings.

In the hall a bookcase stood stocked with volumes, from Homer and Shakespeare down to the latest of Mrs. Southworth's novels. Entering the west room, which was the parlor, one could see through the high, small-paned windows looking north over the grassy, oak-shaded, spacious lawn, divided by a fence from a wide park sloping, emerald, embowered in forest trees, the public road winding like a broad, cream-colored ribbon past the barns and stables in the distance. Beyond the stables a pond dimpled in the spring sunshine, on which floated a flock of geese. The parlor was lighted by four windows, draped with rose-colored muslin under sheer white lawn, falling in full, soft folds to the floor covered with wool carpet of pretty, tasteful pattern. There were cane-seated chairs—one, a large rocker, stood near the center table, on which lay copies of *The Scottish Chiefs*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Josephus*, *Scott's poems*, and the April number of *Godey's Lady's Book* for that year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight. At one side of the room was a cabinet of hardwood with carved doors. A mirror surmounted the dark, polished slab on which stood quaint old flower vases and tall glass candle-sticks, in which were sperm candles that had never been lighted. A tidy of knitted thread in front of the mirror held a dainty china saucer, in which were blue wood violets and short, feathery ferns, gathered in a deep, damp spot at the creek, which ran half a mile east of the house. The tall mantel was a work of art, hand carved, in hardwood, and painted to simulate white marble, veined with pink. It was surmounted with a long mirror, and held glass candlesticks at either end. The brick hearth was painted red, and concealing the fireplace was a screen of paper decorated with the gay fashion-plates of *Godey's* of bygone dates. Before the screen stood a big white pitcher filled with feathery asparagus and golden candlesticks—blossoms of early spring. A narrow-cushioned lounge, draped with some crimson stuff, served for a divan.

Across the hall was the family room, with its wool carpet of oak and brown pattern; the tall bed, with the trundle-bed underneath; a fine oak bureau, which would be a joy to the antique-furniture hunters of today. The massive mantel

was of carved wood and simulated black marble veined with red. The windows gave a fine view of the park and meadows beyond the public road stretching away to the budding woods. A door led into the dining-room, where a china closet, a folding-leaf walnut table, some hardwood chairs, and a side table completed its furniture. From this the kitchen was entered—a large, low room, the big brick fireplace extending nearly across one end of it. Here Amy, the fat, faithful cook, held sway, having the entire confidence of her master and mistress. From the kitchen door, looking east down beyond the sloping, shaded grounds, were low log cabins, which were occupied by some of the slaves at The Oaks. Through the western kitchen window, beyond the grounds, could be seen the carriage house, near which grew an immense walnut tree, beneath whose budding boughs clustered a flock of turkeys. In a corner of the grounds to the left of the house, an "office" stood, its gray-and-white-striped walls nestling in the shadow of the great, symmetrical oaks, reddish now with myriad young leaves. The office was the room of the two younger sons of the house. It contained a bed, two trunks, four chairs, a desk, with writing materials, and a table, on which lay Riley's Narrative, The Great West, and some copies of the county paper. In the open fireplace some sticks of wood smouldered on the andirons, from which white ashes occasionally dropped to the brick hearth. The mantel, smaller than those described, was carved, and simulated white marble, veined with pink and blue. A Webster's dictionary and a red-and-gold copy of Milton's Paradise Lost lay on one end of it, near a brass candlestick containing a tallow candle half burnt out. The other end was littered with collars, cuff buttons, and suspenders. Underneath the table, which stood at a window looking on the park, was a case containing a violin. Both the boys—Lafayette and Erskine—were anxious to play; the latter, the younger of the two, was the apter at drawing dulcet strains from the mystic strings. Lafayette was the one who consulted the dictionary and read Paradise Lost. He had that morning ridden over to the new ground, where six negroes were burning brush in a field recently cleared,

which lay on the edge of his father's five-thousand-acre farm. Erskine, ten years old, had gone to look at his traps.

Amos continued to hoe, pulverizing the clods and making the rows straight with stick and plumbline. At length he stepped into the walk, and pausing, wiped his black, sweating face with the sleeve of his osnaburg shirt. Then he stood still, with his eyes riveted on a small, dark object, slowly approaching from the spot where the walks intersected. He looked around and saw his master, Mr. James Somerville, coming from the carriage house with firm, quick steps over the grass. He was of medium height, rather heavy-set, with wavy locks of iron-gray hair shading a high, open brow, beneath which expressive gray eyes looked forth. The shapely nose was slightly retroussé, the lips firm, clean cut, and a benevolent air beamed over the whole face.

"Say, marsteh," called Amos, "heah he is now, a-comin' towa'ds me; yo' wes fea'd he's gone, but heah he is, sho nuff."

The man quickened his steps, and opened the garden gate, a smile beaming in the deep, gray eyes, as they fell on the small, dark object.

"So there you are, Canopus," said he, stopping short. "I thought maybe you had quit the garden."

The thing seemed to know his voice, and continued to advance until it was between the feet of the man. Pausing, it turned its queer little head from side to side, its small, round eyes seeming to view its surroundings with a certain complacency. Then it drew back slowly, enclosing itself in its small shell. Amos leaned on his hoe and gave a low chuckle.

"Marsteh, dat taripin bin in dis heah gyarden fo' yeah dis spring. De cretuh jes' loves yo'. I jes' b'lieve he hyeahed yo' when yo' lef' de ca'iage house jes' now; anyhow, he come tea'in' down de walk t' meet yo'."

"Well, Amos, even a terrapin's goodwill is worth something. That's a fine row, and straight as a die."

He moved over to where the negro stood smiling, well pleased at his master's praise. They went slowly on until Amos stopped and began another row. Turning around, he

gave another low chuckle, and, pointing with his black, horny finger, said:

"Now, jes' look dar ag'in, marsteh. He sho' knows yo'."

The latter turned, and found the little creature again at his heels. His genial laugh rung out over the garden.

"Hello, Canopus; you must be hungry. Tom;" calling to a boy at the kitchen door, "tell Amy to give you some fish for the terrapin."

The boy came running and showing his white teeth, pleased to obey any command of his master, who laid the piece of fish on the dark loam before the creature. It gravely contemplated it a moment, and then began to nibble with evident relish. The negroes laughed heartily, the boy turning a somersault and holding his shaking sides.

"I'se heahed say, marsteh, as how 'at uveh dog knows his marsteh, but sho, uveh taripin knows him, too."

"I think you are right about it, Amos."

At that moment a girl six years old, with olive skin, dark eyes, and brown, floating hair ran across the lawn, followed by a little black girl of ten years.

"Oh, fa'," she cried, opening the gate and darting to him, "you've found the terrapin."

He caught her under the arms, threw her up twice, and then set her on his arm, his eyes shining with affection as the dainty, agile child nestled her head against his broad bosom. She soon slid to the ground.

"I want to see the terrapin eat. Come here, Milly," to her dusky playmate, "and see the terrapin eat."

They watched it nibble the dainty white slice until, seemingly disgusted at being the object of so much attention, it withdrew into its shell. Amos resumed his hoeing, Tom went, at Amy's call, to draw water from the well; Milly dropped down beside the chamomile bed to inhale its fragrance, while Katherine, clinging to her father's hand, strolled along the walk with him.

"Fa', we saw a runaway today," she said.

"Where did you see a runaway?"

"Goin' to Dry Creek to see black mammy."

"And what did he say to you?"

"Why, nothin', fa'," looking up in surprise; "he just run into the woods."

"Oh, you must be mistaken, queen."

"No; Milly saw him, too, and he ran across the road into the woods."

She fastened her eyes, dilating with fear, on something crawling over the clods near the palings that ran by the orchard.

"Look, fa', yonder's another runaway."

"So that is your runaway, is it? Amos," he called out, "here is a big rattlesnake; bring some rails from the corner, there, and we'll kill him."

The rails were brought, the reptile's head crushed, and it thrown over the palings.

"Fa', that runaway would have eat up our terrapin if he had got to him, wouldn't he?"

Katherine skipped along before her father to the garden gate.

"That he would, queen."

"Law, honey," said Amos, "he'd a swollered him whole in a second. I'll jes' watch fuh his mate; it may come a-hunt-in' him soon."

"Oh, Unc' Amos, don't let it get Canopus."

"No, honey, I won't; I'll jes' watch close fuh 'im."

"Yessum, pap'll watch fuh 'im, Miss Kaffrine. Le's go to de swing," said Milly.

She darted through the gate, and, followed by her little mistress, ran over the sloping lawn to a group of oaks, where from the boughs of one, a grapevine swing swayed in the breeze. She caught it and held the board seat in place while Katherine got in.

"Tom," cried the latter, seeing the boy at the garden gate, "come and swing us. Get in, Milly," making room for her. The boy was soon throwing them as high as the swing would allow. The happy laughter of Katherine and her dusky companion rang out under the oaks, when Tom dropped his hands.

"Yond' comes mistis; I mustn't swing yo' so high."

A woman with dark hair banded above a placid, thoughtful forehead, came toward them. A slight smile parted her finely chiseled lips, revealing small, white, even teeth. The nose was straight, the brows silken, dainty, arched above sweet, demure, brown eyes. She walked erect, dignified, her head thrown up; people called her haughty who did not know her. She wore a dress of blue print that fell in straight, graceful folds to the grass.

"Tom, don't swing the children so high," she said. "Has your mother gone to Dry Creek—to Viney's?"

"Yessum; pap sent huh down dar fuh some peppeh to plant."

"Me an' Milly left her at mammy's two hours ago," Katherine said. "Mammy give her a string o' pepper an' told her to plant it tomorrow, Good Friday, an' to be sure an' be mad when she planted it."

"And why must she be mad?" asked the lady, with an amused smile.

"She said the pepper would grow better. Sunday is Easter, and I'll wear my new hat to preaching, won't I, ma?"

"Perhaps. Be careful, and don't swing them so high, Tom."

She went to the garden, where her husband was looking at Amos plant beans. Theirs had been an ideal marriage. Twenty-five years before, the handsome young North Carolinian had come to the old Volunteer State and wooed and won the beautiful, intellectual Ann McFarland in her Middle Tennessee home. A year before Katherine's birth, they had removed, with their five sons, to what was then called The Western District, Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, their daughter and son-in-law, having come two years before, and whose farm joined The Oaks. Jacob, their eldest son, looked after the farm affairs. James and John, aged, respectively, eighteen and twenty years, were in school at the county seat, a thriving town five miles distant. Mr. Somerville opened the garden gate and joined his wife.

"What do you think of our going to our town-house another year, Annie, so that the boys can be at home?"

He knocked a stone from the path with his walking stick as they strolled along under the oaks.

"We will try to do what is best," she said, linking her arm in his, "though I dislike to think of leaving here for even a part of the year. Did you lease out the hotel yesterday?"

"Yes, for five years, and I want to sell four hundred acres of that bottom land, with the saw and grist mill, on the river if I can get my price."

"Well, you have enough to look after without that little farm."

She paused, and they took several turns in silence, her face sober with thought.

"Miles was talking to me today," she said, at length; "he hopes you won't hire him back to the Iron Works after this year. You know he has been at home a month, sick. He says he will be able to go back next week, but he does hope you won't hire him back there any more."

"Well, it's five hundred dollars a year cash in my pocket, Annie, but I'll think about it, as he hates to go back so bad. How do you like Andrew for a carriage driver?"

"Very well. He is careful, and does his best to please me."

"Which is not hard to do, my dear," he said, looking fondly down on her.

"Will Lafayette be back to dinner?"

"No; he will go from the new ground to town to look after some business for me. Mr. Waite will return with him."

"Mr. Waite has been with us a week, now; how much longer will he remain?"

"Some days, I think. You have taken an unaccountable dislike to him, Annie——"

"I have no confidence in him, and hope you will not put your tobacco interests in his hands."

"He is a good financier, knows the ins and outs there in New Orleans, and speaks so fair——"

"Aye, too fair—his aire, manner, expression, everything about him, betoken insincerity."

"There is Erskine, with a dozen partridges. What a trapper that boy is! He had rather trap than to hunt or fish," said the man, his eyes following the boy until he disap-

peared around the corner of the kitchen; glancing at the children in the swing, he continued: "You will be relieved of teaching Katherine and the two boys when we go to town."

"It is a pleasure to me to teach the children."

"Which one is the best student?"

"Lafayette, though Katherine absorbs knowledge like a sponge takes water, and forgets easily. Erskine prefers his traps to his books, still he makes fair progress."

Tom had, at the cook's call, quit the swing, and Katherine and Milly were "letting the cat die."

A loud blast broke the noontide stillness, and woke the sleeping echoes far and wide. It was Andrew blowing the pink-hearted conch shell, summoning the twelve negro men, who ate their meals at Betsy's, the laundress, whose cabin stood in the row near the chicken lot. Amy cooked their meals in the kitchen and sent them by Tom to Betsy's table. When the conch sounded, Katherine went to her mother's room, bathed her face, brushed her hair, and stood waiting at her place in the diningroom, when her parents, summoned by Frances, the yellow, white-aproned house girl, came in. Erskine sat by his sister, and when the master of the house had returned thanks, the lady said:

"How odd to be dining without guests! and how very pleasant!"

"Yes, pleasant," rejoined the husband, "but we don't wish to be thought lacking in hospitality——"

"Lacking in hospitality!" echoed the mistress, with a light laugh, placing a plate she had "helped" with jowl and greens, garnished with a poached egg, on a tray Frances held preparatory to taking it to her master. "I don't think that can ever be said of the present owner of The Oaks," she continued, supplying the children's plates and then her own.

Amy had carved the baked hen, garnished with parsley, hard-boiled eggs, and crisp, shredded green peppers, before sending to the table, so Frances passed it around on the tray to each one. Mrs. Somerville gave a dainty slice of the breast to her daughter, and put a spoonful of amber peach jelly on it, smiling down into the brown eyes that were

almost counterparts of her own. The deep, expressive gray eyes of Erskine beamed with affection when they were turned on his sister. Tom poured water, just out of the well, from the glass pitcher into the crystal goblets, while Frances swung a great bunch of peacock feathers over the table, in whose center stood a vase of pink and purple hyacinths. Milly stood near the door going into the kitchen, waiting until "Miss Kaffrine" should finish her dinner, knowing that her own would be forthcoming from the mistress' table then. The master pushed back his plate when Amy appeared at the door with a muttered, "Git outen de way, gal," holding a platter on which was a large lemon custard, piled high with snowy meringue. She motioned to Frances, who placed the dessert before her mistress.

Mrs. Somerville served it on the thin white china plates at her right, with small, pearl-handled knives and forks. Tom poured cool sweet milk into the goblets. Mr. Somerville finished his dessert, and, leaning back, said:

"Katherine, there is to be a circus in town in about three weeks."

"What is a circus, fa'?" she asked, her eyes wide with interest.

"It's a show, where folks ride and jump and turn somersets on fine horses."

"May I go to see it?" she asked, with a deprecating look at her mother, while she ate dainty bits of meringue with her fork.

"If mother is willing."

"You will let me go, wont you, ma—me and Milly?"

"I suppose so, Katherine, but I don't want you to grow up worldly. Jane will likely be going, and you can go with her."

"Hardcastle won't go, I am sure," said Mr. Somerville.

"No; but you will, and the child can go with you and her sister."

"And Milly, ma," interposed Katherine; "Milly, too; here's your dinner, Milly."

"I'll see about it; now, run along, and don't play too much in the sun. You are brown as a nut with the March wind."

Katherine lingered in her mother's room, looking over a picture book, until Milly had eaten her dinner. Sixteen negro men came out of Betsy's cabin and rested for an hour in the shade before going to work. Four of them worked at the prize barn, where tobacco was being put into hogsheads and prized, preparatory to being sent in wagons to Mills' Point, forty miles distant on the Mississippi, to be shipped thence by boat to New Orleans. Mr. Wait's business at The Oaks was to induce the tobacconist to ship to the house he represented in the Crescent City. Six of the men worked in the new ground, a mile distant, while the others plowed and planted corn. Amos ate with his wife in their cabin in the row, whither Milly sped with her plate, filled from the white folks' table. Tom took his meals in the kitchen. Bob and Rhoda, both younger than Milly, were at the table between their parents when she went in with her plate heaped high with good things, which she shared with them. Miles and Alfred, Anice's brothers, with other negroes, took their meals at Viney's cabin at Dry Creek.

At "The Quarter," a mile away, dwelt Aunt Patsy, mother of Andrew, the carriage driver, and of Rachael, who, with a numerous progeny, lived there also and spun and wove, raised chickens, milked cows, and made good butter. Aunt Patsy, with her grandson, Wesley's, help, raised vegetables in a garden, which, to Katherine, was a paradise. There were great beds of thyme, chamomile, sweet basil, sensitive plant, old-fashioned roses and grass pinks, with their delicious clinging odor, their corollas a single row of petals, that florists have forced and cultivated and sextupled the petals until all their fragrance is a thing of the past. They call them carnations now.

Amos came out where the men were lounging in the shade.

"Well, boys, how is de new groun'?" he asked, sitting down on the doorstep.

"We's about done it," said George, a boy of seventeen.

"Marse 'Fayette wes along dar dis mawnin', an' he say it'll do to plow Monday."

"But what Marse Jacob say?" asked Amos, laconically.

"He say de same. He went wi' Marse 'Fayette to town

"when he come by de new groun'. Marse 'Fayette knows as much as Marse Jacob or Marse Anybody else about farmin' an' uveh thing else; yo' see, he is a schollud, an' Marse Jacob is a ploddeh——"

"No betteh man nuveh trod shoe leatheh dan Marse Jacob," Amos cut in, with asperity; "he ain' no dandy, but he got heaps o' hoss sense."

"I hea'n," said George, "as how he wes crossed in love, Unc' Amos."

"Dat's so," said the latter, in a low voice, to George, who sat on the grass at his elbow, "but don' say nothin' 'bout it. It wes way back yondeh 'fo' we moved to de Deestrick. De gal wes oldeh dan him, an' marsteh 'jected to de match, an' sence we comed out heah she died. It's time we gwine to wuk, boys; dar's de sun at de ma'k."

As the slaves went their several ways, Katherine's childish treble came across the grounds, calling Milly, who roused from her nap on the floor, muttered:

"I'se sleepy, mu'h; Miss Kaffrine nuveh do git tie'd. Whyn't she tek nap lak mistis a'teh dinneh?"

"Yo' done tuk a nap putty neah a hour long. Yo' jes' git up an' go straight to Miss Kaffrine. Her good dinnehs mek yo' lazy."

She arose, yawning, and sauntered slowly toward the house. Katherine stood in the dining-room door.

"Milly," she said, "let's go to the playhouse in the chicken lot."

As they crossed the yard they heard a light hammering in the lumber house. Entering, they found Erskine constructing a new trap.

"Oh, Toby," said his sister, giving him his pet name, "you are making a new trap to catch more poor birds."

"Yes," laying down his hammer, "and you will eat a whole broiled partridge for breakfast in the morning, won't you?"

He sat her upon the table beside the trap, saying, "Let me show you how it falls and catches the birds." He raised the trap and set the trigger.

"Now, I bait it under here with crumbs or seeds. The birds come under the trap to eat them. One perches on this

cross stick, which springs the trigger, and down comes the trap."

"Suppose a bird don't light on the stick," said Katherine, speculatively.

"Then the trap don't fall, and I catch no bird. Sometimes they eat the bait without springing the trap, but not often. I caught four in one trap this morning. Where are you going? To the henhouse for eggs?"

"No, we got 'em all this morning, and ma set my dominicker on twenty eggs; we are going to the playhouse in the chicken lot. My dolls are all there."

For two hours they played dolls spreading the toy table with a large dinner napkin, and setting it with toy chinaware, decorated with pink roses. Finally Katherine said:

"I'm tired; let's put up the things in the basket and take 'em to the house."

Leaving the isolated trio of plum trees, covered with white blossoms, that served for their playhouse, they went to the mistress' room, where Milly put the basket in its place under the oaken bureau. Mrs. Somerville sat in her favorite chair by the north window, reading Josephus, referring at intervals to the open Bible on a table at her side. The April *Godey's* lay on the table, with a copy of *The Weekly Union*, published at the capital of the State. A sweet-spirited Christian, and fond of literature, she browsed in the enchanting field of letters, religious and secular, and, having a good memory, she possessed a wide and varied fund of information on nearly all current and many abstruse subjects. Having well-trained servants, she devoted much of her time to study, and chanticleer proclaiming the midnight hour often found her over her books, while all the house, the office and cabins, were wrapped in sleep. Proud of and devoted to his handsome, intellectual wife, Mr. Somerville never caviled at anything she did, but calmly slept while she burned the midnight taper. Katherine, waking from rosy slumbers in her trundle bed at any hour of the night, was never surprised to find her mother over her books. It had been thus since she could remember. Milly ran out to the well, and Katherine

went to her mother, who, without looking up, stole an arm about the little waist. After some minutes she said:

"And you want to go to the circus?"

"Just bad," her fingers daintily caressing the dark-banded hair. "Who is that coming?"

She pointed to a buggy turning from the public road to the park gate. "Oh, it's Sis Jane."

She ran out of the door and darted across the grass to the gate going into the park from the lawn. Tom had swung open the gate, and as the buggy drove into the grounds, Katherine said:

"Oh, Sis Jane, are you going to the circus?"

"Why, yes, I think so; do you want to go?"

"Yes; and I am going if you do."

Mrs. Hardcastle was a fair, sweet-faced woman, with blue eyes, brown hair inclined to curl, a thick, dumpy figure, and sprightly, engaging manners. She had married, when quite young, a man twenty years her senior—a well-read, scholarly gentleman, but being too fond of his cups, his family, notwithstanding the fertile farm he cultivated, was often impecunious.

Gatlin Hardcastle was a hero worshiper, and the especial object of his worship was Napoleon Bonaparte, of whom mankind holds such divers opinions. But posterity has but one opinion as to his martyrdom at St. Helena. A long-drawn-out dying agony of six horrible years, while the noble imperial wounded eagle was clawed and torn by a graceless, low-born vulture, a whilom leader of deserters and renegades. How this vile bird of prey ravened and gloated over the sorrows of the illustrious captive, whose fame grows brighter as the years roll on! The execration of all posterity is heaped on his gaoler who, envenomed with malice, made it his business to concoct and heap insult on England's august charge. Did the vulture have England's sanction? Posterity thinks so, though she turned her back on the vulture when the slow murder had been accomplished.

Mr. Hardcastle's two eldest sons were dubbed plain, unromantic James and John; the third son fired his ambition, and he called him Benjamin Franklin; for the fourth, he

dreamed of war's panoplied splendor, and named him Napoleon Bonaparte. The fifth was called in honor of the treacherous Old Testament warrior, Joab, which was afterward changed by his mother to Albert. Plain Susan did for the first girl, but dreams of empire again fired his soul at the advent of the second, which was named Josephine, whom the mother would call Alice, in spite of all protest on the father's part. The youngest girl he called Pauline, for Prince Borghese's wife, the younger sister of the great giver away of thrones and kingdoms. The mother called her Daisy. But I anticipate. Mrs. Hardcastle greeted her mother, threw off her wrap and bonnet, and untied the baby's hood, but at Martha, the nurse's, plea that she be allowed to take the child to the swing, she consented and refastened the hood.

"You did not bring Susan, I see," her mother said.

"No; I left her at home this time. She was playing dolls with some little girls who had come to spend the afternoon. Caroline will keep them in bounds."

Milly came in from the dining-room, followed by Tom, who had a dubious look on his black face.

"Mistis," said she, "Tom got somepin'."

"What is it, Tom?" the lady asked, laying the Josephus on the table.

The boy shrunk timidly behind his sister, but Katherine solved the question by taking a small cigar box from his hand. There was a hole cut in the lid of the box. She peered through the hole, and said:

"Oh, ma, it's a bird."

"Yessum," he spoke up, "it's a mockin' bird, mistis; I cotch it fuh yo', an' it'll sing all de long summeh nights an' be comp'ny fuh yo' while yo' reads."

"Why, Tom," she laughed, "you mean to be good and to please me, but it would make me sorry to see the bird in a cage; he was made to fly around in the air, among the trees and flowers, just as you were made to run, hop, and swing, and turn somersets. Suppose some big, ugly giant should catch you and stop you up in a cabin where you could not see your friends and run and enjoy life——"

"Mistis," he interrupted, a sorrowful look on his face, "le's —le's tu'n de bird a-loose."

Katherine gave him the box, and he went to the door and raised the lid. The dazed, scared thing did not realize it was free again, and continued to flutter and beat its wings against the sides of the box.

"Set it down in the door, Tom," said Mrs. Hardcastle.

He put it on the threshold and stepped back. The bird darted out, made some giddy circles in the air, and skimmed out toward the orchard.

"He done gone back to he mate, mistis," said Tom, in husky tones.

"Bring miss Jane some cool water, Tom, and then you can go to the swing, where Martha and the baby are."

He obeyed with alacrity, joyfully whistling as he drew the water from the well. Amos had stopped work for awhile, and was resting under the pear trees.

"Gimme a cool drink, Tom."

The boy took a big white gourd from a nail in one of the posts that supported the pagoda-shaped shelter, and carried it brimming to his father. The old negro took a long draught, and breathing a deep breath of satisfaction, said:

"Oh, but dat is good. Dey's nothin' lak good water—nothin'."

"Say, pap, hab yo' seed de todder snek?"

"No. Andy must 'a' kilt it yistiddy, fuh he did kill a big rattler jes' outside de aucha'd fence."

"I'm glad, pap, fuh I don' want no snek a-swallowin' mars-ter's taripin."

"I don', nutheh; run along, now, wi' de wateh."

CHAPTER II.

JANE WEAVES SOME STRIPES—THE QUARTER.



JACOB, Lafayette, and Mr. Waite rode up in the dusk as supper was being placed on the table. Mrs. Somerville narrowly scanned her eldest son and drew a sigh of relief. Sometimes he came home intoxicated, which was a great grief and humiliation to her. Andrew took their horses, and they went to the office for ablutions, where Tom had carried cool water and fresh towels an hour before. Mr. Waite sat at the right of the host at supper, and Jacob at his left. Mrs. Hardcastle and Lafayette sat at the right and left of their mother. Erskine and Katherine were out in the swing, his arm about her slender waist. In the soft gloaming, he told her stories of woodcraft, the habits of chipmunks, owls, ferrets, and minks, with the low crooning of the pigeons in the dovecote for accompaniment. She was passionate, affectionate, demonstrative, and loved all her brothers, but this, her playmate, and James, named for her father, just twelve years older than herself—their birthdays being the same—held the warmest place in her heart. Oh, the memory in after years of those white, blessed days! The voice of their mother came across the semi-darkness, calling them to supper. The ting-tang of Lafayette's violin, as he tuned it, sounded from the office. Jacob, a serious, thoughtful man, with dark hair and eyes, had gone with his father and their guest to the parlor, where the lighted candles made a picturesque scene of the room, with its snowy, flowing draperies and brown-and-white striped walls. The elder sister lingered at the table, while the children ate supper, and in the talk it leaked out that if Anice got mad the next

day she would plant the pepper. There was a merry twinkle in her eyes as she refilled Erskine's glass with sweet milk.

"And Canopus hasn't run off, as we feared," she said, drawing the vase of hyacinths to her and inhaling their fragrance. "I would like to see the thing. Who ever thought one could love a terrapin?"

"Why, Sis Jane, I love the terrapin," said Katherine, "and Tom shan't put a coal of fire on his back to make him crawl."

Her eyes flashed over to where Tom stood, in the act of taking up a pile of dishes.

"He don' need no fieh, Miss Kaffrine; he jes' crawl anyhow."

"How would you like for somebody to put a coal of fire on your back?" she asked. "You would put it on a wild terrapin."

"No, Miss Kaffrine, I nuveh will do dat no mo'."

"Good for you, Tom," said the elder sister. "Now, take out the dishes for Frances to wash."

After supper, Mrs. Somerville again took up the Josephus, and Jane looked through the new *Godey's*. Lafayette's violin was making lively music in the office. He sat in the door, in front of which a crowd of slaves from the cabins had collected to watch Dick, a boy of twelve from the Quarter, dance in the light of the full moon that was flooding the landscape. Mr. Somerville, Jacob, and the guest sat in rustic chairs watching the twinkling feet. Erskine and Katherine were seated on the door-step. Mrs. Hardcastle, attracted by the sounds of merriment, came out and stood at the back of her father's chair, when a slight, dark form darted past her and sprung into the open, moonlit space where Dick was dancing. It was Milly, and the intricate steps and genuflections were redoubled by the boy when she came on the scene. It was an *ante-bellum* cake-walk, far transcending those of modern days. It was a mixture of The Fisher's Hornpipe—the stately minuet caught from the back door of some Southern grandee's entertainment—and the Highland Fling, all in one. How they pirouetted, whirled, courteseyed, and marched, and then would break suddenly into an intricate jig, so swiftly performed that the eye could scarcely follow

the twinkling feet. At intervals, Katherine would cry, "Hurrah, Milly," then would come Erskine's, "Hurrah, Dick," "Go it, Dick," until the dance ended from sheer exhaustion of the dancers. Mr. Waite clapped vigorously, and gave each of them a dime; Milly courtesied low, and Dick bobbed his nappy head, and they both ran off, happy, to the cabins, followed by the troop of admiring slaves. Lafayette turned to put away his violin, when Mr. Waite said, in a soft, insinuating voice:

"Fay, you have in you the making of a fine musician;" then turning to his host, added, "He is a talented boy, and you ought, in a couple of years, to send him to Harvard."

The boy bowed and retreated into the office, caring nothing for what he deemed fulsome praise. Then a low, sweet, quaint threnody rose from the cabins and swelled in plaintive waves on the still, moonlit night. Silence fell on the group, and they listened with bated breath to the untutored voices of the negroes, rising and falling in sad, melodious, rhythmic cadences. Does the wail of a lost—something unnamable—linger in their imitative souls? The breeze freshened, and Erskine drew his little sister closer to him.

"It's cold, Katherine; go with Jane to the house," he said, in low tones; "you can hear the singing from there."

She arose, put her hand in her sister's, and they went across the dewy lawn to their mother's room. Mrs. Somerville sat with an open Bible on her lap, resting her head against the back of her chair, listening, with closed eyes, to the plaintive songs of the slaves—slaves, unconscious of their shackles, because their owners were humane.

Mrs. Hardcastle sat down and took Katherine on her lap. In a shadowy corner, in a crib, her babe slept. The three sat listening to the mournful, haunting voices singing the sad refrain.

"Down in de co'nfiel', heah dat mournful soun',
All de darkies am a weepin', massa's in de col', col',
groun'."

The dark, silken lashes still swept their mother's cheek, and she seemed unconscious of the presence of her daugh-

ters, but they knew, from the expressive, thoughtful brow, that she heard those voices of the night.

"Massa's in de col', col' groun'."

She well knew this thought, falling seriously across their consciousness, struck terror to thousands of God's defenseless creatures in the Southland. Finally, the wailing sounds died on the breeze, and she opened her eyes to talk of the early spring, the crops, the turkeys, the three new colts, the latest political news gleaned from *The Weekly Union*, and of going to church the following Sunday.

"I'll call for you, Jane. You know, we go to Thompson's Creek Church, Sunday."

"It's Easter, and I have a new hat to wear," Katherine said, slipping to her feet and going over to the crib. "Sis Jane, won't you sleep with me on the trundle bed, and let baby stay in the crib?"

"Yes. Now, get your nightie; it's time you were in bed."

She closed the front door, dropped the curtains, and drew out the trundle bed, turning back the white sheet. When the child had repeated her evening prayer and was tucked into her cosy nest, she said:

"Now, mother, what can I do for you?"

"Put up these books and set a pitcher of water on the little table, there, for your father. I will sit up awhile longer, but you should go to bed; you may have to be up with the baby."

Her movements were quick, but quiet, and her white, deft hands soon had everything arranged for the night. The very presence of this lovely woman, unconscious to herself, exhaled cheer, restfulness, comfort. Oh, but such spirits are rare—rare. She slept as soon as she stretched herself by Katherine, and never knew when her parents retired to rest on the great, curtained bed in a remote corner. Martha came at sunrise and took the baby away, and she turned over for another nap. Katherine was up and dressed when she woke, her parents out in the garden, and Frances tidying the room. Her toilet made, she assisted in arranging the breakfast table, and helped Amy dish the meal. Nothing pleased the latter better than to have "Miss Jane" in the kitchen. Her sweet, cheery, fun-loving soul made gala

times at The Oaks. Erskine's partridges were broiled to a turn, and made a toothsome dish. Mr. Waite was praising him while eating one, when the boy said:

"Aunt Amy deserves credit for cooking them so good."

"Right you are there, my son; when do you go trapping again? I would like to go with you some day."

"I go nearly every morning, but I promised some boys to fish with them today, and tomorrow I go to town. I'll be glad for you to go with me next week; this is Friday, you know."

"And you never trap or hunt on Sunday?"

"No; I go to preaching on Sunday."

Every one had left the table but Mrs. Hardcastle, when Amy came to the door, and with a short, backward jerk of her head, motioned her to come out.

"She is gone to Dry Creek now to see her mammy about somep'n', an' won't be back fuh a houh. Now's yo' time, Miss Jane."

"Are you sure Anice is gone, Amy?"

"Sho as de worl', honey; hurry up, or she'll be back afo' yo' git th'u. He'h's de key."

Mrs. Hardcastle swiftly crossed to the lumber house, unlocked the door, entered, and fastened herself in. A loom stood at the back of the room, with a web of cloth in it, intended for Sunday dresses for the negro women. The warp was gray, and Anice had taken pains to stripe the filling of white, blue, and red with nicety and precision. She sat down at the loom and wove a broad blue stripe, and another of red. She was letting herself out when Amy came.

"Let me see what yo' done, Miss Jane."

Her fat sides shook with silent merriment when she saw the broad red and blue stripes.

"But won' she be fightin' mad, tho', when she sees dis? Uveh body betteh let Anice 'lone t'day, sho nuff."

They locked the door and went back to the kitchen.

Amy was picking cabbage, and his sister beating eggs for a cake, when Erskine came in, and, taking the key from a nail, went to the lumber house; coming out, he left it open,

as usual. Betsy had an errand in there, and Rachel, from the Quarter, went in on an errand for her mistress. Several farm hands had business in the lumber house, where odds and ends were bestowed, but none raised the big, white, homespun towel to view Anice's handiwork.

Jane set the cake in an oven on the wide hearth to bake, and went into the parlor and settled herself in a rocker to finish a story in the new *Godey's*. Amy was at the well, washing the cabbages, and directing Tom about paring potatoes, when she saw Anice go into the lumber house. A few minutes later there was a loud snort, and Anice appeared at the door.

"Who bin heah, I lak t' know, a-meddlin' wi' my wuk?" she cried, shaking and ashy with wrath.

Amy bent over the bucket of cabbages, diligently washing and picking the white leaves, as though nothing on earth held any interest for her but the washing of cabbages—the very picture of innocence.

Anice came with swift strides to the well.

"Why, what on de ye'th is de matteh, Anice?"

Amy rose with well-simulated surprise.

"Matteh! de devul's de matteh. Somebody done an' gon' an' bin an' ruint my cloff. Who yo' see go in dar?"

"Why, suval o' de 'omens, an' Marse Erskine——"

"Marse Erskine nothin'—de devul an' Tom Walkeh! Some ebo niggeh wench hes done it, an' ef I fin' out who, I'll whup huh—I'll *whup huh*—ef it's de las' thing I do on de ye'th. I'm gwine tell mistis."

The irate weaver found the mistress in the garden, under the pear trees. Amy took the bucket of cabbages into the kitchen and darted into the parlor, bent double with laughter, where she found Jane shaking with merriment, she having heard Anice's explosion of wrath through the open window.

"Oh, but she's on a high hoss, Miss Jane," she said, tears of mirth on her cheeks; "a towehin' hoss; she's on a elephunt; it's ekel to de succus, de way she cuts didoes."

"Do you reckon she'll plant the pepper, now, Amy?"

"Dat she will; sho's yo' bo'n, she gwine plant dat peppeh; yo' jes' watch, now, of she don't."

"Well, don't tell on me, Amy."

"Law, chile, whut yo' take me fuh? Anice'll neveh know who done dat job ef I has t' tell it. Yon' she comes, now, outen de gyarden wi' mistis, a trampin' lak she gwine thu de ye'th; we mustn't talk togetheh much, or she'll s'picion somep'n."

"That's so, Amy," said Jane, wiping her eyes. "Have you looked at the cake?"

"Yes'm; it's doin' jes' fine. Dey always does when yo' stirs 'em up. I'll go see whut dey doin' in de lumbeh house."

From the kitchen she could hear Anice quarreling over the loom catastrophe. Assuming her usual good-natured expression, she went to the door.

"Scuse me, please, mistis; does yo' want de chickens fried, or a pie made outen 'em?"

"Make a pie. Say, Amy, did you do this?"

She pointed to the wide stripes of red and blue.

"Whut, mistis?" going over to the loom. "No ma'am, I didn't. Well, but ain't somebody bin sma't? Dey sut'n'y has. Law, mistis, I got otheh fish t' fry dan tinkinerin' wi' Anice's cloff. Fough or fi'e o' de 'omens bin in heah dis mawnin'—Jona, Kate, Rachel, Frances, Betsy, an'——"

"Well, it jes lays at some no 'count thing's do'," Anice cut in, "an' I betteh not fin' out who 'tis. I'll make it hot fuh'm, sho'."

"Well, I mus' go 'bout my dinneh," said Amy, managing with great effort to keep her face straight until she got out.

Mrs. Somerville measured the stripes and said:

"Each of these stripes can be cut into three pieces, or strips, and a blue border on one dress and a red one on the other will look rather pretty. They can be made up for two of the young girls. Frances can wear one of them about the house, and Kate can have the other."

"Well'm," said the weaver, taking up the shuttle, "yo' always makes de bes' o' uveh thing, mistis, but dey betteh not let me fin' out who done dis."

The lady returned to the garden, where Amos was planting late radishes; the thump, thump, of the loom, responding to Anice's vigorous hand, could be plainly heard by her as

she gave some directions about the frame of a running rose-bush near the gate.

"Oh, Miss Jane, but ain' de shickels a-flyin'?" ejaculated Amy, as the former came into the kitchen to see how the cake was progressing. "Watch, now; she'll go git de peppeh an' sow it toreckly."

She lifted the lid, covered with red embers, and revealed the cake that had risen to the top of the oven.

"But it's a dandy, Miss Jane—always is when yo' has anything to do wi' 'em, tho'."

"I do have good luck, don't I, Amy?"

"Yo' sho' do. Hoopee! jes' listen at de loom—whack! whackety whack! she gits maddeh an' maddeh."

Jane was chopping some celery, cabbage, and sweet, green pepper for the cold slaw, while Amy rolled the pastry for the chicken pie.

"What is the dessert today, Amy? You know, the cake is for Sunday."

"Apple dumplin's, Miss Jane."

"The slaw can wait. I'll peel the apples for you."

She sat down on a low stool. Amy spread a big white towel over her lap and set a basket of rosy apples at her side, and handed her a paring knife.

"Where is Tom, Amy?"

"Mistis sent him to de Quarteh fuh some butteh."

The noise of the loom had ceased. Anice was hurrying across the grass to her cabin. In a few moments she passed the kitchen on her way to the garden, a string of red and yellow pepper on her arm. She went straight to the rows Amos had made for the pepper.

"Yo' gwine plant de peppeh, Anice?" he called across a square. "Yo' betteh let me plant it."

"I ain' a-gwine t' do no sech a thing," she snapped; "yo' jes' keep yo' ole black mouf an' let me 'lone."

Her task completed, she went back to the loom. Katherine and Milly took their usual morning jaunt to Dry Creek. Returning, they went upstairs to the room over the mistress' apartment. It contained two beds, four chairs, a washstand, a table with drawers, on which stood a mirror, and a cedar

chest, which had belonged to the mother of Mrs. Somerville. Milly unbuttoned Katherine's dress, which she dropped to the floor. Opening the chest, she drew out a red merino frock, which she proceeded to array herself in, dancing up and down before the mirror. It was taken off, and a blue ruffled lawn donned. She soon took that off and put on a white tucked muslin, and paced for some moments to and fro, admiring herself in the mirror. Throwing that off, she put on a blue merino with silk folds and ribbons, and so on until she had put on and off every dress of hers in the chest.

"Whut yo' gwine w'ar Sunday, Miss Kaffrine?" asked the admiring Milly.

"My blue merino, with my new hat with the blue bows and wreath of daisies."

It was a habit of Katherine's to try on her dresses, and her mother often said:

"My daughter, you wear out your clothes putting them on and off."

That afternoon Anice needed Milly to assist her about the loom, and Katherine went with her father to the Quarter. Passing through the park, they came to the great gate opening on the public road, which they crossed, entering the meadow that stretched in green undulations to the woods clothed in the baby leafage of spring. A narrow path ran through it, and the child led the way, chatting of everything she saw, stopping occasionally to ask a question, which was promptly answered by the doting father. Reaching the farther side of the meadow, they crossed a zigzag rail fence, and struck into a wagon road; grass grew in the middle of it in patches, over which Katherine skipped, barefoot and happy, talking of the birds, the squirrels, the trees, the hazel thickets, of the "runaways" that hid in the latter, and of her's and Milly's adventures when they went to Dry Creek. She was never happier than when she went with her father to the Quarter, which occurred twice or three times a week. Oh, those delightful walks with her devoted, worshiped father! How the memory of them lingered, like a benediction, with her long years afterward! She always tripped on in front, her quick eyes seeing everything, frequently

darting to the roadside to gather a blossom. They were half way to the quarter, when she was silent for some moments, and then suddenly asked :

"What was Anice so mad about today?"

Receiving no answer, she turned to find that her father had disappeared. Silence reigned, save for the twitter of birds in the tall trees and the hoarse croak of frogs in an adjacent swamp. Sudden fright seized her at being alone in the woods, and she cried out :

"Fa', fa'; where are you, fa'?"

She had started back, crying, when he came out from behind a great oak, holding out his hands to her.

"Here I am, queen; don't you know I wouldn't leave my queen?"

He gathered her in his arms. Her tears changed to laughter, and he carried her until she saw a flower she wanted, and slipped out of his arms to get it.

They approached the Quarter through the garden, with its fragrant beds of sweet basil, thyme, chamomile, mint, and mimosa. Katherine paused to touch some of the tiny leaves of the latter, which instantly folded themselves and sunk to the ground. Aunt Patsy was carding cotton into rolls, which Rachel was spinning in their neatly-kept cabin. The former laid down her cards and drew the child to her, while the master went to the field at the back of the row of cabins, where four negro men were plowing and planting corn. Jacob had gone to a distant part of the field, and under a cotton tree just inside the fence George sat knitting, while his mule and plow stood in the furrow.

"What are you doing, idling away your time like this, George?" he asked, sternly.

The negro folded his knitting with alacrity, and jumped up with an abashed air, saying :

"I jes' dropped down to res' a minute, marsteh."

"Well, don't take up any time to knit in the field again."

"No, sir; I won't," driving mule and plow alertly along the furrow, quite sure that no more would be said about his defection.

James Somerville was an easy-going man, lacking in dis-

cipline, and his slaves naturally took advantage of his kindly, indulgent nature. He strolled around the field, meeting Jacob, who was superintending the work of planting the corn. He kept no overseer, and, with his son's assistance, managed the plantation after a fashion. Nearly every year he had to buy corn to feed his stock, and but little cloth was made by the negro women, which forced him to purchase much of their clothing, for both men and women. Shoes were a big item in his expense account, and with their listless, shirking, slipshod ways, their owner came out in debt nearly every year. Several barrels of molasses, and brown sugar by the hogshead, were laid in each year, and liberally given out, together with meal and bacon, to them. And, though their wants were so bountifully supplied, they were continually indulging in petty thievery. The old adage, "It's a part of a negro's religion to steal from his master," was certainly applicable to them. There was one exception among them. Amy would not steal, and tried to teach her two daughters, Ruth and Sarah, to be honest. Rachel was treacherous, notorious as a thief and a gossip, and was always making trouble among the different families of the plantation. Patsy, her mother, was a fixture at the Quarter, from whom no work was required, except to milk the cows at the Quarter and make the butter. She had been sold, separated from the husband of her youth, George, who was owned by a man named Shannon before her present owner bought her.

"Le's go in de gyarden, honey," she said to Katherine, "an' git some flowers. Dey's some gole cannelsticks an' some hyacin's at smells so sweet, a-bloomin'."

They sauntered along the fragrant walks, she telling Katherine when the prince's feather, grass pinks, touch-me-nots, and four'o'clocks would be in bloom. She filled the child's hands with flowers, and stopped at a rough frame, saying:

"De mawnin'-glo'y vines an' de cyp'ss vines run togetheh ober dis frame las' summeh, an' it wes a beauty, sho'. I'll wrap de stems o' yo' blossoms in wet papah, an' dey'll stay fresh ontwell yo' gits to de house. Come, honey, an' drink a cup o' sweet milk wi' some cakes I got in de press."

Under the shade of cottonwood trees, the child ate her collation, several little woolly heads, aged variously from three to eight, looking curiously on. Her father came from the field and took the chair Rachel brought for him.

"How are you getting on, Patsy?" he kindly asked, catching one of the pickaninnies around the neck with the big curved handle of his walking stick. The urchin set up a yell, and, after a moment, was released, with a laugh. When one of them came near enough, he was instantly caught, and when he had brought a yell or two, was released, the master shaking with merriment. Finally, he arose, and with Katherine holding his hand, they strolled to the house, reaching there in time for supper. He found Mr. Waite in the parlor, immersed in the *New Orleans Picayune*. Katherine put her flowers in water, and went to summon them to supper, at her mother's request. Mrs. Hardcastle had gone home.

With nightfall an angry cloud rose in the west, and Jacob and the two boys hurried in just as the first drops of rain were falling. Doors and windows were closed, and by the time they were seated at supper, showers of hail were clicking against the windows. Tom kindled fires in the family room and parlor, and when the meal was ended, their ruddy glow and warmth was very acceptable to the inmates.

"This is like a Texas norther," Mr. Waite said to Jacob, rubbing his hands and spreading them toward the blaze, when they had seated themselves in the parlor."

"We frequently have these sudden changes," said the other, opening a copy of Rollins' History that lay on the center table.

The guest, comfortably ensconced in a rocker, was soon immersed in the pages of a *Harper's Magazine* that he had brought from town the previous day.

The storm wailed around the house, and the hail pattered loudly against the window panes. Tom piled on more sticks in both rooms, and ran through the storm to the office, where, on a stool in a warm corner by the fire at Erskine's feet, he listened to stories of hunting, trapping, and fishing until Lafayette took the violin from its case. He sat listening to the lively strains, too sleepy in the warmth of the fire to

dance. At bedtime he reluctantly sought his mother's cabin, whither Milly had flown at dusk. Frances had set the circular, spider-legged stand before the fire in her mistress' room, placed thereon a lighted candle, and drew up her favorite chair, as was her habit, before leaving the house. The lady sat, gazing into the fire, while her husband, with Katherine on his knee, sat in his accustomed place on the opposite side of the stand.

"Fa', where is Canopus when it hails?" she asked; don't you reckon he is cold out there in the garden?"

"No; he is under the board shelter by the palings, drawn up in his shell and warm as a toast. I saw him after we came back from the Quarter. He housed up there all winter close to the cabbages. He knows a good thing when he sees it."

"Then he ain't out in the cold and hail?"

"Not he; right well he knows, queen, what terrapin comfort is."

She listened some moments to the storm beating against the windows, and asked:

"Does he hear it hail?"

"If he should stick out his head from his shell he would hear it rattle down on the boards, but he is asleep now—in better business than poking out his head to hear it hail."

"There is lots of hail on the ground, ain't there?"

"No; it melts soon after it falls. Had you not better go to sleep, like the terrapin?"

"When you tell me a story I will," she said, threading his short, wavy locks with her slender fingers. "Unc' Amos likes the terrapin, don't he? Where did you get Unc' Amos?"

"I bought him in North Carolina. He was the first negro I ever owned. I'll tell you a story about him."

"I wish you would. I like Unc' Amos."

She nestled against his bosom, her small, graceful head resting against his broad shoulder, her eyes fixed reflectively on the fire, while to the accompaniment of the storm, which was now a steady downpour of rain, he told the story.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY.



I was about thirty years ago that I bought Amos in the old town of Raleigh, North Carolina. I gave four hundred dollars and two fine mules for him; he was three years older than I, a strong, likely fellow, black as the ace of spades, as you see. He seemed to like me from the first——”

“You showed that you liked him, I suspect,” said Mrs. Somerville, looking up from her book.

“Well, yes, I suppose I did. I had decided to come to Tennessee to live before I ever saw him, and a month after I bought him we started, one morning in May, for this State. I owned one horse after paying for him, so, on our long journey, we had to ride and tie.”

“What is ride and tie?” Katherine asked, turning her thoughtful eyes on his face.

“To ride and tie is to take turn about at riding. I would ride awhile, then stop, tie the horse to a tree at the side of the road, walk on, when Amos would come up with the animal, mount and ride. He would soon overtake me, ride on three or four miles, dismount and tie the horse, and walk on. Then I would come up, mount and ride, passing Amos in a few minutes. That is riding and tying. It was a long journey over hills, mountains, and valleys. The road often wound through dense forests, where it grew dark when the sun was an hour high. Two nights it was one o'clock before we got to a house where we could stay. Owls would hoot overhead in the trees, and foxes would bark in the dark woods, and one of the nights that we were out so late we heard a panther scream twice. After dark, we would stay

together, and both of us would walk and lead the horse. I had a gun, which I kept loaded, so as to be ready for a catamount or a panther."

"Did you see any runaways?"

"Plenty of them, no doubt," her mother said, taking the steel snuffers and deftly cutting off the charred wick of the candle, making the flame much brighter.

"Oh, yes, we saw many snakes. Amos killed a big rattler the first day we started. He was a good shot, and would bring down a couple of squirrels to add to our lunch, which we always bought and carried with us from the house where we had put up the night before. We would have biscuit, ham, and hard-boiled eggs for our snack, stopping at a spring of clear water to eat it. Then Amos would skin the squirrels, wash them in running water below the spring, salt them from a little sack of salt in my saddlebags, and broil them on the fire I had kindled.

"How did you start the fire?" Mrs Somerville asked.

"With flint and steel and a box of tinder, and some little sticks of fat pine Amos carried in his pockets. There were no matches then, but we had no trouble in making a fire. When it had burned to coals, Amos would lay the squirrels on an impromptu gridiron made by laying three small iron rods on little forked sticks driven in the ground on each side of the bed of coals. He always had a piece of raw bacon he had got where we stayed the night before, with an eye to seasoning any game we might take. He would lay a few thin slices on the squirrels, and they were a great addition to our dinner. The horse was hobbled to graze, and if we were near a farmhouse, we would buy provender for him. After eating, we would rest two hours, and then start again, much refreshed. We had been three days on the road, and the morning of the fourth day we rose for an early start. We had stayed at a house where there were two rooms, one of them a shed-room, or lean-to. There was a family of six, and they occupied the big room and gave me and Amos the lean-to to sleep in. The bed was of straw, with clean, home-spun sheets. A large blanket which I carried strapped on my saddle, Amos folded on the floor for his bed, and rolled

up his coat for a pillow. They gave us a good supper of ham, eggs, coffee, and batterbread, and we went to bed early after having seen Prince, the horse, liberally supplied with corn and hay. A storm came up soon after we went to bed, and it rained very hard, but, fortunately, the shed did not leak, and I think I never had a better night's rest. When we rose, Amos went out and brought me a tin basin of water, a clean, homespun towel, and a horn comb. I did not use the comb, for I carried one with me. A breakfast of fried chicken, eggs, bacon, coffee, biscuit, and cool sweet milk was spread in the big room. While I ate with the family, Amos went to look after the horse, to make sure he had a good breakfast, too. When he came back, a boy handed him a plate of food, which he ate sitting on the back-door steps. The rain was gone, the sun rose in a clear sky. Amos got some slices of raw bacon from the woman, and while he saddled the horse, she put up a generous lunch for us. The man refused to take pay, but I left two dollars on the table and walked off, telling Amos to take the first ride. It was a fresh, delightful morning. A sweet breeze met me as I turned my face westward with light, springing step. The road wound through thick woods for a good distance; then the growth was smaller. A narrow stream flowed along, crossing the road in several places. Then the woods grew so dense that the sun could hardly get to me at all as I trudged along. I was getting tired when, turning a short bend, I found the horse hitched and Amos out of sight. Mounting, I soon overtook and passed him. I rode for nearly an hour, by my watch, covering about four miles, when I got down, hitched the horse, and started on another tramp, taking the gun along with me. I had entered the darkest part of the road, the branches of the trees on each side overlapping it, when Amos passed me. He had got ahead some twenty yards when he gave the horse a keen cut with the switch he carried, at the same time yelling:

" 'Marsteh, dar's a painter!'

"Prince, with a lightning spring, shot forward, receiving the beast, that had sprung from the low branch of a tree, on his haunches, which made him frantic, and a sudden rear

threw the panther to the ground; in a moment he was running at his utmost speed, with Amos clinging to the pommel of the saddle. I have often wondered what caused me to take my gun with me for that especial tramp. The panther fell on his side, but was on his feet in an instant, and, facing me, preparing to spring, when I raised the gun and fired, taking aim just between his eyes. He fell dead at the first shot. He was a big, tawny, streaked creature, and I was looking at him, wishing I could have his hide, when Amos came galloping back.

"'Oh, marsteh, marsteh! thank de Lawd yo' ain' dead! I wes fear'd to come back—fear'd yo's dead. I didn't know whe'rr yo'd kilt him or not wi' jes' one shot; but ain' he a big one? I wisht we could skin 'im an' take his hide!'"

"'But we can't, Amos——'"

"'No, sir; but ain't dis bin a mawning? I'll nuveh fu'git it.' He was greatly excited, and, slipping to the ground, came close to me.

"'I'se so glad to fin' yo' ain' dead, marsteh; yo kilt him de fust shot! Whah did yo' l'arn to be sich a dead shot, marsteh?'"

"'In the army, under General Jackson, Amos.'"

"'My marsteh is a sojeh an' a dead shot,' he said, proudly; 'a sojeh an' a dead shot; jes' look how Prince is a tremblin' an' a sweatin'.'"

"'Yes; give him some water yonder at the branch, and we will walk together awhile.'"

"'Dat jes' suits me, for I's 'fear'd in des' thick, dark woods an' jungles. Dere may be mo' painters about heah.'"

"We walked two or three miles, leading the horse, during which time Amos killed three squirrels and slung them to the pommel of the saddle. He objected to being separated from me so earnestly that we walked the whole morning, stopping at a spot where the creek ran near a clump of beeches. I made a fire, while he unsaddled and hobbled the horse to graze and prepared the game to be 'barbecued,' as he said. I laid down under the beeches, looking at the blue sky, listening to the running water, and fell asleep. Amos broiled the squirrels, took the lunch from the saddlebags, spread it on a

newspaper at my side, brought fresh water in the tin cup, and woke me. After the meal, we rested for two hours, I sleeping, but Amos, with the gun close by, kept his eye open for panthers. At three o'clock we started, Amos riding, I carrying the gun. He wouldn't get out of my sight, but kept the horse at a walk and in speaking distance, furtively watching the woods on both sides of the road.

"'Marsteh,' he said, about five o'clock, 'please, suh, le's don' be out in de woods late tonight. I's 'fear'd, sho'.'

"'All right, Amos; there's a place eight miles from the last milepost we passed, where we will stay.'

"'How fuh is dat from heah now?'

"'Some five or six miles; we'll get there by sundown.'

"'Ef yo' nuveh trabbled dis road a-fo', how yo' know 'bout dat place marsteh?'

"'A man in Raleigh told me, and gave me a letter to the owner, who is a Captain Villines, and the name of his place is Boskydale. It is a post office, too.'

"'We jogged on for half an hour, when the country became more open, and we were soon between broad fields in a state of cultivation.

"'Yo' kin ride on, now, marsteh,' said Amos; 'I ain't 'fear'd now.'

"I had kept the horse at a walk, too, when it was my turn to ride, for I felt it was safer for us to stay together after the panther episode. Prince sprung into a canter, seeming to understand that the day's journey was nearly over. I soon came in sight of barns and stables, and half a mile beyond, a fine grove of oaks and poplars. The road made a wide bend, which brought me to a fine avenue, and through the trees there were glimpses of a large brick mansion. Two carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen, turned into the avenue just before I reached it, the big gate standing wide open for their entrance. The avenue ran through a park of forest trees, which was watered with the creek that had followed us all day. The tender grass was being nibbled by a herd of deer, that at sight of the visitors, bounded away into thicker woods. The carriages had reached the iron gates that opened into the wide, ornamented grounds,

and the visitors had entered the mansion when I dismounted and made my way to the door. A yellow boy, dressed in his Sunday suit, met me and invited me in, thinking I was a bidden guest. I had noticed several other carriages in the park, and, from the appearance of things, I concluded that this was to be a gala night at Boskydale. Captain Villines came forward. I gave him the note, though I don't think it was needed to insure me a night's entertainment. After reading it he welcomed me as a friend, and ordered the servant to see that Amos was comfortably bestowed.

"'We are having a ball here tonight,' he said, 'to introduce my eldest daughter to the county society, and you must make one of the guests.'

"I told him I was not prepared to join in the festivities, but would be pleased to look in on the gay scene. I was shown through the great hall, richly appointed, and up the carved stairway to a spacious room, fine enough for a prince. Directly, the yellow boy came, with Amos, to my door, and retreated.

"'Oh, but ain' we fixed up fuh to-night, marsteh?' he said; 'dis is a gran' place, sho'. Dat boy had me to take a wash and black my shoes, an' brushed me off a-fo' I come up heah, so I got my sto' shut an' coat outen my wallet, an' heah I is.'

"'That was just right, Amos,' I said; 'get my cloth coat and trousers and white vest out of my saddlebags, and the black stock shot with white silk, and a clean handkerchief——'

"'Hoopee! marsteh's gwine dress up, too, fuh de gran' ball. I's proud o' my marsteh. Dat boy say de baffroom is down the hall de fofth do' f'um dis one.'

"After my ablutions and donning fresh clothes, I felt like a new man. The supper bell rung. Going down, I found, besides my host and his wife, ten young gentlemen from Charlotte, who had come to the ball. The two daughters of the house, and the visiting ladies, had supper served in their rooms. It was growing dusk when we rose from the table, and I went out for a turn in the shrubberies. A fountain played in front of the house, its marble rim fringed with flowers. Magnolias in bloom filled the air with sweetness.

Lanterns and sconces holding unlighted wax candles were dispersed through the shrubberies. While standing under a magnolia, a footstep caught my ear, and Amos said :

“ ‘Dis is fine, marsteh.’

“ ‘Have you had your supper?’ I asked.

“ ‘Yes, suh—a good un; an’ I been to de stable to see ef Prince had his’n.’

“A servant came out and began to light the candles. Amos offered his services, which were politely accepted. I went up to my room and stepped out on a gallery that commanded a view of the avenue. Many guests arrived on horseback and in carriages, until the park was alive with horses snorting and champing their bits. Captain Villines had, with Southern hospitality, told me to consider his house my home as long as I wished to stay, and I decided to remain a day or two and rest, for my horse was jaded and Amos and I were both tired.

“At nine o’clock the festivities were in full swing. The ballroom was decorated in spring blossoms, great festoons hanging from the two chandeliers, in each of which blazed a hundred wax candles. The belles were dressed in silks and satins, and diamonds glittered on hands, necks, and arms. The swaying forms and glancing feet, the pulsing music of the violins, played by four negro men brought from Raleigh, made it a scene to be long remembered. The players sat on a platform screened by palms and oleanders. There were three hundred guests. Amos, with some of the servants, stood at a window on a side gallery, looking in, a broad smile on his black face. The Governor of the State, two Congressmen, and a United States Senator, with their wives and daughters, were present. At eleven o’clock supper was announced, and the statesmen and their wives were first ushered into the dining-room, which seated one hundred people. And such a banquet! Every delicacy imaginable loaded the table, with rare old wines from the vintages of France and Spain. The beauty and chivalry of the grand Old North State was there. At one o’clock some of the guests began to leave. The statesmen and their families remained over night. I went to bed at one, and woke

at three, to hear the sound of music and dancing still pulsing through the house. After breakfast, the statesmen ordered their carriages, made their adieus, and departed. At three o'clock the last guest was gone. The Misses Villines had left that morning, with the Governor's daughter, for a month's visit, after which they planned to go to Saratoga and Niagara for the summer.

"That afternoon Captain Villines drove me over his domain, which was one of the finest tobacco plantations in the State. He owned about two hundred slaves, besides much real estate in Raleigh.

"Amos had picked out one of the mulatto house-girls for his especial attentions, and was delighted at my decision to stay till Monday. Captain Villines went to Graham, the nearest town, Saturday, on some business, and I thoroughly enjoyed the day at Boskydale, browsing in the library and lounging about the grounds. That afternoon Amos and Cato—the boy who had received me—went fishing, and came back with a big string of perch, which we had for breakfast the next morning. The Captain drove me to church services, two miles from Boskydale. We returned for the two-o'clock dinner.

"It was sunrise, Monday, when Amos and I again started on our journey. We were to pass through Graham, and my host drove me in his buggy to that place, Amos riding Prince. At parting, I heartily thanked him for his generous hospitality. Years afterward I met him in New York, when we renewed our pleasant acquaintance.

"I tramped out of Graham, with my gun on my shoulder, telling Amos to ride on. It was then ten o'clock. The country was more open than it was on the other side of Boskydale, and the danger from wild animals not so great. Amos rode away, whistling. He knew I would take a long walk that morning, so I expected to find Prince tied about five miles from the town. It was an ideal May morning, and, refreshed by my stay at Boskydale, I tramped along briskly, thinking that in two days, at the furthest, we would strike the Tennessee line. Amos had been out of sight over an hour. I had covered about four miles, and we were getting into the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. A

sudden turn in the road showed me a log meetinghouse, with an arbor of bushes built out in front of it. People were gathering, and as I got near it, I saw Prince tied to a sapling and Amos surrounded with men. I have never seen a happier look on a face than shone on his when he saw me.

"'Yond's my marsteh! yond's my marsteh!' he cried, rubbing his hands for joy. 'Captain Somehville, a sojeh an' a dead shot undeuh Ginnul Jackson. No po' white trash, I thank yo', but a gues', wi' de Govehnoh o' de State an' otheh big folks, at Boskydale ball las' week, whah we bin visitin' fuh sevul days. My marsteh, Captain Somehville, gentlemin,' he continued, with fine scorn of his late rural captors, who looked much abashed."

"'We jest thought,' said one of them, 'yer boy had run off with the hoss, and we tuk him up. Me and Dan Britt, thar, is patterrollers.'

"'A natural mistake, gentlemen,' said I, mounting Prince, that Amos had unhitched and brought to me, holding the stirrup with pride. He walked off jauntily, not vouchsafing a glance at his late captors. I held the horse back and kept with him for some miles. That day we ate the fine lunch given us at Boskydale on the first bench of the Blue Ridge. Are you asleep, queen?"

"No, Fa'," said the child, who had followed the narrative with breathless interest, her brown eyes on the fire. "I've heard Unc' Amos tell about the painter. When did you get to Tennessee?"

"In about two days. You must go to bed, now."

She was soon tucked in the trundle bed and lulled to sleep by the soft patter of the rain. Before long the house was in darkness.

Three hours passed, when she awoke with a start. Springing up, she went, shivering, to her father, who lay on the front side of the curtained bed, asleep.

"Fa', I'm afraid," she quavered; "I dreamed of the painter."

He awoke instantly, and throwing back the cover, gathered the quaking little form to his bosom, where she slept soundly until he arose at sunrise, and left her nestling beside her mother in the soft white blankets.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIRCUS—A RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



MR. WAITE left that morning. Lafayette drove him into town, where he took the stage-coach for Mills' Point. Returning at sunset, Lafayette encountered several plow hands taking their mules to the stables. George sat sideways on his mule, knitting, the animal's slow, steady movements interfering in no wise with his work. George's mother, Letty, had died when he was five years old. She was Patsy's daughter, and left no other child, so the boy felt alone in the world. The negro men and boys were given a coat and trousers of coarse, heavy cloth every autumn; when spring came, all the suits were dirty and the worse for wear except George's. He kept his old suit patched and wore it every day, saving his new clothes for Sunday. His mistress encouraged his thrift and sympathized with his isolated life. In winter he was detailed to keep up the fires in her room, and it was his pleasure to cut big backlogs for "mistis' fiah-place." If he ever stole, his owners never knew it. Not so with many of the others. Five feather beds were put out to sun one morning; when the time came for them to be taken in, there were but four. Miles, who drove one of the wagons to Mills' Point, stole one of the beds and made off with it to his wife, who lived twenty miles distant on the road he had to travel with the tobacco wagons. He was so crafty and slick, he was not detected at the time, but it was afterwards proved that he got the bed. Nothing, however, was done about it. Nothing could be done. A man cannot prosecute his own property, and there was no recourse to slave owners in such cases but to whip the culprit—a proceeding Mr.

Somerville always avoided, if possible. Many of the slaves of the South were thieves. They seemed to drink in, with their mothers' milk, the desire to steal. The elders set the example, and the children thought it but their just dues to steal from their masters. So they were not found out, it was all right.

Sunday morning, Mrs. Somerville went into the plum nursery, near which stood the henhouse, which was locked with a special key she kept in a certain drawer in her room. She stood, screened by some bushes, when she saw Bob, Milly's brother, six years old, steal to the henhouse, unlock the door, and go in. When he came out she called him to her.

"What were you doing in the henhouse, Bob?" she asked.

He turned gray under his black skin, and looked up with narrowing eyes, saying, in a quick, jerky way:

"Ma'am?"

"You heard my question. Now answer me," she said, sternly.

"I—I—I wes—wes a-gittin' some aigs."

"Give them to me."

He took out of the pockets of his trousers seven eggs. She threatened to whip him if he ever did so again; told him how wicked it was to steal, and sent him away. Anice, when he did not bring the eggs to her cabin, knew he was detected, and went to the house to tell "mistis" she did not hold with such conduct in her children.

"Where did he get the key?" the mistress asked.

"How duz I know, mistis?" she queried, with great assumption of innocence, when she had that morning herself slipped it from the drawer. "I tries to make de chillun do right."

She went back to her cabin and scolded and slapped Bob for not being more careful.

"You ought to 'a' looked close all roun' an' seed ef anybody wes aroun' dah afo' yo' tuk de key outen yo' pocket, you black imp o' Saytin. I'll wah yo' out ef yo' uveh do de lak' agin."

At ten o'clock the carriage, swung high on C springs,

drawn by a pair of bay horses, was driven to the front of the house. A door was opened, carpeted steps let down, and Katherine, in her blue merino and Easter hat, ran up them and seated herself on the luxurious cushions. Mrs. Somerville followed, the steps were refolded, the door closed, and Andrew drove, with a flourish, out through the park and took the road leading to the church known as "Thompson's Creek," four miles distant. They drove to Mrs. Hardcastle's and took her in. A familiar hymn was being sung as they swept into the grove surrounding the church—

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!"

The preacher would read out two lines of the hymn, which would be sung with fervor by the congregation, then he would read out two more lines, when the people would catch them up with a will and swing out a volume of song on the air, and so on until the hymn was finished. There were several leading county families represented in the audience. A space was railed off at the back of the church for negroes—the drivers of carriages and others who wished to hear the sermon. The house was a frame structure, well lighted with small-paned windows, the seats measureably comfortable. The pulpit was a tall frame box, four by six feet, approached by four steps. A door shut the preacher in, and he was visible from his waistband up, to his hearers while standing. A man with a strong, tuneful voice started the hymns. The pastor was a Spirit-filled man, who had the care of three other churches besides Thompson's Creek. When another hymn had been sung and a prayer offered, the preacher took his text from Isaiah, which reads:

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The sermon was a masterpiece, coming, as it did, from the lips of an unlettered man. But he had the unction of the Holy Spirit, and held up Christ to the people. He had no thought of self; to glory in the cross and persuade men and women to come to Jesus was his highest ambition. Uneducated as he was, he had that power that schools and colleges of theology can never give—the power that God

bestows on his fully consecrated ones. They unconsciously exert a holy influence on those about them, and people instinctively recognize those chosen ones whose faces shine with the light of soul purity. The worldly Christian and the unbeliever both see it. The pastor of Thompson's Creek had this blessed chrism. How humble he was! and yet his soul abode in Beulah Land. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The obedient soul fully realizes this precious truth. In no courtly, elegant phrase did he tell of the peace God gives to the one whose mind is stayed on Him, but in simple, homely speech he delivered his message, a mighty power back of him that carried conviction to the hearts of the hearers. At the close of the sermon he opened the door and descended the steps; men and women, with tear-wet eyes, were shaking hands with each other, rejoicing in that blessed hope the world knows nothing about. At his invitation, several went forward for prayer. How close to God he seemed in his petition, and at its close three persons professed faith in Christ.

Katherine, with Mary Moore—a girl two years her senior—sat near the space railed off for the negroes, watching the services with the curiosity of thoughtless children. They were near the aisle, and just across it Miss Flora Barr sat, in a pretty Easter costume of Nile-green satin, with hat to match. She owned a little French poodle she called "Tommy Traddles," which had been left in the carriage with the footman. He got into conversation with a pretty housemaid, and the poodle escaped from the carriage and followed his mistress into the church. He had been taught some tricks and when the last hymn rolled in volume on the air, there was a peculiar accompaniment in the aisle at her side. Looking down, she was horrified to see "Tommy Traddles" seated on his haunches, his paws together, going up and down beating time, he looking complacently from side to side and howling at the top of his voice. The sweet solemnity was dissipated in that corner. People silently shook with laughter. Miss Flora rose, and glided out with fleet step, followed by the dog. Katherine and Mary also went out and laughed until the tears ran down their faces. The

larger part of the congregation knew nothing of the dog's performance and left the church, taking the sweet brooding influence, found in the meeting, to their various homes.

Susan, five years old, and Martha, the babe in her arms, were at Mrs. Hardcastle's gate waiting for the carriage. The children were taken inside and the nurse sat with Andrew. When they turned into the avenue at "The Oaks," Mr. Somerville stood at the gate looking for them. The two boys, John and James, had driven from town on a visit, as was their habit, every alternate Sunday. John, the elder, was studious, thoughtful, taciturn, like his mother in character and appearance. James also loved study, but was expansive, humorous, witty, *bon hommie*, and was like his father in looks and traits. When dinner was over they gathered under the oaks, Katherine climbing to James' knee; his love for her was unbounded, hers for him amounted to worship. The boys remained all night and drove in the fresh morning back to town for breakfast at the hotel, which their father had leased out some days before, and where they boarded. The weeks passed, bringing circus day, which was always a great event in the town. Early that morning Mrs. Hardcastle, with Katherine and Susan, left "The Oaks" in the carriage, preceded by Mr. Somerville and Jacob in a buggy, Lafayette and Erskine having gone an hour before. Every road leading to town was alive with people, old, middle-aged, young, bent on seeing the show. The town was thronged with a motley crowd. The parade started at eleven o'clock, going around the square and along the principal streets, the band chariot leading, with loud blare of brass horns, followed by barefoot, ragged urchins, black and white. There were two big tents, one covered the circus, the other the menagerie. Mr. Somerville convoyed his charges first into the latter, and they had made the circuit viewing the animals when a man brought in an elephant on which was a cushioned, circular saddle. He stood on the animal's head, against which a small ladder was placed, and invited any little girl, who wished to ride, to come up. Susan was the first to climb the ladder followed by Katherine. When the latter's feet sank into the creature's soft, mushy head, she

almost regretted accepting the invitation, but was reassured when she was seated in the silken saddle, which held seven little girls. The elephant slowly walked around, the people parting right and left, and stopped at the place where the children had mounted. They descended, and another bevy of girls was taken on. Only two rounds were made, much to the disappointment of many children. The brass band from the circus tent smote the air. A stream of people hurried to it and when Mr. Somerville and his party reached it one of the townsmen was having an altercation with the door-keeper. The difficulty was finally settled and they passed in. Katherine thought she had entered fairyland. Twenty ladies and as many gentlemen, in brilliant uniforms, mounted on gayly caparisoned steeds, were prancing slowly around the ring, keeping time to the music of the band stationed opposite the entrance. They marched and counter-marched, the horses proudly stepping to the pulsing strains. Then they broke into a gallop, performing the same evolutions, and retreated behind the scenes when two white horses, beautifully accoutered, were brought in. Two young girls in short, white, diaphanous, spangled skirts, white silk bodices and hose, and black slippers sprang into the ring. They touched the hands of the attendants, vaulted to the saddles, exchanged their black slippers for white satin ones, sprang to their feet and in a moment were flying around the ring, kissing their hands to the people. To Katherine, it was a revelation, this grace and agility displayed by pretty young girls. It was Stickney's circus, that toured the country in the forties, and the girls were his daughters, Rosalind and Eloise. Their mother, a disappointed, sour-visaged woman with broken health, remained in her room at the hotel. Katherine saw her in passing about the halls and never forgot the sad face and moping figure. The girls sprang over flags held by attendants and through great rainbowed rings, 'till Katherine held her breath fearing they would fall. Between the acts, she saw Milly sitting in the space apportioned to the negroes, with Amos and a dozen other slaves from The Oaks, the door-keeper having passed them in at their master's suggestion. James came, convoy-

ing the lemonade, candy, and fruit men, and treated the whole party, with characteristic liberality, out of his allowance of pocket money. Katherine reveled in the acrobatic and trapeze performances, especially the latter, when two youths, swinging in mid-air, moved as one man to slow music. She saw the performances close with a regretful sigh, never again to enjoy a circus as she did this one. James accompanied her and Susan for a walk about the town, and bought each one of them a pretty necklace of beads. The carriage was at the door when they returned to the hotel. At parting she put her arms around his neck, and said: "Be sure and come next Sunday, Brother Jim."

"Yes, we will; school will soon be out, and we'll be coming home for good."

As they rolled away, she looked back at him as long as they were in sight. He waved at her as they swept around a corner, and she could no longer see him. Her father and Jacob were before; the younger boys stayed for the night performance. It was a pleasant drive, though somewhat hilly, to "The Oaks," much of the road being densely shaded with woods. Katherine was taciturn during the ride, and enjoyed watching the slanting sunset shadows that lengthened about them as they drove along. Susan was voluble of the day's events. Esquire Moore, portly, handsome, rubicund, in a buggy with his daughter, Mary, rolled past them with a gallant bow. The latter waved her hand and smiled; Katherine returned the salute. Then commenced a spirited, friendly race between him and Mr. Somerville, which lasted until the latter pulled up at "The Oaks."

"You got the best of me that time," the other called out, checking his horse.

"I ought to have that pleasure once in a while; you beat me the last two times. Stop and spend the night with us."

"But for pressing business tomorrow, I would be glad to."

"Can't we stay, Papa? I would love to stay with Katherine."

"I have to be at home to-night, my child, to see a man on important matters."

For weeks afterward Katherine and Susan and Milly

played circus, making a trapeze of the swing. There was an exhibition to be given at the close of the boys' school, which required certain costumes. A clever, bright young fellow, Tom Everett, wished to take a special part, but had no money with which to purchase his outfit. The Somerville boys found it out, and delicately offered to assist him out of his difficulty. He accepted their offer, and played his part well. In after years he acquired wealth, and rose to eminence in his profession; he never forgot the favor, and was always a warm friend of any one of the name of Somerville. Guy Haven, eighteen years old, from Mississippi, having relatives in town, attended the school. He was often the guest of the boys on their visits home, and he insisted that they visit him during vacation. Their parents consented, and James accepted the invitation, John preferring to read law 'till school opened again. It was decided that James should make his visit in July. Mary Moore came for a visit to "The Oaks" the middle of June, and James piloted her and his sister in their flower hunts in the woods, took them driving every day, supplied them with candy, swung them by the hour, and drove them twice to town to spend the day, returning in the dewy moonlight. After Mary was gone, Mrs. Somerville's nieces, Ann and Jane McFarland, came from their home, "Oak Hall," fifteen miles distant, to spend the remainder of the summer at "The Oaks." Ann, ten years old, was bright, studious and sensitive; Jane, the age of Katherine, cared nothing for books, and was a laughter-loving elf that everyone liked. Their father was a prosperous country gentleman with literary talent, articles from his pen frequently appearing in the leading papers. Mrs. Somerville found Katherine and Ann leaving Jane out of their plays and games, and sent for Susan, then matters ran more smoothly with the children. Petted, and imperious, Katherine had always had her own way. She instinctively expected everybody to yield to her wishes, everybody but James, her knightly hero and brother; no sacrifice was too great for her to make to please him. Even as a child, she was proud, clannish, haughty; leal and true to those of her own blood, feeling that she and they

were better than the balance of humanity, that they were made of finer clay than the masses. James would go out of his way to greet the humblest of his father's tenants. His genial smile and *bon camaradie* made for him hosts of friends among all classes, and the negroes all banked on "Marse Jim." He was born with a noble, expansive soul. It was his nature to love his kind and to make people happy. He did it with no special effort on his part. He did it like the rose sheds fragrance and the sun gives light. His great heart overflowed with loving kindness to others, like a full fountain giving water to the thirsty.

The first week of July he left for Mississippi, Lafayette driving him to town, where he took the stage-coach for Mills' Point. He waited two days for a boat, when the *City of Huntsville* arrived from Louisville on its way to Memphis. He went aboard in the grey dawn. It was one of the finest steamers on the river, and there was the usual quota of guests in the luxurious, gilded cabin, and the usual crowd of poor deck passengers. There were dainty Southern belles with their dusky maids, and city exquisites ogling the beauties; rich portly planters and bluff negro speculators; professional gamblers and invalids who had been to Northern spas in search of health. James made a careful toilet, after going aboard, and when he went into the cabin, breakfast was announced; the steward placed him at the left of a distinguished looking, elderly lady. At her right sat a young man who wore glasses, and they talked to each other during the meal about Niagara, Nahant, and Newport, and of the spleen and bitterness shown by Northerners toward the South, on account of slavery.

"The very thing they palmed off on the South," said the lady, "when they found it was unprofitable to them. The law made in Massachusetts to free all the young negroes when they were twenty years old did no good toward giving them freedom, for they run them South and sold them before they reached that age."

"They took particular pains to do that," said the young man, "and the Northern papers keep their columns red hot

vilifying the South for maintaining the very institution of which the North set the example."

"Yes, and Clara could not take her maid to Saratoga. Just think of it! It is simply preposterous, and we had to pick up a French maid in New York for her."

"Those Yankees are gangrened with envy, pure and unmitigated, at the way we live," the young man said, helping himself to a waffle, "we have some one to wait on us, and they have nobody, that's the truth about it. Talk about their having philanthropy for the nigger! Why didn't they philanthropize over him when they had him enslaved?"

"It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored," the lady replied, and seeing James smile, took the traveler's privilege of addressing him, "Don't you think that is true, young man?"

"I certainly do," he answered, "my mother keeps posted on the negro question and other political issues, and says as long as the North and the South fight on paper, it will make but little difference, but if they ever care to come to powder and bullets, it will be a terrible war."

"She is right about it. What state do you come from?"

"Tennessee."

"And your name?"

"James Somerville."

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Somerville, I am Mrs. Halliday, of Baton Rouge. You may think me officious, but I am always interested in boys, and your expressive face attracted me. Where are you going?"

"To Vicksburg, to spend a month with Guy Haven, a schoolmate of mine."

"Ah, indeed; I know the family well. Mrs. Haven, Guy's mother, is a special favorite with me. And you are going to visit Guy! You will have a good time. Havenhurst is a fine old place. Mr. Somerville, this is my nephew, Mr. Seawell, of Jackson, Mississippi. Tell Guy to bring you to see my boys—I have two—if he makes a run with you down the river, which he will probably do."

They left the table and went out on the guards. It was a cloudless morning, a fresh breeze blowing, and the boat was

making good speed. The scenery along this part of the river is monotonous, the country on both sides being flat and uninteresting. This was James' first river trip, and he was interested in everything he saw. The negro roustabouts handling bales of cotton and hogsheads of tobacco at the different landings, and the different types of passengers, were studies for him. The boat was loaded with tobacco, and he noticed several hogsheads from The Oaks shipped to "R. H. Waite, New Orleans."

He found his new acquaintances very agreeable. Having frequently voyaged up and down the river, they showed him the various points of interest along the route. He went with Mr. Seawell over the boat, and found the machinery interesting, and liked to watch the water churned into white froth by the great wheels. The pilot house was a popular place for the belles, who liked to view the passing landings from that coign of vantage. James found a bevy of them every time he went up there. The pilot was accommodating, and courteously welcomed all who came.

They reached Memphis the next day about noon. The wharf was alive with negroes loading cotton, and hacks conveying passengers to and from the steamers. The *Jessie K. Bell* lay moored near where they landed, bound for New Orleans, and James and those going to points below were soon aboard of her. He noticed, when they had gotten some distance from Memphis, houseboats anchored to the shore, in which people lived. When they got tired of one locality, they would "weigh anchor and find a place that suited them better," Mr. Seawell informed him. They were sitting, with Mrs. Halliday, on the guards the next morning, when the lady said:

"Some long-gone-by time this majestic river ran up-stream a little while, from some cause."

"I have heard such a story," said James, "but hardly know how to believe it."

"Nevertheless, it is true. It was in the winter of 1811 and 1812 that it occurred. The sixteenth of December, at two o'clock in the morning, the first earthquake took place. It scared people out of their senses, and they ran to and fro

screaming, not knowing what to do. A Mrs. Eliza Bryan, who lived there, wrote a letter to the great cosmopolitan preacher, Lorenzo Dow, describing the awful times they had."

"Reelfoot Lake was made then, was it not?" Mr. Seawell asked.

"About that time. On the seventh of January there was another terrible earthquake, which made great upheavals of the ground, forming fissures, bayous, and ponds. Many families left—moved out of the section. One woman was frightened to death. During the earthquake in January, the land sunk, a large area of it, and the water, rushing into the basin formed, in a subterranean stream, caused this river to flow north for a few hours."

"How far from the river is the lake?" asked James.

"The northern end is about four miles. I read an article in a magazine lately about it which makes these points fresh in my mind."

A fine side-wheeler, *The Creole Belle*—a match for the handsome vessel they were on—was running alongside of them, and it looked like a race was on hand. Mrs. Halliday watched the other boat for some minutes. At length she said:

"I declare I do hope these boats are not racing. One of the awfulest catastrophes that ever took place on this river was caused by a race."

She arose, excited, and entered the cabin, where she chanced to meet the captain, who was an old acquaintance.

"Oh, Captain Lucas, it looks as if we are racing. Please don't allow it."

"I know just the speed my boat can safely make, Mrs. Halliday, and she shall not go over that; I pledge you my word on that point. If that boat's officers can afford to be foolhardy, I cannot, and will not, so you may rest easy."

She went back to where the boys stood, watching the race, and resumed her seat, reassured.

"If Cousin Clara were here, she would enjoy this," said her nephew.

"Oh, yes, it would delight Clara, and she would by this

time have up a wager on the speed of this boat. She is at Niagara now, if they carried out their plans."

"Will she return with Mrs. Markham?"

"Yes; about the first of September."

The betting among the men ran high on both boats, and even some of the women put up wagers. James was tempted to risk a part of his money, but Mrs. Halliday's advice prevented him. Both vessels were fully loaded—one with tobacco and the other with cotton—so they did not touch at any points between Memphis and Greenville, the latter place being the goal they were racing to reach. The *Creole Belle* crowded on steam, and was gaining headway, when Mr. Seawell sought the captain, who was on hurricane deck.

"Captain Lucas, you are letting them get ahead of us."

"Yes; they are putting on more steam than is safe. They are out of wood, too, and should have landed at that wood yard a mile back."

"What are they running the boat with?"

"Bacon—sides of bacon; don't you smell the fumes?"

"Why, yes, since you spoke of it. I have been foolish to bet on the race."

"We all do foolish things sometimes, Mr. Seawell, and have to abide the consequences," he said, as the *Creole Belle* swept triumphantly past, shouts of victory ringing from her decks and white handkerchiefs waving a parting salute.

Many passengers besought Captain Lucas to put on more steam, but without avail, and they saw their opponent disappear around a bend of the river, white handkerchiefs still fluttering in triumph. Muttered oaths were heard among the men, and the women wore lowering, disappointed faces, getting into groups and criticizing the Captain's course.

James silently congratulated himself on not having risked his money, as there seemed no chance for the *Jessie K. Bell* to win. But she never abated her speed for an instant, but held on her way as though she had no thought but to gain the goal first. When she swung round the bend, her opponent was flying before her, and all hope of victory died in every heart on board. For two hours she flew before them, and the passengers settled down to their usual games and

talk. Mrs. Halliday retired to her stateroom, and her nephew and James sat in a shady corner on the guards. In their conversation, he had spoken so often of his little sister that his new acquaintance had begun to take quite an interest in her, though a stranger whom he might never see, and drew the boy on to talk of his home life, and especially of Katherine. An hour passed, when dinner was announced, and when it was over, they went up to hurricane deck for a breath of fresh air. They stood looking at the scenery on the Arkansas side, when Mr. Seawell said:

"Well, I've lost a cool five hundred today; Now, if I had listened, like you did, to Aunt Laura, it would not be so."

James was looking steadily at the boat in the distance, and did not reply. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Look! Is not the *Creole Belle* going to land?"

Mr. Seawell leveled some field glasses at the steamer, and said:

"She is, by Jove!"

The vessel had slowed up, and was turning her bow to the shore.

"Something is the matter," he continued. "We will now regain our place—perhaps get ahead of her. If we win the race, a hundred dollars of the money I get goes to buy a present from me to Katherine. You are to take the money and select the present, or give her the money, just as you please."

"You are kind, Mr. Seawell, but I could not do that."

A sorrowful look settled on the man's face, and he was silent, while the *Jessie K. Bell* glided alongside her opponent, and the mate yelled through a speaking trumpet:

"What is the matter?"

"We have to stop a few minutes, but will soon pass you again," was the boastful reply thrown across the water.

The truth was, the machinery needed some repairing, and it was necessary to land. So, for half an hour she was tied up for repairs, taking on, in the meantime a supply of wood, and the *Jessie K. Bell* gained several miles on her. The passengers were jubilant. Greenville was only fifteen miles

distant. Soon, however, their opponent appeared, coming at an increased rate of speed, and was evidently gaining on them. She slowed up as she approached, and seemed content to stay alongside, which convinced Captain Lucas that her machinery was in bad shape. Four miles from Greenville she swept ahead, but had gone but a half mile when she began to slack her speed again. Then came the most thrilling period of the race, when the two boats were side by side—Captain Lucas, prudent and watchful, and the *Creole Belle*, fearful of putting on more steam. As they neared the goal, the latter boat was, almost imperceptibly, dropping behind, and, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and shouts of victory, which the band playing at the front of the boat could not drown, the *Jessie K. Bell* triumphantly swept to the goal.

"You've won your five hundred," said James, as they rounded to at the wharf.

"So I have. Aunt Laura will lecture me for betting, if I did win. Success don't salve it over for her, and I suppose she is right about it," he said, as they descended the steps to the guards.

"My mother thinks as she does of such things——"

"And she is just right," said Mrs. Halliday, who stood at the foot of the steps. "It is gambling, pure and simple, and should be shunned by all good people."

"That is so, Aunt Laura."

"You will say that, and when you get another chance, do the same thing over again."

The excitement on both boats had calmed down, when, an hour later, they steamed down the river. A few days' traveling acquaintance amounts to an intimacy, and when they reached Vicksburg one morning, and James said goodby to Mr. Seawell and his aunt, they parted with sincere regret. The former followed the boy out on the stage-plank and pressed a hundred-dollar bill in his hand, saying, in a low voice:

"For Katherine."

"But I cannot take it, Mr. Seawell—I——"

"But you must, as a little gift from me to Katherine. I

had a little sister, who died at her age, who would have shared my fortune——”

His voice broke and his eyes filled with tears. James put the money in his pocket, saying in a husky voice:

“I will take it to her, Mr. Seawell, and she can use it as mother likes. Write to me. I will send you her picture when we have one made. Good-by.”

“Don’t fail to, James. God bless you.”

CHAPTER V.

HAVENHURST—SENATOR DAVIS AT BRIARFIELD.



GUY was waiting for him at the wharf, and led the way to a buggy drawn by two gray ponies. A trim negro boy stood at their heads, his hand on the bits.

"Adolph," said his young master, mounting to James' side, after shoving his valise under the seat, "you will find father at the bank. There are several parcels at Cisco's you must take out in his buggy."

"All right, Marse Guy."

He took his hand from the bits, the ponies sprang forward, and pulled vigorously up the steep quay, and were soon trotting along the streets of the Hill City. Leaving the business portion, they rolled along a fine residence street and out into the picturesque suburbs, talking of many things that had occurred since they parted. From the suburbs they turned into a wide, smooth road, shaded for several miles with forest trees, and at last came to big double gates which Guy, giving James the reins, sprang out and opened.

Sweeping along wide, winding drives, shaded with magnolias and live oaks, the sun filtering through their boughs in gold patchwork on the verdant, close-clipped grass, they drew rein at a colonial mansion of grey brick, with stone copings. A negro man sprang to the ponies' heads, and the boys alighted. Ascending a broad flight of stone steps, they entered a tessellated hall, spread with rugs of long, soft fur, trophies of the chase, Guy's father being a hunter. Here they were met by a stately, beautiful woman, who greeted her son's guest with sweet, gracious insouciance.

"Welcome to Havenhurst, James. I already know you, through Guy's vivid descriptions. His room, adjoining

yours, is ready, Guy. Show him to it, my son. Luncheon will be served in half an hour."

"All right, mother. Tell Gilbert to bring up his valise, please. Father will be out to luncheon; your parcels are in his buggy. I think I got everything you told me. Come, James."

They went up the broad, polished oaken steps, covered with velvet carpet, and James was conducted to a luxurious room, overlooking a magnificent view of undulating forest, through whose green vista there were glimpses of the broad river, some miles distant. From one window he could see a vast cotton field, the stalks tall as a man, its verdure billowing in the breeze. Havenhurst was a typical Southern home, furnished with all the luxury and taste that characterized the rich planters of *ante-bellum* days.

The boys descended to luncheon, which was served by slaves, perfectly trained to their work. Captain Haven, who had served in the war with Mexico, was a genial host, and entered with interest into all the plans of the boys for the coming month. There were to be fox hunts, visits to the quarters, boating on the Yazoo, an excursion to New Orleans, fish fries, and picnics galore. A horse was placed at James' disposal, and the freedom of Havenhurst given to him in true Southern fashion. He accepted the generous hospitality in the spirit it was offered, and was soon coming and going with as much freedom and ease as Guy himself. He joined in an exciting fox hunt the third day after his arrival, and rode so well that Captain Haven complimented him on the resolute, dashing manner in which he managed his mettled steed, in clearing ditches and five-barred gates, and, though great odds were against him, getting in at the death.

Returning for a late dinner, they found a gay party from Vicksburg, it being the hostess' regular day to entertain. Guy and James entered the house by a side door, and, taking the back stairway to their rooms, soon made themselves presentable. Descending to the library, wainscoted high in black walnut and lined with shelves filled with choice volumes, new and old, James was presented to two little misses

of fifteen and sixteen years, who had driven out with their mothers, that were chaperoning the gay party in the drawing rooms. They were soon strolling in the grounds, Miss May Mortimer at James' side, and Miss Ada Gray with Guy. They stopped to look at two peacocks perched on a fence dividing the grounds from the deer park, their gorgeous plumage sweeping to the velvety grass, when one of the birds gave vent to a loud, discordant cry. James found his companion agreeable, and she, being familiar with the place, said, as he was admiring the plumage of the birds:

"Come this way, and I will show you something equally as beautiful, but of a different kind."

They left Guy and Ada at the fence, and went down a walk bordered with roses to a broad pool, on whose gently-rippling bosom a great Victoria Regina lay outstretched in regal beauty.

"But this is fine!" he exclaimed, his gray-blue eyes deepening with admiration. "I wonder how wide it is——"

"Just fifteen feet across it," said Guy, who had come another way with Ada.

They sat down on a rustic seat, and the boy told the guests the history of the great blossom, with the breath of heliotrope and Parma violets that fringed the basin's edge freighting the soft breeze that fanned their young brows.

"It was brought from England five years ago. My father was in London, secretary to Mr. Stevenson, minister to the Court of St. James. For some favor done by him for the Earl of Clancarty, he gave him this flower, which was then two feet across."

"How did he get it over here?" James asked.

"The earl gave him a glass receptacle, half filled with water, in which it was brought to this country. Let's go back to the house. I think we can get our dinner now."

Returning, they encountered couples loitering in the sunset that stole in level lines through the shrubbery, the white diaphanous dresses of the ladies gleaming softly in the greenery.

They sat at a table in the dining-room just large enough for four, and the boys gave a description of the day's sport

while discussing the viands. The musicians, a black quartette from the quarters, were tuning their violins and banjos while they were eating the ices.

"The first cotillions are always slow in forming," said Guy as, refusing coffee, they left the table, "so we can dance now."

He led the way through the hall to the ballroom, where sets were already forming. They found places, and James, who had not the best idea of time, acquitted himself creditably. The handsome, graceful Guy was a veritable Apollo when paying his respects to Terpsichore. When several cotillions were danced, the musicians struck up a waltz, and the slender, lithe boy swung his fair partner down the long ballroom with a grace which was the very poetry of motion. Everybody paused to look at the young couple, when the boy spoke some low words to the girl, and they adroitly waltzed out on the moonlit colonnade to a seat. James and May joined them, and the four went into the library for a game of backgammon. At nine o'clock Marie, the hostess' maid, came with a message from the girls' mammas to don wraps for the drive back to the city. The boys went with them to the carriage, and James was presented to the ladies, who invited him to visit, with Guy, in their homes.

He lay awake long that night, with the strains of the violins still sounding in his ears, and heard a clock in some distant room faintly chime the hour of two before he slept.

They were not usually early risers at Havenhurst, especially after receptions, but the following morning Captain Haven and the boys breakfasted at six o'clock. He had told them the night before to be down early, as he wanted them to go with him to visit a friend, who lived several miles distant. When they rose from the table the horses were at the door.

"I am going to take you boys to see my brave, gallant Colonel, Senator Jefferson Davis," said the gentleman. "He writes me that he will be at Briarfield for some weeks. Mrs. Davis is with him."

"Won't they visit Havenhurst, father? They spent two weeks with us last summer."

"Yes; I will beg them to come for a longer stay this summer."

"How far is it?" James asked, as he and Guy donned linen dusters.

"Some ten or twelve miles."

"They were soon cantering through the woods dripping with dew, birds' songs filling the air redolent with sweet forest odors. For half a mile their way lay along the Yazoo, and James thought he had never looked on more picturesque scenery than that through which they were passing. Captain Haven held their attention with stories of his soldier life in Mexico, of scenes at Monterey, Chapultepec, Cherebusco, and smaller engagements in which he took part. He descanted on the horrors of the Alamo, the treachery of Santa Anna, and lauded his colonel for his bravery, his kindness to his troops, his thoughtfulness for their comfort, and his prowess in battle.

For four miles they skirted a vast cotton field, where dusky forms were moving under the surveillance of a man on horseback carrying a whip. Guy noticed the man and asked:

"Father, you don't allow Mr. Obenwhite to whip the negroes, do you?"

"Not without my knowledge, my son, and the offense must be very grave."

"Well, he whipped Sandy while you were in New Orleans, anyhow."

"I know. He refused, point-blank, to work, and what was the man to do? He coaxed and reasoned, knowing my aversion to whipping, and finally had to resort to the lash; the fellow was incorrigible."

"How many slaves have you, Captain Haven?" asked James, looking across the billowing sea of verdure.

"About five hundred, I think. You and Guy must go to the quarters some day. We are nearing Senator Davis' land now, and will soon be there."

A mile further they came to a gate, which Guy reached down and opened, letting them and himself in, and deftly closing it again. They rode for some time under a grove of catalpas and live oaks, and soon came in sight of Briarfield

—a long, low frame building with wide wings, a pillared gallery running across the entire front, with steps going up to the central part, and also to each of the wings.

Mr. Joseph Davis, owner of the large plantation—Hurricane—adjoining Briarfield, came down the graveled walk.

"How are you, Mr. Davis?" said Captain Haven, dismounting, "and how is the Senator and Mrs. Davis?"

"Both quite well, Captain; how are you, Guy?"

"Good morning, Mr. Davis. This is my friend, James Somerville, of Tennessee."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Somerville. Come right in; my brother is expecting you, Captain Haven. He said at breakfast he thought you would ride over today. He is in the library."

Senator Davis looked up from his desk as they entered, a genial smile irradiating his thin, expressive features.

"This is good of you, Captain; I'm so glad to see you and Guy. And this lad?"

"James Somerville, from Tennessee, Senator."

"Ah! from the grand old Volunteer State. You have a martial bearing, James, as if you came of soldier stock."

The boy's heart swelled with pride as he replied:

"My father was in the War of 1812, and in the Creek War. He was with General Jackson at the Battle of the Horseshoe, and had three bullets shot through his hat."

It was a long reply for a lad to make to a great statesman and a stranger, but his manner was so simple, gentle, and engaging, that the boy was at once at ease in his presence. Like all great souls, he was considerate of the young, and the weak and unfortunate always found in him a friend. James instinctively felt that he stood in the presence of a hero, and that the half had not been told him by Captain Haven of this great man, the hero of Monterey.

At a motion from him they sat down, and in a few moments Mrs. Davis entered.

"Captain Haven," she said, "I am delighted to see you. And Guy, how you have grown in a year!"

She gave James a cordial handshake when Guy introduced him, saying:



A long, low frame building with wide wings running across the entire front. (Page 86)

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"Any friend of Guy's is my friend, James."

She was of medium height, rather slender, with fine, expressive features and a smile of sunshine. For half an hour the boys listened to her conversation with the gentlemen, when she said:

"Guy, take James and go about the house or out in the grounds. You will find some checkers and chessmen in the parlor. Make yourselves at home at Briarfield, always."

The boys went out and made their way to a great grape-vine swing in a remote corner of the grounds, where they "pumped" until they were tired; then they went to a pond, where a flock of geese and ducks were floating. Sitting down in a shady, grassy spot, they talked for an hour over the incidents of the previous night and their plans for the next few days. At length, Guy drew a rubber ball from his pocket, and, standing some hundred paces apart, they threw and caught it until a servant came and summoned them to luncheon. At the informal meal, the boys sat at the right and left of the gracious hostess, while Captain Haven and Mr. Davis were *vis-a-vis* at the right and left of the Senator.

The talk of the gentlemen was reminiscent of the Mexican war and of the live issues of the day. The meal over, the lady retired, taking the boys with her to the parlor, where she sang some songs, at Guy's request, accompanying herself on the piano, after which she drew them out to rustic seats on the gallery, and interested them with recounting sights and scenes she had witnessed at the National Capital.

"How long will you be at Briarfield?" asked Guy.

"We will go to New Orleans in the early autumn. We return to Washington in December."

They listened with wrapt interest. She had seen the great world, which appeared to their young imaginations an El Dorado of triumph and happiness. The afternoon passed so rapidly that they were surprised when Captain Haven called to them that it was time to go. To the latter's invitation for him and Mrs. Davis to spend a month at Havenhurst, the Senator said his work was so pressing that they could not do that, but that they would drive over for a couple of days during their stay at Briarfield.

James was quiet, thoughtful, on the ride to Havenhurst. The noble face of the man hung before his mental vision, and the silvery voice of his wife lingered with sweet, sad insistence in his ears, as though coming events were casting their shadows on his young spirit. They reached there in the gloaming. Mrs. Haven stood in the carved, arched doorway when they dismounted and gave the reins into Adolph's hands.

Supper over, the boys retired early, and James lay awake for hours, thinking of the people he had visited that day. The moon stole round to his open window, and lay in ghostly lines on the white matting. Finally, he got up and sat down on the broad window ledge and looked out on the still, beautiful night. Delicious odors came up from magnolias gleaming like patches of snow in the moonlit grounds, and at intervals the happy twitter of nesting birds came to his ears. The deep, cordial voice of the man, and the silvery, gracious accents of the woman, lingered with him, their noble, benevolent features, indices to great souls, seeming, to his dreaming, prescient heart fitting types of the chivalry, gentleness, and grace of the fair Southland.

The Mississippi gleamed in patches of silver far away through the dark vista of verdure. Suddenly, from the white, blossoming boughs of a catalpa down in the park, a piercing scream woke the midnight echoes. It startled him—sent the blood surging to his heart. A few times in Tennessee he had heard that sound in the forests around The Oaks. It was the loud, far-reaching scream of the screech owl. It seemed to the boy so incongruous—this discordant, deafening cry, amid the blooming, peaceful grounds sleeping under the moonlight. Three horrible, blood-curdling screams struck across the stillness. A few moments later the ghostly visitant rose from the boughs and silently flitted away. James drew a sigh of relief when the bird of evil omen quitted the quiet, beautiful scene. A weight lay on his spirit.

"Why," he asked himself, "do I feel so depressed? I wonder if anything has happened at home."

He heard the musical splash of a fountain. Was his pre-

scient soul seeing, in a vague, sub-conscious way, the terrible devastation that was in store for that grand, luxurious home, with thousands of others, in the fair Southland, when little more than a decade should have passed away?

He heard a footstep, and looked around. Guy was standing in the open door that connected their apartments. He came to the window.

"Is anything the matter James? I hope you are not sick."

"No; just a little blue tonight," he said, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder. "I have been thinking about the home-folks."

"You were up so late last night, and our long ride to Briarfield and back has tired you."

"Did you hear the owl scream?"

"Yes; it woke me. In the still night it's awful to listen to. They don't come around here often. I wish I could have got a shot at it. Don't it look lonesome out there?"

"Yes; weird and lonesome," returned James, with a little shiver.

"You are cold. It's chilly here, and your sleeves are damp with the dew. Listen! The clock is striking twelve. Come to bed. We want to be stirring early tomorrow. We go to the quarters, you know. Would you like for me to stay in here with you?"

"I believe I would, Guy. We are both lonesome."

The latter closed the window blinds and laid down by James, saying:

"I've had cold chills ever since the owl screeched."

They were soon asleep, and the sun's rays were stealing through the window shutters when one of the house-boys came in with their shoes and fresh towels.

"Hello, Rastus! What time is it?"

"Law, Marse Guy; I jes' wes a wond'in' whar yo' gone when I seed yo' bed empty. It's breakfus' time, an' late at dat. De bell ring in ten minutes."

At the table, the talk was of their visit the previous day, when Captain Haven, looking across the coffee service of solid silver at his wife, said:

"Mrs. Davis insists that you go to Briarfield the week I spend in Jackson."

"When do you go to Jackson, father? We will take our run down to New Orleans at that time, James."

"I leave a week from Monday, but you had best not go while I am away, unless your mother goes to Mrs. Davis'."

"I think I shall accept her invitation," said the lady; "she is one of the most charming, companionable of women. Albert;" to the butler, "have the waffles brought in. James, you seem to have lost your appetite."

"He is kind o' homesick, mother——"

"Homesick!" she interrupted; "oh, you must not get homesick. What is the programme for today?"

"We are going to the upper quarters," glancing through the window; "there is Adolph, with the horses, now."

"That is good," said the mother; "a canter through the woods and over the plantation will restore your spirits, James."

"Mother, did you hear the owl last night?"

"Yes; it was certainly startling. Screech owls rarely ever come to Havenhurst. You boys had better be going. It is a good ride to the upper quarters."

They ambled through the grounds and park, gaily chatting, James having recovered his usual spirits. Half a mile from the park gates they entered a lane, on either side of which spread a sea of verdure, gleaming with red blossoms, undulating beneath the soft southern breeze.

"This is a fine sight, Guy."

James' eyes deepened as they swept, right and left, over miles of green dashed with red blooms.

"How many acres are there in these fields?"

"I don't know. Havenhurst has some twelve thousand acres, and the river plantation has eight thousand. Much of the land is not under cultivation. It takes the revenue from the river plantation to pay the expenses of Cyril, my brother, who is at a German university, and of my sister Stella, who has just finished school in Paris, and is making a residence tour of Europe. She was in St. Petersburg when we last heard from her."

"It must take a big sum to keep up such great plantations."

"It does. Each slave is allowed two suits of clothes a year, and so much bacon, bread, potatoes, and molasses a day. Everything has to be systematic. There are negroes whose sole business it is to cook, and the provisions are weighed out to them by the overseer or his assistants."

They rode on awhile in silence, when Guy said:

"The quarters are about a mile from here; we will turn into this lane to the left."

At length they came to a village of whitewashed cabins in four long rows, little negroes, whose ages ranged from two to six years, playing in the wide, open spaces between the rows. There were two long sheds, where the meals were served on two planks fastened together for tables. It was near the dinner hour, and boiled bacon, sliced, was being put into big tin pans and placed on the tables. Potatoes, boiled with the jackets on, were piled, smoking, on huge wooden trays, and corn pones were scattered on the planks. Benches ran alongside the board, and fifty tin cups filled with water were ranged on each side of it, which accommodated a hundred slaves. They dismounted under a grove, and a negro boy took the horses' bridles and called out:

"Mammy! heah's Marse Guy."

A fat, black woman ran out of a cabin adjoining the nearest eating shed.

"Law, Marse Guy! de sight ob yo' is jes' good fuh so' eyes. Come into my cabin——"

"Never mind, Aunt Linda; we are going to walk around awhile. You are well, I hope."

A broad smile lit her black face as, answering, "Yes, suh," she watched him walk away, saying to the boy, who was watering the horses at a trough:

"Dat's my boy; but ain' he jes' han'some?"

Guy and James strolled down the lane between the cabins, some of the little negroes running indoors at their approach, others standing and eyeing them with open-mouthed wonder. Many of them wore short cotton slips; others were quite nude. Little attempts had been made at ornamenting the spaces about the doors. Vines of morning-glory and cypress

ran over the entrances to some of the cabins, and plots of pinks, prince's feather, and hollyhock were scattered here and there between the huts. They reached the last cabins and turned back into another row leading to the eating sheds. The dinner-horn was blown as they got back to the grove and took the split-bottom chairs that had been placed there by Linda. The negroes came trooping in from the fields, bowing low to the boys, most of them cheerful, light-hearted; a few with lowering, averted countenances. Some stopped to wash at the trough and dry their faces on the rough tow towels hanging at the door of the shed, but most of them hurried to the table and ate their portion heartily, with no preliminaries. An hour was allowed them for dinner. Two hundred ate at this quarter, and two hundred at the Yazoo, or river quarter. Fifty were employed at the mansion and in the parks, gardens, grounds, and stables. After eating, they lounged about the sheds and cabins, singing old plantation songs, with the quaint pathos characteristic of their race, a wild sweetness in their voices that no culture could ever produce. It is a special gift of Providence that has set them in the humblest place among the races.

James sat looking out over the blooming fields, his soul drinking in the unutterably sweet, sad harmonies, while Guy talked apart with some of the older slaves. The hour passed, and the winding horn summoned them to work. They trooped back to the fields, whistling and singing, some dancing as they went. Then Linda brought out a small table, spread a white cloth on it, set it for two with blue delft plates and cups and horn-handled knives and forks. A dish of fried chicken, potatoes, a pat of fresh butter, hoe-cake, and milk poured into the cups, completed the repast. The boys partook of this frugal meal with more zest than they did of the dainties served on silver and china at the mansion.

Linda stood at the back of Guy's chair, glad and proud to serve her young master and his guest. When they had finished, and the table removed, Guy said:

"Where's Aunt Phebe today, Aunt Linda? We want our fortunes told."

"All right, Marse Guy; I'll go an' git huh."

She went to one of the cabins midway of the rows, and soon returned with an old, lean, wrinkled, black woman, walking with a crutch. Linda brought out another chair and squatted at the foot of one of the trees.

"Aunt Phebe, will you tell my fortune?" Guy asked, holding out his hand.

She grasped it with her skinny black fingers, and looked intently at his palm. She was silent some moments, nodding her head, turbaned with a bright bandana handkerchief, again and again.

"What do you see, Aunt Phebe?"

"I sees a heap, honey, a heap. Yo' gwine on de watch; gwine tek a ribber trip to a big city, an' yo' gwine——"

"Oh, Aunt Phebe, tell me what kind of a girl I am going to marry?"

"Pshuh, chile! yo's a baby yit, but I kin tell yo'. Lemme look at de mount o' Benus. Heah 'tis; yo' gwine marry twice, honey, an' de fust gal will lib two yeah; den, in six yeah, yo' gwine marry ag'in. Yo' gwine git money wid yo' las' wife and trabble fuh. De lifeline say yo' live long an' hab some trubble——"

"That will do, Aunt Phebe," he laughed; "now, tell this young man's fortune."

The old creature looked James full in the face, and then took his fingers in hers, saying:

"Yo' got good face, suh," silently scanning his palm; "yo' got big heart an' many frien's. De life line, long. Yo' gwine git letteh wid money in it. De mount o' Ma's is mighty plain. Yo' gwine be in some wah, but yo' come out safe and marry de gal yo' loves. Yo' gwine on de watch, too."

She dropped his hand, and James threw her a half dollar, saying, smilingly:

"I must pay you for it; and here's fifty cents for you, too, Aunt Linda."

"I'll follow suit, Aunt Phebe," said Guy, tossing a half dollar at each of the women.

Suddenly a cry of pain smote the sultry air. It was repeated again and again.

"What does that mean, Aunt Linda?" he asked, springing to his feet.

"It's de oberseeh a-whuppin' one o' de niggehs, an' he needs it, I dessay."

"I'll find out. Will you come, James?"

They walked briskly in the direction of the cries, and could hear the licks as they got nearer the place. Down in an open space, some distance from the sheds, a negro boy of eighteen stood, his hands fastened to a post, his back bare, while the overseer was laying on licks with a rawhide, raising great weals at each stroke. The victim writhed and screamed with pain.

"Stop, Mr. Obenwhite," commanded the boy, his face white with excitement and anger. "Does my father know of this?"

"No; how could he know of it, and he in Vicksburg?" was the sullen rejoinder.

"What has the fellow done?"

"He won't work. The other niggers hoe two rows to his one, an' he's got ter git outer sich no' count ways."

"Perhaps he has done the best he could. Some can do more work than others. My father doesn't allow his slaves whipped without his knowledge, when he is at home."

"But he is not to hum."

"He will be at home this evening, and the fellow's offense should have been reported to him, and he would have decided whether he should be punished in this way. You shall not strike him another lick."

Guy, with slender, nervous fingers, quickly unfastened the rope, and said, kindly:

"Go, now, and try to keep up with the others."

The slave gave the boy a look of deep gratitude and moved away, his black, bare breast heaving with sobs, the tears running down his face.

"What is his name, Mr. Obenwhite?"

"Strange you don't know your own niggers," said the man, insolently.

"I am not asking for your opinions. I want to know his name."

An old slave, whom Guy knew, came up at that moment, but he would not ask him the boy's name, not wishing him to incur the displeasure of the cruel overseer.

"Well, if you must know, his name is Simon Crow," said the overseer, doggedly; "and a crow he is, not only in name and color, but in character."

"Which, it occurs to me, will not be improved by associating with you," said Guy, with fine scorn.

"I'll hev yer ter know that I don't 'sociate weth niggers any more than you do, sir."

"But I do associate with 'em," said the boy. "Now, here's Uncle Frank; I dearly love to go fox hunting with him——"

"But not as er ekal," was the irate rejoinder.

"No; he knows his place better, perhaps, than some others, and don't expect nor wish to be my equal."

He strode away, followed by James. The muttered oaths of the man reached their ears, asserting that he "was jest es good es any popped up, white Southin nabob this side er kingdom come," until they were out of hearing.

Phebe had hobbled back to her cabin, and Linda sat in one of the chairs when they returned to the grove; she had already found out who had been whipped.

"An' it wes dat Sime Crow 'at got whupped," she said; "he jes' needed mo' 'an he got, I'll be boun'. A lazy, snoop-in', black ape. His mammy is sick down at de ribber plantation, an' jes' cries lak a baby eveh time he gits whupped. She neveh wes no 'count, nohow, al'ays a pulin' an' a gruntin' aroun'; an' Sime Crow is jes' lak her."

"You must have a spite at poor Simon," said her young master.

"No, suh, I ain' got no spite 'ginst nobody, but ef niggehs won't wuk, dey may 'spect to git whupped."

"Simon, probably, has lost sleep waiting on his sick mother."

"I don' know 'bout dat," said Linda, indifferently, "his mammy is al'ays a pulin' 'round, an' a body gits tired a heah-in' folks moan an' groan."

"You ought to have more feeling for the sick; Jeff," calling to the boy at the trough, "bring up the horses."

They were soon cantering along between the cotton fields.

"Do the negroes eat supper at the sheds?" James asked.

"No, each one eats at his cabin, at night, his share of cold corn bread and molasses. Dinners are served under the sheds to save time, provisions and work. Linda cooks the bread, and Prunella the meat and potatoes. The overseer lives about a mile from here, and the provisions are kept in a house in his yard. We pass there on our way to the gins."

James had often seen cotton ginned in Tennessee, but never on such a scale as he now saw it. The white staple was separated from the seed, by the big horse-power gins at the rate of two thousand pounds per day. It was interesting to watch it issue, in great white sheets, from the gin, and see the seeds pile up, which were shoveled into a wagon, and carted away. The fluffy folds were then put into a form, tramped down by a big African, and afterward pressed by a block and screw, and came out baled in the coarse sacking, ready for the market.

"How many bales will these gins turn out in a day?" James asked.

"About five to each gin."

They lingered about the gins for an hour, and then mounted their horses for the homeward ride. A silence fell between them as they went, at a slow pace, between the green lanes. At length Guy said:

"There are some hard things in the world, James."

"I was thinking the same myself, Guy. Suppose you and I were in the place of some of the poor fellows here on this plantation?"

"Yes, suppose you or I were Simon Crow—"

"Yes, Guy, I have been thinking—" he paused, his eyes wandering with a far-a-way look over the expanse of cotton fields—"do you reckon the overseer left Simon Crow alone, after we left?"

"Yes, I'm sure he did, for father's rule is, emphatically, that none of the negroes are to be whipped without his knowledge, if he is at home, and the overseer has overstepped his bounds in doing what he did. It will be looked into, Monday, sure. Mother won't hear to their being whipped,

unless the offence is an out-breaking one. Dr. Blake, our physician, and a good man, attends to such matters when father is from home."

"Well, it does seem like there is wrong, somewhere," said James; "when one man like this brutal overseer, has control of so many poor creatures. Now, in Tennessee, it is different. We have thirty or forty negroes, and are almost like one big family."

"Are your slaves never whipped, James?"

"Not often; it is hardly ever done on our place. I remember just once or twice—that is all. There are some cruel masters in Tennessee, as there are everywhere, though."

"There are some awful cruel ones, down here," said Guy. "Now, the man who once owned the plantation adjoining Havenhurst, was a wicked tyrant, and beat and abused his negroes terribly. He even killed one, it is said, and the officers of the law were after him, but he covered it up, so nothing was done with him."

The sun had fallen low. They had left the cotton fields, and entered the woods that lay in deep shadow, the dark boughs waving cerily in the wind. They quickened their speed and Guy continued: "That man rode into Vicksburg one morning, and never came back alive. His wife and daughters were giving a reception that night. It was in the fall, and cold, and the guests all went in closed carriages. I was a child in pinafores. He was expected home at dark, and did not come; my mother was one of the guests."

He paused; it had grown quite dark under the trees.

An owl, perched on the bough of a dead tree by the road side, hooted in the wierd glow of the rising moon. They hurried along, and when they had entered the park, the boy continued his story:

"I've often heard mother tell of the reception, and of the tragedy that was enacted a short distance from the man's home, that was given up to gayety while he was murdered, almost in sight of his own door. Three of his negroes hid in some undergrowth, and as he, in fancied security, rode homeward, expecting to don a dress suit, and greet the guests, was set upon by them, and strangled to death. They

put his body to one side, out of the way of vehicles, and turned the horse, he rode, loose. His wife and daughters were anxious about him, but repressed their feelings, and moved gayly among the guests, with dance, and jest, and song, and at midnight, smiled the last one from the door. The sounds of music and revelry came to the ears of the negroes, while they were at their ghastly work. His friends were especially uneasy, because the reception had been given in honor of a favorite sister of his, recently returned from a year's stay abroad, and he, himself, had proposed and planned the entertainment. The guests, as they drove through the park, had no thought that their host was lying cold in death, almost under the carriage wheels. The family did not retire that night, but stayed up, hoping for his return; a dread, nameless fear blanching their faces and tugging at their heart strings. It was a dreary waiting, from midnight to the gray, wet dawn, for it had begun to rain, when the wife sent two of her most trusted slaves in search of her husband. They had not long to wait. Down in the park, by the carriage drive, lay the master of the house, dead, his clothes sodden, his face upturned to the grey, weeping skies. There was a big, costly funeral, floral offerings were sent from Vicksburg, Natchez, Jackson, and all over the country side, and that was the end of him for this world."

"A deplorable end, Guy, and what became of the murderers?"

"Two were hanged, and one was given a life sentence in the State's prison," said Guy, as they dismounted at the door, and gave the horses to Adolph. The ride had sharpened their appetites, and they ate heartily of the delicious, daintily appointed supper.

CHAPTER VI.

A TYPICAL DAUGHTER OF THE OLD SOUTH.



COME into the library, mother," said Guy, as they rose from the table, taking her hand, "and sing and play for me and James."

"Why not in the drawing room?"

"Oh! we don't want to hear the grand piano tonight. Play for us on the upright in the library. We are lonesome and blue, and need to be cheered up. Play something lively for us. Give us 'Natchez under the Hill,' and 'Zip, Coon.' The library is cosy, and we get closer together than in the drawing room, where the shadows are so deep. It takes a hundred candles to light it up."

She allowed herself to be drawn into the library, smilingly giving her other hand to their guest, saying:

"Come, James."

Her draperies were white, sheer, flowing, trimmed with rare old lace; a blue, silken sash softly girded her slender waist; a ribbon of the same hue encircled her smooth throat, and the delicate, shapely shoulders gleamed, with marble whiteness, through the thin, snowy folds of the bodice. The grace, beauty, and refinement of many generations were embodied in this lady, a fitting type of the royal womanhood of the South, of *ante-bellum* times. Her ancestors were Huguenots, who had fled from Catholic persecution in France, to Germany. She was a descendant of the founder of the Order of the Knights of Malta; her maternal great, great, grandfather, Bartholomew Dupuy, was an officer in the royal guard of Louis, the Sixteenth, and to his bearing the royal seal, he owed his escape from France, with his young wife, Susanna Lavillon, disguised as a page in their daring

flight across the country, chased by ruthless dragoons. A shot struck the countess, but the force of the bullet was broken by a prayer book she carried in her bosom, thus saving her life. They out-rode their pursuers, and crossing into Germany, dismounted, and in the silent forest knelt, and thanked God for their deliverance. From Protestant Germany, they went to England, and later, to Virginia, where they built a home on the James River, above Richmond. This beautiful, cultured daughter, Madeline, of the illustrious house of Dupuy, during a winter spent in New Orleans, where she was the reigning belle, met and accepted in marriage, Captain Guy Haven, a gallant West Pointer, and the son of a wealthy Mississippi planter. Some of the Virginia Dupuys are residents in the capital city of the Volunteer State.*

Mrs. Haven, still holding their hands, sat down on the piano stool. "What has happened to my boys, that they are sad tonight?" she asked, her sweet dark eyes looking, inquiringly, from one to the other. They did not answer, and she turned to the guest.

"What is it, James?"

"Guy and I have been talking about things," he said, his honest gray, blue eyes looking straight into hers.

"What things?"

"Never mind, mother," said Guy, "play for us now, and then we will tell you. Come over to the bay window, James, the moon shines bright on the fountain there, and the breath of the honeysuckle, down yonder on the lower summer house, comes in sweet and strong."

He threw himself on the broad, cushioned seat of the window, and James took a light, cane rocker near him, and while they looked out on the moonlit scene, with its fountains and flowers and statuary, the sweet notes of the piano, under the lady's magic touch, filled the room, and floating out, roused to song a mocking bird nestling in the magnolia trees. She played tune after tune of light, sparkling music, and then, striking some minor chords, glided into Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. How truly the exquisite creation was inter-

* See "Representative Women of Tennessee," page 55.

preted by her! How the matchless strains rose and fell in the moonlit room! The boys sat spellbound, their souls lifted on mystic waves of wondrous sweetness. When the last, lingering chord was played, a deep silence fell in the room. At length, James spoke in a hushed voice: "Oh! Mrs. Haven, what heavenly music! I have heard nothing like it before."

"Your appreciation is very sweet to me, James, I love to give my boys pleasure." She rose and came, trailing her white, flowing draperies, through the semi-gloom.

"Now, tell me of the things you have been talking about, that made you sad."

"Oh! the negroes, mother, the negroes," Guy broke in, impatiently, "we saw the overseer whipping one of them—I stopped him—and we got to talking about it all as we rode home. I wish they were all back in Africa, where they came from—"

"A silly wish, my son," she interrupted, seating herself beside him, where the moonbeams kissed a creamy, white rose in her glossy, luxuriant hair. "They would not be here, were it not God's will—"

"But, mother, some of them are so terribly abused—"

"I know that; who was it the overseer whipped?"

"Simon Crow. His mother is sick, and—"

"Yes, and he could not keep up with the others, having lost sleep, nursing her. I was at her cabin, last week, and Dr. Blake told me, today, that she is no better. Mr. Obenwhite is a hard, cruel man. A southern man understands the negroes better than a northern man does. One, who has been raised among them, understands them, and is not near so apt to be unjust and cruel to them."

"Mrs. Haven, do you think that God had a hand in bringing them here in slave ships."

"Assuredly, else it never would have been done. Such a movement as enslaving the negroes in America could never have been effected without God's sanction. Look at their condition in Africa! They were cannibals, over there. I know their lot here is hard, but is it the lesser evil, and the cruel, wicked masters, God will judge. They were brought

here to be benefited by the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a charge, placed by Providence, in the keeping of that race, and woe to that man that proves recreant to that trust!"

"But, mother, suppose we don't want the trust—"

"It is thrust upon us, though, and we have the burden to carry. We cannot lay it down. My father gave me two hundred negroes. What could I do, but keep them, and have them put to work to make a living? I might have sold them, but possibly their condition would have been much worse, had I done so."

"History tells us," said James, "that the first slaves were brought to Massachusetts."

"Yes," said Guy, "and Massachusetts makes a bigger cry about slavery than any other state. She found that it was not profitable, and enacted laws to free them when the young ones should reach a certain age. Pains were taken, however, to sell them south before they reached that age. So much for the philanthropy of Massachusetts."

"That is all true. But, they are here and we must do the best we can with them. There is a great hue and cry, in the North, about slavery, and the two sections may come to blows."

"Mother says," said James, "as long as they fight on paper, it will do, but it will be terrible, if they ever get to fighting with bullets."

"I hope that it will never be."

Her voice was prayerful. A silence fell, broken only by the mocking bird in the magnolias. "Slavery has existed in all ages," she resumed, "in some form, and the fiat, pronounced against Ham and his sons, will stand forever. They may be freed in this country, but they will always be hewers of wood and drawers of water. 'Cursed be Caanan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren,' was pronounced against him by the Almighty, and it is not in the power of man to lift that curse. They are an imitative, humble people, and have lived for thousands of years in Africa, and what have they done for themselves? Where is their civilization?"

"It is nil," said her son.

"Yes, and for that reason, God has put them here to be elevated by attrition with the dominant race. It is a part of the white man's burden, and he cannot lay it down, any more than Caanan can get away from the curse."

"Well, it does look hard, and it is hard," said Guy, "for one brutal scoundrel to have the power to whip and abuse five hundred of his fellow creatures."

"That is true, but not as bad as for those creatures to live steeped in crime, even killing and eating each other, with no higher example of living before them."

"Well, every master should make it a special point," said James, "to do right by them, as near as possible."

"God will surely hold him to account, who does not," said Mrs. Haven. "James, tomorrow, I wish you and Guy to drive with me to the river plantation. Mr. Beverly preaches to the negroes at Yazoo church, and we will attend services there, instead of driving into Vicksburg."

"I will be glad to go," said James, "it is so good of you to take me along."

"Dr. Blake," she said, turning to Guy, "told your father, this evening, about Simon's being whipped. He is with him in his study, now. He will see the man about it, Monday."

"I wish he would discharge the hard-faced brute," said Guy.

"He will, if he disobeys his orders again. It is time to retire," she said as a clock on the mantel struck ten, "the nights are short, and it's a long drive to Yazoo Church, and we must start early."

James watched her, with boyish admiration, as she slowly trailed her snowy, lace trimmed robes over the floor, until she disappeared in the hall.

"What a lovely woman your mother is, Guy!" said he.

"Yes, she carries an aroma of sweetness with her wherever she goes. The negroes all adore her, poor creatures."

The nights in the Southern states are cooled by salt breezes, from the Gulf, and they found their rooms pleasantly inducive to sleep, after their ride in the July sun. Immediately after breakfast, the luxurious carriage, drawn by a pair of high stepping grays, was at the doot, and Mrs.

Haven, with James by her side, and Guy on the seat opposite, rolled through the grounds and park, thoroughly enjoying the delightful morning. They turned into the road leading toward the river plantation, called so, because some miles of it ran along side the winding Yazoo. A drive of eight miles, through lahes with vast cotton fields on either side, brought them to the river road, which ran along the bank for some distance. The lovely stream reflected the foliage, on either shore, it's clear shallows and eddies dimpling in the sun.

They drew up in a grove of catalpas, their plumy, white blossoms swaying in the breeze, where stood a long, low, frame building, lighted with eight small windows, whence issued an old hymn, sung in the plaintive notes of the negro race. It was being lined out, two verses at a time, which was caught up by hundreds of voices, and sang with sweetness and fervor. When Mrs. Haven and the boys entered the church, she smiled and bowed, and the whole congregation rose, with one accord, and bowed them a welcome. A black boy, smiling from head to foot, proudly conducted them to chairs, at the left of the pulpit, which had been placed there in anticipation of their coming. Those, who composed the congregation, wore clean clothes, the men in twilled cotton suits, and the women in calico dresses. Mrs. Haven attended their services four times during the year, and they always regarded it a great occasion when she came to worship with them. The hymn ended, Mr. Beverly, the preacher, came down from the pulpit, and shaking hands with her and the boys, welcomed them in a few low words, and returned to the sacred desk. Another song was sung, and he offered a prayer, to which many "Amens" were said by the elders of the congregation. He took his text from the gospel of John, and preached on the love of God for men, and on Christ sending the Comforter when he went away. The audience listened with rapt attention. The preacher was a consecrated man, forgetting self in holding up Christ, and, in consequence, drew sinners, both ignorant and cultured, to the better way. The church had been built by Captain Haven, for his slaves to worship in, before the birth of Guy. Mr. Beverly preached there every alternate Sun-

day, the other Sundays being taken up with a white congregation, three miles from Vicksburg, at a church called Concord. No one doubted his piety and earnestness, for his very presence seemed to bring a blessing, and his face shone with God's serene, mysterious peace. People from the city went to Concord, and, a year before, Mrs. Haven, at the suggestion of some friends, went to hear him. There was only a small, reed organ, and no paid singers, but she was impressed with the belief that this humble man was, indeed, one of God's mouth pieces to a perishing world. She, afterward, made inquiries about him, and people said he lived what he preached. The Yazoo Church needed a pastor. When she consulted her husband about employing him, he said: "Madeline, that church is your enterprise. Get him to preach there, if you can, and draw on me for his salary."

A month later, Mr. Beverly entered on his labors at Yazoo. Under his teaching, many of the simple, ignorant souls learned the true unfailing wisdom, which is to have a personal knowledge of Christ. He knew that hunger for God's truth was the same in a black man's soul as in a white man's, and his greatest privilege and pleasure was to break the Bread of Life to hungry hearts of any race. Like his Master, no respecter of persons, he saw, in every one, an immortal soul, longing for the peace that only God can give. "You are striving to satisfy yourselves with money, position, worldly pleasure—trying an impossible thing, to still the hunger of an imperishable soul with perishable food. Every soul wants to be happy. It hunts everywhere for it, but in the right direction. Blind in it's pitiful quest, what it would have, above every earthly treasure, if it but knew it, is just before it, if it would but reach out hands, covered with the ashes of Sodom's apples, and take the pardon and peace, God, in the person of his Son, offers to His suffering creatures."

He preached thus to the Concord Church, and people listened, for his words carried conviction with them. They did not find here the coldness, the formality, and unresponsiveness, that they found in the city churches, so they came to Concord. Mrs. Haven could but see it. The prominent

place she held, socially, made her a leader in her so called exclusive set. The services, at Concord, led her to be more circumspect in her Christian life.

The sermon, that day, was as usual, heart searching, convincing, and at the close many went forward for prayer, and, under his instruction, found peace. The service was quiet, few shouted, but the impulsive, dusky faces of many beamed with joy. Mrs. Haven and the boys did not remain until the close of the meeting, having a long drive before them. When she was in the carriage, observing a familiar face, under an adjacent tree, she said: "Is not that Simon Crow? Call him here, Guy, and give him the basket of delicacies, under the front seat, for his mother."

The negro came up, and a look of dog-like gratitude shone in his eyes when his young master gave him the basket.

"I know your mother is better, Simon, or you would not be here."

"Yes, mistis, she betteh," he answered, his eyes dancing with pleasure. He, and a hundred others, watched the carriage until a turn hid it from view, feeling that it contained the best friend they had in the world. They were driving along the river side, when she looked out on the dimpling wavelets, thinking of the power and influence this man wielded over the unconverted, of how he reached them, and they were convicted of sin and of the truth of the gospel, and of how so many others preached and preached, and seemed to touch no one, persuaded and convinced no one; of how young people seemed "gospel hardened," so to speak, sitting year after year, unmoved, with ears deaf, and hearts closed to all their appeals.

"Mother, do many planters provide meeting-houses and preachers for their slaves?" asked Guy, as they wheeled from the river into the shaded road.

"A good many do, but many do not. They think little of the souls of their slaves."

"In Tennessee," said James, "a space in the churches is railed off, for the negroes to sit."

"You don't have so many, up there," said Guy.

"No, and then there are meeting-houses for them, in some sections, where the slaves of different masters meet to worship."

It was a long, warm drive, and they were glad when the carriage turned into the park. When they were seated at the late luncheon, Captain Haven asked: "How did your preacher do today, Madeline?"

"He did well, as he always does, and how did Dr. Jennings do?"

"His sermon was logical, eloquent, and interesting. We had fine music, Mrs. Glehart sang a solo, exquisitely. Her voice is a marvel of sweetness."

"Yes, and she is a lovely woman. How long have you been at home?"

"Over an hour, you had to drive slowly on account of the heat. I read all the morning papers, waiting for you. Guy, when do you and James take your trip to New Orleans?"

"We intend to start Wednesday, father, taking the packet to Baton Rouge, and stay a day or two with the Halliday boys."

"That's a good idea; I believe," turning to James, "you met Mrs. Halliday on the boat, coming down?"

"Yes, Captain Haven, and when she found I was coming here, she gave me a cordial invitation to visit her boys. She and her nephew, Mr. Seawell, made my passage down the river very pleasant."

"Seawell is a thoroughly good fellow, though rather eccentric."

"I suppose you will see him in Jackson."

"If he is there; he is generally away at some pleasure resort at this season of the year."

"If you should see him, please remember me to him, and tell him I will do what I promised, as soon as I get home. He will understand."

"I will take pleasure in delivering your message. What boat do you go on?"

"The *Creole Belle*. She leaves the dock at one o'clock."

"We will stay with Kirk and Lee two or three days,"

said Guy, "or until the *City of Memphis* touches at Baton Rouge. She is due there Tuesday."

"You will be gone over a week, then," said his mother, dipping a gold spoon in the cut glass saucer of ice cream, the butler set at her plate.

"I think we will, mother. James must see all the sights of the city, you know."

The next morning, they drove into town, and among the mail, were two letters for James, one from John, and one from his mother, with the news that all were well as usual. His spirits rose, and he wrote long, cheerful letters home. They dined at a hotel, and that afternoon called on the young girls they had met at the reception at Havenhurst, Ada Gray being at that time May Mortimer's house guest.

Wednesday morning Rastus packed their valises, and Mrs. Haven drove with them into the city and saw them off on the boat. When they were out of sight of Vicksburg, James said:

"I hope this boat won't get to racing while we are on it, the captain throws prudence to the winds at such a time."

"Well, there's nothing to race against, now, James," said Guy, watching the frothy waves in the boat's wake. "We are nearing Briarfield."

James eyes deepened with interest, and he watched the bank closely until they had passed the plantation.

A cotton packet was going from landing to landing, gathering up cotton bales, which, James said, "looked in the distance like immense plugs of tobacco, piled five tiers high on the lower deck."

The mate, standing near the stern, looking down in the water, cried: "Alligator."

They were near him, and there, on top of the waves, lay a six foot alligator. He drew a pistol, and shot it, when it disappeared for a few moments, and then came up again. Several rounds were fired at it, with the same result.

"I have heard that an alligator's hide is tough, but I did not know it was bullet proof," said James.

"It is, you see," said Guy, "he is gone; let's go up to the pilot house, we will get some good views from there."

The pilot, having known Guy for some time, welcomed them, and they lingered up there until the sun went down, leaving a golden glow on the river, and Saturn's silver disk shone at the eastern horizon. They shared the same state-room. Soon after midnight, the boat tied up to the shore. "There is something the matter with this boat," said Guy, "we won't ride on her coming back."

"Well, we are in no danger while we are fastened to the bank," said James.

"No, but I wish we were in Baton Rouge."

At daylight, the boat started and made good speed, stopping only at the main landings, and at dusk a town was sighted in the distance.

"That is 'Natchez, under the hill,'" said Guy, pointing to the lights about the wharves, "the town, proper, is up on the hill. We stay here but a short time, for the boat is behind; but for that, we would go up into the city."

The next morning, they passed the mouth of Red River, and floated on, between the beautiful, restful Louisiana forests, draped with silvery moss.

"The woods are almost bizarre," said James, "over there with the red leaved vines creeping among the green boughs hung with Spanish moss."

"Some of the vines," said Guy, "run up to the topmost twigs of the trees, you see. This must be a primeval forest."

"It is wierdly beautiful, whether it is primeval or not," James rejoined.

CHAPTER VII.

HALLIDAY TOWERS—THE CRESCENT CITY.



URING the afternoon, they passed Bayou Sara and Port Hudson. The steamer kept on her way through the night, and next morning landed at Baton Rouge. Kirk Halliday met them at the stage-plank, and ushering them into a carriage, drove them through the city to Halliday Towers, a fine old place in the suburbs. Mrs. Halliday gave them a cordial welcome, and, when Lee came in from the billiard room, said:

"This is James Somerville, from Tennessee, Lee, of whom I have told you."

"I feel as if I already know you, Mr. Somerville, from mother's description of you."

"Don't say Mr. Somerville, Lee," his mother said; "you are only boys together."

"He is just plain James," said Guy, "and so *bon camaradie*, that your—"

"Show these young gentlemen to their rooms," the hostess said, to the yellow boy who had come at her ring, then turning to her young guests, added:

"When you have refreshed yourselves, come down to the billiard room. You will find Kirk and Lee there. We lunch at one."

The house was a hexagon, with spacious rooms adjoining the great six sided hall, lighted from above, through a glass roof, a wide balustraded gallery running around the upper story, whence there was a view of the luxurious lower hall, or rotunda. A carved marble fountain threw up a silvery spray in the center, around which grew, in great, ornamental

vases, orchids, heliotrope, fuchsias and mignonette. Scattered about were rich Persian rugs, divans, easy chairs, bric-a-brac, and curios brought from Rome and Venice. A chair, from Fontainebleau, upholstered in white silk embroidered with rosebuds, once the property of Josephine, and used by her in her boudoir, stood in one corner of the rotunda. A silken hammock was slung between marble pillars, near the fountain, whose musical tinkle mingled with the song of canaries, swinging in gilded cages. The young guests' apartments were large and luxurious, with a bathroom attached to each suite, which overlooked the wide, well kept grounds.

When they went down, a game of billiards was proposed. Guy could play, but James knew but little about it, so he and Kirk sat down to a game of backgammon, while Guy and Lee knocked the balls about. Luncheon over, Mrs. Halliday said to her sons:

"After my siesta I will drive with friends. Have the new carriage brought out, if you like, and take James and Guy driving. Or, if you prefer it, take them in your buggies; I thought, however, you would like to be together."

"Mother, we much prefer the new carriage," Lee cried: "we'll take the new carriage. It came from St. Louis," turning to Guy, "a week ago, and has been used but twice."

Games and chat held their attention for two hours. At four o'clock the new carriage was brought to the porte cochere, drawn by two black horses with silver-mounted harness, the coachman and footman in livery. The top thrown back, James and Kirk took the rear seats, Guy and Lee sitting with their backs to the horses. Mrs. Halliday, from the window of her boudoir, saw them wheel away through the grounds to the great double gates giving into the avenue. An hour later, with two leading society women in her carriage, she passed them on the city's most fashionable drive. All swelldom was taking an airing, and James thoroughly enjoyed the brilliant scene. They were passing a theater when Lee said:

"Let's go and see Humpty Dumpty tonight."

"All right," said Kirk; "I'll get the tickets now. Stop a moment, Sam."

He ran into the box office and bought four tickets.

"Did you get one for mother?" asked Lee, when he came back.

"No; she wouldn't go to see Humpty Dumpty; besides, she is due at Mrs. Fairmount's reception."

"Oh, that's so. We must take James and Guy on a fox hunt tomorrow, Kirk."

"If they would like to hunt——"

"Nothing would please us better," said James.

"He is a fearless rider, boys," said Guy, "and sets his horse superbly."

"Isn't it hot for the horses, to hunt?" suggested James.

"We won't run far—just a few miles—and we must start early. I'll tell Carney to have the dogs and horses ready, and we'll eat breakfast before sunrise. There are foxes in the woods about the south bayou. Guy, you can have your same hunter—Buster—and a good mount for James—let me see—Bucephalus——"

"Do you reckon he can ride him, Kirk? He is wild, you know."

Lee looked at the Tennessean with added interest.

"He is lively, but nothing vicious about him, and from what Guy tells me, I'm sure James can manage him."

"I'll be glad to try," said the latter, modestly.

They again passed Mrs. Halliday's carriage, with its gray horses and gilt trappings. All the ladies bowed and smiled. They were exquisitely dressed, carrying silken parasols, their sheer laces and gay ribbons fluttering in the evening breeze. Many other handsome carriages, laden with richly dressed, beautiful women, rolled along the fashionable drive—the "May Fair" of Baton Rouge. From a band stand in an adjacent park national airs were being played. The horses arched their necks and stepped proudly along, while the ladies' glittering fans kept time to the throbbing strains. James had never viewed a scene like this, where carriage after carriage, filled with beautiful women, rolled in pride and splendor. Amid it all, he thought of the slaves toiling

in the cotton fields and the sugar mills, of their being bought and sold, of the cruelty of brutal masters and overseers, and then he thought of their Voodooism, of their murdering and eating each other in African jungles.

"God chose for them the lesser evil."

The thought clung tenaciously to him in this brilliant "May Fair."

"The pompous black driver, on his elevated seat, in black and gold livery, with buff kid gloves, scorning the slaves in the cotton fields—it was far better for him than African jungles—well, it was better for the plantation slaves, too."

They drove home to the seven-o'clock dinner, and at half past eight were in their places at the theater. James enjoyed the play, and when it was over they went to a restaurant for ices, where he met many of the gilded youth of the State. It was past midnight when they retired to rest at Halliday Towers.

Breakfast was served in a small room, with broad windows, looking out on a vine-hung gallery, and sunrise saw them in saddles, careering through the woods, the dogs in charge of Carney and Buck, who always attended their young masters on their hunts. A fox was soon unearthed, and the fun began. The dogs were unleashed, and the boys dashed, full hue and cry, after Reynard, clearing ditches, five-barred fences, and plunging into bayous. He led them a chase, and Guy called a halt after an hour's run, proposing to give it up, as it was so hot, but Kirk objected.

"Well, let the horses blow awhile, and try again. Hark! the dogs are after him now. Come on, boys."

He was off like the wind. They were more successful this time. James distanced Kirk on his fiery hunter, and was in at the death, the others getting there a few seconds later. They waited in the cool woods, lounging on the fragrant moss, till the horses were rested, Buck removing the saddles and watering them at a bayou. Then they rode at a slow pace back to Halliday Towers, arriving in time for luncheon, after which they, as well as the hostess, took a siesta, and rose in time for another drive in Baton Rouge's "May Fair."

"A life like this grows on one," thought James, as he found himself enjoying the drive—the high-stepping horses, the beautiful women in gay, costly array, the music of the band flowing in sensuous waves on the air, freshened with breezes from the Gulf—with a deeper zest.

"It is bad to have to leave this, isn't it, James?" said Guy.

"Well, it is enjoyable; and Kirk and Lee must come to Tennessee. I can't promise them anything like this in my town, but I'll see that they have a good time."

"That you will, James; I can vouch for that. I'll bring them up with me one of these days."

"You are making too short a stay, anyway," said Kirk. "Now, tomorrow night we have invitations to the Governor's ball, and Thursday night there is a dance at the club. Friday, Mrs. Fairmount gives a *fete champetre* at her country place. You should, by all means, stay over for that."

"I have a month's leave of absence, and must not overstay my time; so it's best for us to go."

"And we are billed for the *City of Memphis*, which is due here Thursday," said Guy; "we will take in the Governor's ball, after which we will have to go."

"How long will you be in New Orleans?"

"Three or four days; not over a week, at the outside," replied James.

They met a carriage, with four beautiful young girls in it, who bowed and smiled.

"Those girls dine at Halliday Towers this evening," said Lee, "so that you and Guy can meet them. I think mother wishes you to accompany Miss Fairmount to the ball, James."

"I shall be delighted, if the young lady agrees——"

"Oh, she will agree if mother suggests it. Her father, Judge Fairmount, is one of our wealthiest sugar planters. You ought to set your cap for her."

With such gay talk, the time of the drive sped, and at seven o'clock the boys were presented to four beautiful, daintily-arrayed young girls at the luxuriantly-appointed dinner table. The repast over, morceaux on harp and piano fol-

lowed; then a carpet dance, the music being furnished by a string band from the city.

The following morning, the boys rode to the Halliday sugar mills, five miles distant. The mills were still at that season of the year, but James saw much to interest him. They returned to luncheon, and that afternoon drove with the girls, Miss Fairmount and Miss Clare in the carriage with James and Kirk, while Miss Cleburne and Miss Bland occupied a carriage with Guy and Lee. All swiftness was again abroad, and if the favorites of fortune thought about it at all, they felt that to be rich and influential was surely something "devoutly to be wished" by everybody. But few in the thoughtless throng remembered the adage: "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

They drove the girls home in the sunset, and at nine o'clock called, in the carriages, to take them to the ball at Governor Johnston's* mansion. It was a brilliant occasion, the chivalry and beauty of the State being present.

James entered his room that night in the wee, sma' hours, feeling that society was a charming thing, indeed. The next day they bade farewell to their gracious hostess and her sons, and boarded the boat for the Crescent City.

"We have had an ideal time," said James, as a bend of the river hid Baton Rouge from view, and they sought a shady place on the guards.

"We surely have, and if I had the 'divine afflatus' I would write a poem on Halliday Towers."

"One never knows what one can do until an effort is made. Suppose you mount your Pegasus and pen some verses on that idyllic place."

"No, James, I will spare you that ordeal——"

"What a change in the scenery along here!"

"Yes; this is the coast country. All the wildness of the river is left behind."

"It should be called the cane country," said James; "there are miles of cane growing on either side; the forests are all gone, down here."

*Isaac Johnston was Governor of Louisiana.

As the boat swept on, they saw plantations with large mansions, big sugar manufactories, and negro quarters that looked like they were continually passing small towns. They came up with sea-going tugs as they neared New Orleans, which the boat reached Sunday morning, before they had risen. Taking rooms at a hotel, after breakfasting, they visited several churches. They went into St. Catherine's Cathedral, near Jackson Square, and heard some fine music; slipped out and went to an Episcopal church and heard more music; quietly left, and went to the Presbyterian church in Lafayette Square and listened to an eloquent sermon from an eminent divine.

Returning to the hotel, they met a procession, with a band playing lively airs, which to them seemed like a desecration of the Sabbath.

The next morning they went to the French market, where everything, from a pig to a silk dress, was for sale.

"I've been told that Sunday is the biggest day for this market," said James, as they made their way between a dry goods counter and a flower stall.

"So it is," answered Guy, stopping to buy two small clusters of Parmese violets, one of which he handed to James, while he asked the pretty girl who sold them for two pins.

"Certainement, M'sieu," she said, smiling, while she deftly pinned them on the lapels of their coats.

The boys had picked up some French at their school in Tennessee.

"*Merci, Mademoiselle,*" said Guy; "*ces fleurs sont tres belles et vous aussi.*"

"Ah, M'sieu, *vous me flattez.*"

"*Non, Mademoiselle,*" motioning to James; "*nous sommes tres bonnes. Au revoir.*"

As they bowed and turned away, she cried, a merry twinkle in her black eye:

"*S'il vous plait, retournez a moi la semaine prochaine.*"

"*Non, Mademoiselle,*" called James, looking gaily back; "*l'annee prochaine.*"

She made a pretty *moue* and shook her head.

From the market they walked to the wharf, where they went on an ocean steamer. The urbane officer in charge conducted them over the vessel and showed them every courtesy.

Charlotte Cushman was visiting friends in the city, and had consented, by special request, to play one night for a charitable organization, as there was a stock company there, the leading members of which, she knew, could give her a good support. Passing along Canal Street that afternoon, James noticed the bills, and seeing she would play that evening, he went into the box office of the theater and succeeded in getting seats for himself and Guy. That night the vast audience was spellbound by the great tragic actress, the play being "Macbeth," which was finely adapted to her histrionic powers.

The following morning they called on Mr. Waite, at his office. He gave them a warm welcome, and invited them to make his house their home during their stay. They courteously declined, but accepted his invitation to drive with him the next day. He sent his carriage for them, and it was just four—the hour set for the early dinner—when they drew up at his mansion, on Prytania Avenue. The repast over, they entered the open carriage with their host for a drive on the shell road, the "May Fair" of the Crescent City. The "four hundred" were out in force, and Guy, by their host's side, and James, with his back to the horses, saw the elite of New Orleans in its daily airing. Scores of carriages, filled with beautiful women dressed in the height of fashion, many of the gilded youth of the city, superbly mounted and cantering along, many of them in open landaus, dashed along the beautiful shell road. They met a striking-looking woman, handsomely dressed, driving alone.

"That is Madame Octavia Le Vert," said Mr. Waite.

"I have read some of her books," James said; "she is a favorite author of my mother."

"Here comes another writer, attended by her son," said Mr. Waite; "Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz."

She had a sweet, benevolent face, and was quietly dressed.

"I have read her 'Magnolia Vale,'" said Guy.

"And I her 'Pilot of the *Belle Creole*,'" said James.

"Her works have had a wide circulation," their host remarked.

It was dusk when they drove to the hotel, and alighting, thanked him for his courtesies.

Later, they were strolling along Canal Street, when Guy said:

"Let's go, tomorrow, out to West End, and take a sail boat across Ponchartrain to Spanish Fort."

"It will be an all-day trip," said James.

"Very nearly; it is some six or eight miles to West End. Mr. Waite placed his carriage at our disposal——"

"But I prefer to get one from the livery," James interrupted.

"So do I. Somehow or other, I don't fancy Mr. Waite, if he is your father's commission merchant here. I think, like Fayette, he talks too soft and lavishes too many compliments."

"Mother and Fayette are both averse to him."

"Well, I think Mr. Somerville will do well to watch him."

A carriage from the livery conveyed them, the next day, to West End. The grounds at the summer resort were beautiful. Guy went into the labyrinth of cedar bushes, and, after repeated effort, failed to find his way out, and finally had to scale the hedge.

"Like Theseus," said James, "you should have fastened the end of a bobbin to the bush where you entered, and unrolled it as you went——"

"I've never read that Theseus tale. I reckon he followed the thread and got out all right."

"Yes, after he had killed the Miniataur—a monster who demanded, every year, a certain quota of the flower of the youth of Athens, both girls and boys, for his rapacious maw."

"And so Theseus sailed in and killed the monster," said Guy. "Hurrah for him! They should have put him high up in the state and given him the king's daughter for a wife."

"I don't know how he was rewarded," said James. "Crete's daughter fell in love with him, but he did not love her, and she grieved her heart out in the green grove of Naxos over the affair."

"Which showed she was lacking in the upper story. Perhaps she never heard the safe, old, comforting adage, 'There's good fish in the sea as ever swam.' James, you have a fine memory. I wish I were a student like you——"

"The adage you quote is not always comforting, Guy. My belief is, love goes where it is sent. The affections can't be controlled with cut-and-dried rules."

They took a turn in the bowling alley, played a game of tenpins, visited the shooting gallery, knocked the billiard balls about for half an hour, after which they went to the *café* for lunch. It was three o'clock when they boarded the sailboat to cross an arm of the lake to Spanish Fort. They were half across when a breeze arose, careening the boat until it dipped water. The stolid oarsmen were not in the least perturbed, which reassured the boys, who had grown uneasy as the craft mounted the white crest of a wave and plunged downward to mount another. Being blown by the wind out of the usual track, they were an hour late getting to Spanish Fort, where they found the carriage waiting to take them back to the city.

A pond, with a pile of grass-grown rocks in its center, in which were nine alligators, was the main feature of interest to visitors. One, over six feet long, clambered up on the rocks and lay there in the sun, motionless, his eyes so cold, expressionless, and dull, that people who came after he got still thought he was dead.

"What horrid, cruel eyes they have!" said Guy. "I saw a man, last fall, from Albany, New York, returning from Florida with a baby alligator. I had been to see the Hallidays and was going home. He kept it in a wash bowl in his state-room, and one night he got out of his berth for a drink of water and missed the 'gator. He lighted a candle and hunted all about, and found the thing outside of his door on the guards. It was a warm night, and he had left the door

open when he laid down, and the 'gator got out."

"Do you reckon it lived any time after the weather got cold?"

"It's doubtful. If he kept it in an even temperature, it may have lived some time."

Just then a man came with a hunch of raw beef, tied securely to a strong rope, and threw it into the water. There was a great commotion among the alligators, and the one on the rocks showed he was very much alive by scrambling down into the pond. One got the beef in its mouth and started off with it, when a quick jerk from the man brought its head out of the water. It finally let go, when another caught the meat and tried to swallow it, but the man's quick movement prevented it. He tantalized them for half an hour, and at last let one of them have it.

"They are fed regularly, and are not hungry," he said, "or I could not have gotten the meat away from them; the first one that got it would hold on like grim death if it were really hungry."

James and Guy visited other points of interest about the historic spot, and then drove back to the hotel, where they found Mr. Waite, with tickets for the opera. It was an extravaganza, which the boys enjoyed immensely. He went with them the next day to the French quarter. The houses are old, and present a gloomy, forbidding appearance, not true indices of their interiors, they found, when they got inside, at the instance of the merchant, who introduced them to some of his friends.

There were courts with terraces, galleries, statuary, fountains, and flowers; spacious drawing-rooms and libraries, furnished with every luxury that taste could suggest or money could buy. In one house a collation of cake, fruit, and wine was served on a solid silver service with gold lining by mulatto slaves, who moved noiselessly as if shod with velvet. To James it suggested what he had read of oriental splendor. From an inner room, whose arched doorway was draped with rich stuff from India, came a marvelously sweet voice, singing an aria from *Il Trovatore*, with harp accompaniment. The song ended, the drapery was lifted, and a

young girl of fourteen years, robed in clinging folds of pale blue silk, caught at her slender waist with white silken cord and tassels, came in and greeted the merchant, who presented his young friends to her. Her bare arms and shoulders were of marble whiteness, and strands of golden hair were piled like a coronet above her beautiful brow. Ropes of pearl encircled her small neck. With the slow, graceful movement characteristic of women of the far South, she sank on a sofa, upholstered in pink moire silk, her tiny foot sandaled in white satin peeping from beneath her soft, sheeny skirts. Large, haunting blue eyes looked from beneath dark arched brows, and her lips were red as the fuchsia blooming in the Japanese jar at her elbow. She looked as if she might be the daughter of a hundred earls, this typical young Southern beauty, as she smiled and engaged the young gentlemen in conversation, while her mother, Madame De Valence, discussed Miss Cushman with the merchant. It all seemed like a dream to James, and when Miss Alicia gave him her hand at parting, and they bowed themselves out of the gay, fragrant court, and he found himself in the dun, prosaic streets, he felt as if he had waked out of a deep sleep.

"Say, James," said Guy, with a catch in his breath; "but she is a fairy too beautiful for this work-a-day world."

"Yes; and sings like a nightingale."

Mr. Waite had lingered in the court for some last words with the lady of the house, and heard James' remark as he came out.

"So she does," he said. "We will now drive to the mint."

There they watched the bullion being melted and silver dollars being made with deep interest. When they drove away, he said:

"You didn't know you were weighed when you went in, and weighed when you came out, did you?"

"No," said James; "where were we weighed?"

"As we stepped in at the door."

"Oh, yes," said Guy; "to be sure that we brought no dollars out with us."

"Everybody is weighed who steps inside the door. The rule is strictly kept, else sharpers would rob the government."

"I can readily see that," James answered. "We leave tomorrow, Mr. Waite. You have contributed much to our pleasure during our visit here."

"And we certainly appreciate it," said Guy; "my parents will be glad to see you at Havenhurst."

"Thank you, Guy; some day I may avail myself of your invitation. The *City of Memphis*, on which you go, leaves at noon tomorrow, and you will have ample time to visit the Cotton Exchange. The next time you and James come, we will take a run down to the gulf."

He called the next morning and went with them to the Cotton Exchange. A man stood in a pit at a desk, potted plants setting here and there in it, saying something, they could not tell what, from where they stood, behind a row of pillars, which a policeman told them they must not pass. Around the railing above the pit, thick with tobacco smoke, men were gesticulating, waving their hats and shouting rapid, unintelligible words. It was a scene of wild confusion to the spectators, but the brokers seemed to understand the situation.

Mr. Waite returned with them to the hotel and bade them goodbye on the steps, saying "pressing business would deter him from seeing them off on the boat."

The noon hour found them aboard, but the steamer did not leave until two o'clock. The beautiful singer held the thought of Guy all the way back through the coast country. He would sit apart, looking over the expanse of growing cane, where dark forms were moving, with the court, its fountains, terraces, statuary, flowers, and luxurious salons, with their rich hangings, before his mental vision, which made so fitting a setting for the fair girl who insistently haunted his thoughts.

They reached Baton Rouge on time.

"Don't you wish we could stop off, and go to Halliday Towers?" said Guy, as they stood on the bow of the boat

and watched the passengers, some landing and some coming aboard.

"Say, James, look yonder; there comes Kirk and Lee and Mrs. Fairmount and the four girls we drove with and took to the Governor's ball. I wonder where they are going."

On, the gay crowd came, laughing and chatting. Crossing the stage-plank and mounting the steps to the guards, they were warmly welcomed by the boys.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Fairmount, but I hope you are bound for Vicksburg," said Guy.

"Of course we are," chimed in the brothers; "where else could we be going?"

"We are going over to visit my sister, Mrs. Mortimer, for a couple of weeks," said Mrs. Fairmount. "Kirk, get our state-rooms near each other, if you can."

"But Kirk and Lee are coming home with me," said Guy.

"Yes," cried Lee, "we are bound for Havenhurst."

"Mother will be delighted. Mrs. Fairmount, you must bring the young ladies out."

"Thank you. Here comes Kirk. Girls, let's get located."

They trooped after her, and remained invisible until late in the afternoon, when they appeared in cool, sheer lawns and dainty ribbons. James singled out Miss Fairmount for his attentions, and Guy, Miss Cleburne. The court picture faded from his mind beneath the smiles of the fair girl; her light badinage made him forget, for the time, the voice of marvelous sweetness. At six o'clock the boat's band collected at the bow and discoursed delicious strains, under cover of which many soft nothings were said over the rippling waters that the westering sun changed into molten gold.

The supper bell summoned them, and after the meal was over, the tables were pushed to one end of the cabin and cotillions danced to the music of the band, while Mrs. Fairmount, in a cosy corner, chatted of the fashions and the last new novel with some of her lady friends who were *en route* for St. Louis.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SINKING STEAMER.



MR. BEVERLY came aboard after dark, when the boat touched at a small landing. Glancing into the cabin, he saw James and Guy moving in the dance. At the register, he noticed the number of their stateroom, and found he had been placed next to them. Down in the engine-room the black stokers, stripped to their waists, worked, sweated, and swore, keeping up the fires; on the lower deck, black roustabouts at the landings loading and unloading freight, worked, sweated, and swore; in the captain's office, planters, negro traders, and merchants played cards, gambled, drank, and swore; in the cabin, the gilded youth danced, fanned, and smiled; on the guards, a few men and women thought soberly of life's issues and sighed; high in the pilot house, the man turned the wheel, guiding the boat up the broad, solemn, moonlit river, and sometimes swore. Did none of that little world send up a prayer to God for the steamer's safe conduct to its destination?

Yes, some of the elderly ones, among whom was Mr. Beverly, thought seriously of life and prayed.

After ten o'clock, Mrs. Fairmount took her girls off to their state-rooms, and soon the souls on board were wrapped in slumber except the stokers, the roustabouts when at the landings, the night clerk, the gamblers, and the man high up in the pilot house at the wheel, guiding the boat up the broad, solemn, moonlit river.

"The majority of the human race," thought Mr. Beverly, lying awake in his berth, "seem to forget God and to go on in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure with little or no thought

of His protecting care. While this is true, He never forgets the race He has created for His glory. Happy the ones to whom this truth is revealed. Happy the ones who realize that He loves them with an everlasting love. A few people on this boat know this; a few have set to their seal that God is true, and that in Him is no variableness nor shadow of turning."

The hours passed. He rose at two o'clock and dressed, having to leave the boat at the next town. Stepping out on the guards, he leaned over on the railing, viewing the calm, peaceful night, when he heard a negro on the lower deck say, in a guarded voice:

"I don' beliebe she run fi' mo' mile. We patched huh up at New O'leans, but de place done broke agin. I'm gwine git off at de nex' landin'."

"Well, somebody ought t' tell de Cap'n," said another voice, "but I ain' a-gwine to, ef she go to de bottom, fuh he lick me de las' time——"

The boat gave a lurch, and the preacher hurried up to the captain's room, under the pilot house. After a good deal of knocking, he succeeded in arousing him, and recounted to him the conversation of the negroes on the lower deck.

The captain sprang to the speaking tube and ordered the pilot to land the boat immediately.

"The hull was worked on in New Orleans," he said, quickly getting into his clothes, "and I had hoped it would hold until we got to St. Louis. You go down and have the folks waked up, Mr. Beverly. We must have struck a snag," as the boat gave another lurch.

The preacher ran to the stateroom of James and Guy, while the mate and night clerk roused the other passengers. There was wild confusion. Consternation was on every face as the words, "The boat is sinking," passed from lip to lip. Women were crying and so nervous and shaken they could not dress, and clung to the captain, while he tried to assure them that the boat would reach the shore before it began to settle.

Mrs. Fairmount, white and calm, quickly dressed, and her example made the girls in her charge do the same, though

two of them were crying hysterically. Life preservers were fastened on, and they rushed to the bow, which was turned toward the shore, where a small town stood. There were people on the bank anxiously watching the vessel struggling to reach the shore. The lifeboat was lowered, and the women started to rush down to it, but the captain stopped them by telling them it was safer to stay on the vessel, for when it began to settle it would capsize the lifeboat, and that they were making headway toward the shore.

James and Guy kept near Mr. Beverly, and assisted him in quieting the women. They found that his calm presence gave them courage in this hour of stress and trial. At one time it looked like the boat was doomed, and some men rushed into the lifeboat and rowed away, but she righted, and the heroic pilot still held to the wheel, while the vessel, slowly filling with water, finally came to shore after almost superhuman effort on the part of the crew. The stage-plank was thrown out; a rush was made for it, but the captain and mate passed the women and children over first. Mr. Beverly was the last one to land. Then, while the women laughed and cried, the crew threw off the baggage piled on the bow, and the freight from the lower deck, until it was no longer safe to stay on the boat, which sunk to the bottom just as the grey dawn was streaking the east. The citizens gladly opened their homes to the people. Mrs. Fairmount and her eight young friends, with Mr. Beverly, breakfasted at the village inn, after which the boys went to ascertain when a boat would be along to take them to Vicksburg. They were surprised to find their valises among the trunks on the shore. While they were dressing, Mr. Beverly had carried them from the stateroom to the bow, where they were thrown off, with the other baggage. He had saved others in the same way, among them Kirk's and Lee's.

They found that the *Bon Homme Richard* was due at eleven o'clock, but it did not come until three in the afternoon. They went aboard, and arrived at Vicksburg the next day. Telegrams had been sent to Captain Haven and Mrs. Mortimer, and the latter and Mrs. Haven were at the

wharf when the *Bon Homme Richard* rounded to at the landing.

The sisters fell weeping into each other's arms, and Mrs. Haven caught Guy to her bosom in a transport of joy and welcomed his young friends with cordial hand-clasps and tears, saying:

"I am so glad to have you dear boys with me again."

She drew James to a seat in the carriage beside her, and Guy sat between Kirk and Lee, opposite. They had driven up the steep hill and through the streets, nearly to the suburbs, telling her the particulars of the boat sinking, when James said:

"Mrs. Haven, the captain said Mr. Beverly saved us. He found, about two o'clock, that something was wrong with the boat, and waked him up in time to get it to shore before sinking."

"Did he come to Vicksburg?"

"No; he left the boat at dark last night."

"It was wonderful, the control he had over the people," said Kirk. "Some, in their fright, would have jumped overboard but for him."

"I saw one woman," James said, "make as if she would jump off the guards, when he caught her and pulled her back into the cabin."

"But wasn't Mrs. Fairmount cool?" said Kirk; "and Miss Carrie, too."

"They were game," said Lee; "the other girls cried and went on, but Mrs. Fairmount calmed them down."

"I hope you boys kept your heads."

"We did, mother. Mr. Beverly seemed to hold us quiet, and I am sure his calm face and manner helped Mrs. Fairmount to keep her equilibrium."

"Mr. Beverly is a consecrated man, my son. The Lord takes care of His own."

"I think He took care of some last night not His own, mother."

"Yes; His kind care encompasses the frivolous and careless, and the outbreking wicked ones, too. He is long-suffering and merciful to His erring creatures. When I

returned from Mrs. Davis' yesterday and got your telegram, I realized more than ever His loving kindness."

"How are they at Briarfield?"

"Very well. The Senator and Mrs. Davis sent an invitation to you and James to go over and spend another day. You four boys should ride over and pay your respects some day, if you only stay an hour."

"We will just do that, boys," said Kirk; "my father was a warm friend and admirer of Senator Davis, and followed him through the Mexican war; it will please mother for us to go."

"Nothing could please me better than to visit Briarfield again," said James; "but I wish Mrs. Haven would go with us."

"I cannot, very well, James; but I appreciate your wanting me along. You boys will start at sunrise and ride to Briarfield by nine o'clock, and get back to a late luncheon. Have you written to your parents? They may get news about the boat sinking, and be disturbed about you."

"I telegraphed home when Guy did."

"That is better; but you should write them, too."

To Guy's question if his father had returned, she replied that he was expected home Saturday.

It was a happy party that gathered around the supper table that night at Havenhurst. But one more week and James would be going home. To put as much enjoyment as possible in that week was the chief object of his hosts.

Horses were placed at the disposal of Kirk and Lee. There was a thunder storm, with hail and rain, the second evening after their arrival, and it got so cool that Mrs. Haven ordered a fire kindled in the library.

"Tomorrow," said James, "will be an ideal day for our ride to Briarfield."

"That's so," said Kirk; "and we must be off at sunrise. What do you think of it, Mrs. Haven?"

"This hail will make it delightfully cool for your ride. Be sure and go tomorrow."

They were in their saddles a little before Sol's yellow lances shot across the grounds of Havenhurst. The boys

never forgot that glorious morning ride through the country to pay their respects to Mississippi's great, good statesman and his gracious wife at Briarfield. It was scarcely nine o'clock when they arrived, and found him strolling under the trees in front of the house.

"I am always glad," he said, "to meet the boys, on whom the future of our country depends. I told your mother to tell you to bring your friend from the Volunteer State to Briarfield again, Guy."

He was holding the hands of James and Kirk.

"And this boy, so like his noble father, evokes precious memories of the past," he continued, unclasping their hands to take both of Lee's in his, adding:

"You were never at Briarfield before, Lee. Welcome, my boy."

He motioned them to rustic seats under the trees. In a few moments Mrs. Davis came out, and in her gracious presence James felt the strange, uncontrollable feeling of prescience stealing over him that had taken possession of him the night after his first visit to Briarfield. She welcomed them, and engaged him and Kirk in conversation while the Senator talked to the other boys. Guy noticed a negro lad approaching the horses they had hitched at the gate, and said:

"I beg your pardon, Senator, but we have but a short while to stay, and don't wish our horses taken to the stables. If you will allow me, I will tell the boy," and before the statesman could reply, he was off to the gate and stopped the negro from taking the horses.

"I supposed you would spend the day with us, Guy," Mrs. Davis said, with her smile of sunshine, when he came back.

"Thank you, Mrs. Davis; but mother expects us back to luncheon."

She made a motion to the negro, who was passing, and said a few low words to him. Turning to James, she said:

"And you leave soon for Tennessee, James? I trust you have been so pleased with our State that you will visit us again."

"I have had a royal time with my friend Guy," he said;

"but aside from that, my two visits to Briarfield would have repaid me well for coming."

"Thank you, James. He is a born courtier, isn't he, Kirk?"

"I believe he is, Mrs. Davis. He is never at a loss for gallant, courtly phrases to the ladies——"

"Gallant and courtly they may be, but he means all he says, I'm sure."

James bowed low to the gracious, queenly woman, the shadow of coming events on his prescient soul. Two servants came from the house with silver trays, on which were cakes, fruits, nuts, and iced lemonade. She sat between James and Kirk on the rustic settee, while they discussed the collation, and the Senator made himself a boy again with the sons of his old friends who had followed him in battle to victory. When they arose to go, he said:

"Boys, Mrs. Davis and I appreciate this visit. I was a young blood once, and know that amid your plans and engagements you have generously taken this morning to come and pay your respects to us elderly folk. To this young Tennessean, who leaves you soon, I say, 'Stand by the principles of your grand old State, my son.' Boys, you will always be welcome to Briarfield."

"Always welcome," echoed Mrs. Davis, holding out her white hands to clasp theirs in farewell, adding: "God bless you, boys!"

At the turn which hid the house from view, James looked back and saw the statesman and his wife standing together on the long gallery. It was a picture that hung in his memory as long as he lived.

Guy and Lee cantered on ahead. Kirk was taciturn on the ride back, and James, busy with his own thoughts, preferred not to talk.

Mrs. Haven had waited luncheon for them, which was served at two o'clock.

That evening they drove into the city to attend a reception given by Mrs. Gray. The remaining days of James' stay were so filled up with boating, drives, picnics, dances—Mrs. Mortimer giving a grand reception in his and the Halliday

boys' honor—that it was time for him to go almost before he knew it.

Farewells were said, and as the boat, the *Bon Homme Richard*, swung off, he waved a last goodby to Mrs. Haven and the group of boys and girls who had come down to the wharf to see him off.

It was sad to leave them, but the pleasure he felt at the thought of getting home far outweighed regret. When the boat slipped round a bend and hid Vicksburg from sight, he turned, with a sigh, to go to his state-room, and met Mr. Beverly.

"How are you, James? I see you are regretful, but life is made up of meetings and partings."

"Yes; my stay here has been so pleasant. I am glad to see you. How far do you go?"

"To Greenville. I hope none of your party felt any ill effects from their shaking up."

"No; they are all hale and hearty. We were so happy at escaping that we soon forgot our fears. You averted what might have been a terrible disaster."

"God made me an instrument in His hands to turn aside an impending calamity, James. The psalmist asserts that the angels of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him; I believe it."

"You believe, then, in special providences?"

"Assuredly, James; do not you? You surely have offered up special thanksgiving to God for your preservation, and that your parents and loved ones have been spared a great sorrow."

His face sobered as he looked out on the light-filled river, and after a moment's silence, said:

"Yes, Mr. Beverly, I have tried to thank Him."

"And you have asked Him to give you a prosperous journey home?"

"Yes, I have."

"Then you believe in our Father's protecting care. He who notes the sparrow's fall finds nothing that concerns His children too insignificant for Him to take cognizance of. One cannot pray without a belief in special providences."

"It is a logical sequence on the face of it," said James.

When they reached Greenville, and the preacher was preparing to go ashore, he said:

"I wish you would come to The Oaks and make my parents a visit."

"Should I ever come to Tennessee and am in reach of you, I will certainly make them a visit. Live for the glory of God and the good of men, James."

He ran down the steps and out on the stage-plank; the boy's eyes followed him as he picked his way among the cotton bales, and he spoke, half aloud:

"There goes a man whose whole purpose in life is to help and lift up the human race."

It was lonely, after the preacher got off, and he was glad when the boat reached Memphis, feeling that the end of his journey was near. Two days later he landed at Mills' Point, and found Miles and Alfred just in from The Oaks, with hogsheds of tobacco. They were overjoyed to see him, and to his question of how they were at home, Miles said:

"Uvehbody is well, oney dey's mighty lonesome 'dout yo'. I'se 'spectin' Marse Fayette uveh minute wi' de buggy to tek yo' home. Me an' Alfred's fixin' to go now."

From the hotel, near the river, the view of the town was fine, with houses perched, one above another, on cliffs, clothed in verdure; flowers, of every hue, gleaming in the rich foliage. A little before noon Lafayette came. After dinner, they strolled about the picturesque streets for an hour. The river interested Lafayette, and they got a man to row them in a canoe, to the Missouri side, where they tramped about under the cottonwood trees, James telling him of the sinking of the boat, he listening with bated breath.

"We will keep you at home awhile, now," laughed Lafayette, laying a hand on his brother's shoulder. "Don't the Point look grand from here."

"Yes, there is no more picturesque scenery on the river, from here to Memphis, than this before us, Lafayette."

"And did you go to New Orleans?"

"Yes, and had a grand time there. Mr. Waite did every-

thing he could for our pleasure. He wanted us to stay at his house, but we preferred the hotel. He lives in fine style."

"Yes, I think he is a man who will take care of number one, at other people's expense, if need be. Will Guy come back to school?"

"They had not decided about it, when I left. He would like to come back."

The man rowed them back in the sunset, and after an early supper, they retired. At dawn, they were in the buggy, driving the clean limbed, high stepping bays up the long hill, beyond the town, homeward bound. The morning was delightful, bird songs filling the forest, through which the sun's level rays were glancing. Buoyant with youth and hope, they swept through the verdant scenes, telling of all the things that had occurred since they had seen each other. The August day grew sultry, as it advanced, and they had thirty miles to cover before reaching The Oaks. At noon, they stopped at a small village, for dinner; Fayette gave personal attention to the horses, and at two o'clock, they were again on the road, reaching the county seat when the sun was an hour high. They made no stop, and soon covered the five miles to The Oaks. Katherine was at the park gate when Tom swung it back, for the buggy to enter, and, in an instant, was in James' lap, with her arms about his neck.

"Oh! Brother Jim, I'm so glad you are back, we heard about the boat sinking, the next day after fa' got your telegraph."

"I am glad to be at home, Katherine," he said, holding her close to his bosom.

There were joyous greetings, in the gloaming, and a happy party gathered 'round the supper table loaded with dainties. Amy's face beamed a welcome for "Marse Jeems," and Tom's step was springier than usual; not a negro on the plantation, but was glad of his return. The family sat up, until a late hour, listening to the story of his visits to the different cities, and to Briarfield—Katherine as inter-

ested a listener as any—and when they separated, for the night, his mother said:

“You have seen something of *le beau monde*, my son.”

“Yes, mother, and have had a grand time.”

He and John ascended to their room, and the star dials hinted of morn, before they slept. Their parents had decided to remain at the country home, so, when school opened in Septemeber, they were again in town, the younger boys and Katherine at their lessons, under the systematic training of their mother. The gift of Mr. Seawell was placed in bank, drawing interest, and her picture, a daguerreotype, sent him with an appreciative letter from her parents. Years passed, John graduated at a law school, in an old aristocratic town in the middle part of the state. James was reading medicine with a prominent physician. Lafayette and Erskine were placed in the school at the county seat. Katherine and Susan Hardcastle were sent there to a school for girls. The latter was bright, amiable, and made good progress in her studies. Katherine advanced rapidly, growing more haughty and imperious to every one, excepting her friends and intimates. In vacations, when they were driving about The Oaks, the humble tenantry, they chanced to meet, were kindly greeted by Susan, and haughtily ignored by Katherine. Imperious and clannish, she thought no one as good as her own kith and kin. And woe to the negro who dared show indifference to her behests. But with all her faults, she was truthful and trusting. In her simple, confiding nature, it never occurred to her that others might be unfaithful, until their duplicity was revealed. Then, suspicion, hydra-headed, sprung into being, in her soul. Impulsive, quick tempered, and sensitive, she bitterly resented wrongs, and if she wronged anyone she was swift to make amends. In her thoughtless egotism, she accepted the homage of others as her right. Born in an atmosphere of affection, and finding herself the very center, the pivot, on which things turned, the keystone of the arch that supported the joy of the home, what wonder that she was egotistic, imperious? To her friends, she was generous to a fault. John was located in a thriving town, in an adjoining county, some

forty miles from The Oaks, where he soon stood at the head of his profession. He met a beautiful, young girl, whom he wooed and won. Their happiness was of short duration; she was killed by horses running away with a carriage, in which she was driving to visit her parents, two years after their marriage, leaving a little girl, not quite a year old. The bereaved parents took charge of the little Annie Bell, and the father turned with renewed zeal to his profession. When James was absent, Erskine was Katherine's attendant, on her visit to town, and to church, when it was inconvenient for her mother to go. About Lafayette, there was an aloofness, a reserve, and possibly, a spirit of criticism toward his imperious little sister, which chilled her confidence, and made a gulf between them. They had no confidential talks, together, as she and James or Erskine, had with one another. His was a noble nature, but he failed to rightly comprehend her quick, impulsive soul. They never clashed, but there was a settled, tacit coldness between them. He was the handsomest of the brothers, with a fine, intellectual brow, shaded with brown, wavy locks, dark, piercing eyes, chin a little heavy, with mobile lips, expressive of a strong, decisive character. He had an analytical mind, was fond of poetry, Coleridge, Byron and Milton, being his favorite authors. While a boy of seventeen, he took great interest in political questions, and read the newspapers with avidity. During the presidential campaign of Pierce and Fillmore, he threw his whole soul into the fight for the former, having been trained up in the principles of the democratic party. While he hung over his books and papers, Erskine was playing town ball, on the Academy ground, or, if at The Oaks, was busy with his traps in the woods, or with bait and fishing tackle at the creek. At fourteen, Katherine was sent to a distant boarding school. Miss White, from New York, the teacher of English literature, was drawn to her, and showed her such kindness that the school soon pronounced her the favorite of the lady, who wielded an elevating, ennobling influence over the girls. Katherine was very homesick at times, and, one day, when she was ascending a stairway, feeling forlorn, longing to be

back at The Oaks, she met Miss White, who stopped and kissed her, speaking loving, comforting words. She passed on, and the girl wondered, "why sweet Miss White should single her out, among so many, to love." She had instruction from a German professor on violin and piano, and made rapid progress, especially on the latter instrument. After supper, on Friday evenings, the tables in the great dining-room would be pushed to one side by the slaves, and to the music of a piano, played by Elsie, one of the negro maids, the girls of the school would dance, until a bell called them to retire.

One morning in March, Katherine was sitting alone in a room, over her books, when Ann Ingram, a girl from Arkansas, came in and asked a question about the grammar lesson. She gave the desired information, and as the girl turned to go, she quietly said:

"Katherine, did you know that they say the house is on fire?"

"The house on fire!" she cried, springing to her feet, "why didn't you tell me before?"

She darted into the corridor, down the stairway, and out into the grounds, to find a great volume of flame and smoke issuing from the roof of one of the wings. All her clothing, save what she had on, was burned, while the phlegmatic Ann went back to her room, and saved, not only her own possessions, by throwing them out of a window, but the bed and bedding also. The building was soon in ashes, and to Katherine's remark that "she had no hat to wear to town, to buy some clothes," a girl, with whom she was offended, and to whom she had not spoken for a month, took off her hat, and offered it to her. She thankfully accepted the loan, and soon had goods for several outfits, at the dress makers. She spent a couple of days with a class mate, resident in the town, and then went to stay with her former room-mate, with whom she had spent Christmas, living six miles in the country, until a letter from the principal could reach The Oaks, and one of her brothers could come for her. She had bought a hat, with pretty, rose-colored ribbons, and wearing her new, stylish dresses, she drove about the coun-

try with her friends, having an enjoyable time. Finally, John came for her, and after three days' travel, they reached The Oaks, the first of April. How delighted she was to be at home again! Ann and Jane McFarland, a month later, came for an extended visit, and Susan Hardcastle was making her home there. Katherine gave them and herself, the soubriquet of "The Merry Four," which they certainly made good. Ann was fair, with large, violet eyes, and dark, curling hair, given to study, and was the most sedate of the quartette. Jane, with smooth, olive skin, black eyes and hair, lithe and graceful, cared little for books. Susan's complexion was a mixture of the lily and the rose, blue eyes and brown, waving hair, even pearly teeth, and a sylph like form. Katherine was of medium height; slender, with olive skin, luxuriant, chestnut hair, clear expressive eyes, a high, thoughtful brow, features delicate, clear cut, sad in repose, but lighting up when roused to interest. She had a haughty air, and was told that she carried herself like a duchess. Ambitious to excel in intellectual attainments, she was handicapped by her love of social pleasure. With drives, picnics, receptions, and parties, it was a gay summer at The Oaks. Erskine was the life of the party. His was a genial spirit, buoyant with hope and courage, a nature royal in loving and forgiving. Next to James, Katherine loved her playmate brother. In long after years, she could not recall a single unkind word he had ever said to her.

CHAPTER IX.

ALICIA.



GUY attended school in Vicksburg, for a year. The following autumn, his parents went to New Orleans for the winter, and he entered a select school for boys in the Crescent City. He was pleased with the change, for his young, ardent heart thrilled at the thought of again meeting the beautiful singer. They established themselves at the St. Charles. Madame De Valence called, and the families were soon on intimate terms. Captain Haven vibrated, all winter, between the city and his plantations. Guy was cordially received by the exclusive younger set, with whom he often met Alicia, and singled her out to escort on their excursions to West End, their sails on the lake, and drives on the Shell Road. A governess always accompanied her on her walks about the city. She was reserved and austere, but the handsome, manly boy's *bon hommie* ways charmed even her, and she welcomed him with a smile on their afternoon strolls. When he bought theatre tickets for himself, Alicia, and his mother, if the latter could not go, it was given to Miss Holcombe. The parents smiled at this "love's young dream" of their children, and Guy was a frequent visitor at De Valence Court. He was five years older than the sylph like girl, whose exquisite voice charmed the mocking bird and canaries, in their cages, swinging under the pillared galleries of the court, festooned with blossoming vines. To the young admirer, the Court was a heaven when her marvellous trills lilted on the moonlit air, to the harp accompaniment, the filmy, oriental sleeves falling away from her white,

rounded arms, as she swept the strings, the clinging fragrance of myriad flowers filling the air. The second winter of the Havens' stay in the city waned, and thoughts of flitting to country house, mountain, and seashore, were busying the minds of their elders.

Mrs. Haven found much to do that was congenial to her sweet spirit. Church duties and visits among the poor and unfortunate, took much of her time. She went but little into society, preferring to spend an evening with some poor, sorrowing sister, trying with kind counsel, to elevate and infuse into her soul hope and courage, than to shine in silks and jewels at some social function. She received a rich reward, for the smile of heaven was in her soul, and shone in spiritual radiance on her countenance. As she went about the streets, on her errands of mercy, and saw the thousands around her concerning themselves only with the muck rake of selfishness, and so many, whose names were on the church books, who never thought of helping a fallen brother rise, she would murmur:

"Who is sufficient for these things?"

"I am sufficient," would come the prompt answer of Him, who walked at her side as He walked with Enoch, in the youth of the world. As she would go on, comforted, her soul anchored in His peace. Madame De Valence was kind-hearted, and sometimes accompanied her, opening her purse strings and giving advice, but she never got close to the poor and outcast, as did Mrs. Haven. One morning, she sat in her private parlor, the bloom of May about her, when Guy came in with a letter from James. She read it, and said: "James is a fine, manly boy, of splendid promise. He writes so sweetly of his mother and little sister, and of his home circle, generally. I will add a page, when you answer this."

"All right, mother. I know James will appreciate it. Will you go with me sailing this evening?"*

He sat down on a sofa, and taking a fan, gently stirred the ringlets on her pure brow.

* Afternoon.

"Madame De Valence and Alicia are going. We won't have many more excursions on the lake."

"I would go with you, my son, but I must visit some sick people. Have you read your sister's letter, dated at Paris? She was not well when she wrote."

"Yes, I read it while you were at breakfast. She writes that she and Cyril will be home next month."

"And we are going to New York to meet them."

"I hate to leave New Orleans, mother."

"I suppose you do," she smiled, laying a hand on his clustering locks.

He blushed like a girl, and rising, pressed a kiss on her brow, and went out.

"My noble Guy," she murmured, her thoughts going across the sea, and she added:

"All my children are noble and lovely."

Then she slipped to her knees, before the sofa in communion with Him, whose smile was in her soul.

The breezes sang over Pontchartrain, and filled the white sails, the man at the tiller whistled low, while Guy and Alicia, screened by a sail, talked of their plans for the summer. Her mother and Miss Holcombe chatted of the May weather, the scenery, and the spring modes. They were coasting along a part of the lake that the latter had never seen.

"And you will be off in two days," said Alicia.

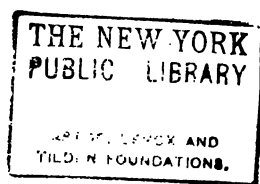
"Yes, we are going to Havenhurst for a month, and then to New York, to meet my brother and sister. If Stella wishes it, mother will spend the summer with her at Eastern watering places."

"I would think she would want to come home, after having been abroad so long," said the girl, toying with a sprig of oxalis at her belt,

"She may. I will be gone a long time, Alicia."

"Yes, a long time, Guy," she replied, her violet eyes looking afar out over the dimpling waves flashing in the sunlight, her rosy mouth rivalling the red rose-bud he wore in his button-hole.

He saw her cheek, delicate as the pink heart of a sea-shell, grow a shade paler, and the little hand unconsciously





Guy slipped an arm around the girl's slender waist. (Page 121)

crush the oxalis. He, too, looked out over the waves for some moments, and then said :

"I hope you will come to Saratoga, this summer, Alicia,"

"Mamma has not decided, yet."

"I do hope that you will come there, so that I can see you again, before entering college; that is Stella's favorite spa, and we will be sure to go there."

"And are you going to enter Harvard?"

"Yes, and if you don't come to Saratoga, it will be a year before I'll see you again, Alicia."

She looked at him, her heart in her glance, and veiling her eyes, murmured :

"We—may—come."

"There is a grotto, hereabouts, that I wish Miss Holcombe to see," said Madame De Valence.

"It's a little further down," the man at the tiller said.

In a few minutes the keel grounded on a gravelled landing, the boat was made fast, and the man assisted the elderly women ashore.

"It's a short distance from the lake," Madame DeValence said, "we take this path. Alicia, will you and Guy come with us?"

"No, mamma, we went to the grotto last week."

The women disappeared in the green foliage, followed by the boatman. Guy slipped an arm around the girl's slender waist, and clasped the little, white hands in his strong, flexible one, saying, with a quick intake of his breath :

"Alicia, I love you. You know it, for you have read it in my eyes a thousand times. You are not indifferent to me, Alicia, my heart tells me you are not."

Rosy waves surged over the beautiful face, the dark, silken lashes swept her cheek, and her bosom heaved with an on-rush of joy, that trenched on pain.

"Oh! Guy—"

"Darling, say you love me," he said, tightening his arm about her waist. She was silent, her eyes still closed, hearing the tumultuous beating of his heart.

"Speak, darling, tell me you love me. I must hear it from your sweet lips."

"I—love—you,—Guy," she faltered, giving him one thrilling glance from her starry eyes.

"And you will be my wife, Alicia?"

"If—mamma—says—so,— after — we — have—finished school."

"Yes, my peerless one, after we are through school, and I will strive for the very first honors, to make myself worthy of you."

He pressed a long, thrilling kiss on the rosy mouth, while the breeze sang in the sails, and the blue water dimpled in the sunlight, and the birds filled the baby leafage with happy song.

The boatman and the ladies came back, Miss Holcombe loud in praise of the grotto and its romantic surroundings. Again, they were afloat on Pontchartrain, skimming like a bird on its dancing waves, the ladies chatting, and the lovers silent, listening to the blissful throbbing of their own hearts. The carriage was awaiting them at the landing, the ladies took the rear seat, the lovers sat opposite, sweeping home through the golden sunset of the pink May, their souls filled with a measureless content.

"May I come back, after dinner?" Guy asked of Alicia's mother, when he had assisted them from the carriage.

"Yes, Guy, but stay and dine with us."

"Thank you, no, mother expects me."

He bowed and trod on air to the hotel. His father had just come from Vicksburg. When they had dined, and returned to their parlor, he told them all, saying that he and Alicia would await the proper time for their marriage. His parents approved his choice, only stipulating that they must wait until he was through college.

Alicia sat in the moonlit court, near a fountain that sprayed a narrow bed of red and white verbenas, fringing the marble basin, her soul afloat on the mystic tide of love's young dream. She had eaten no dinner, merely toyed with the viands, and tasted an ice. As they rose from the table, she had said:

"Mamma, will you come into the court, please?"

"I will join you there, in a little while, my daughter."

Half an hour later, she came, slowly crossing the tessellated floor of the court, and sat down by the girl. Snowy blossoms of cape jessamine, in an urn at her side, starred the semi-gloom. The daughter put her white arms around the stately neck, and said:

"Mamma, Guy told me he loved me, today, while you were in the grotto, and I—I—told—him—I—loved—him."

Madame De Valence showed no surprise. She was too well bred to do that, if she had felt any, which she did not.

"My child must think that I am not observant," she said, drawing the golden head to her bosom and gently smoothing the thick, curly locks; "your faces were eloquent to me of the old, sweet story, when I got back to the boat, but my little girl is quite too young to think of marriage, and Guy is scarcely started in his career—"

"Oh! mamma, we will wait until he is through college—"

"Did he propose marriage, Alicia?"

"Yes, mamma, and I promised to marry him."

"The engagement is premature, Alicia; it will be four or five years before you can be married. You are not quite sixteen years old, now. I do not approve of long engagements. Guy may meet some one else—you may meet some one else—"

"Mamma, you break my heart. Such talk is sacrilege—"

"You may feel so, my child, but it is a good thing that there are wiser, cooler heads than lovers still in their teens—"

"But, Guy is twenty-one. You don't object to him—"

"No, he is noble, gallant, intellectual, his family unexceptional, and his fortune ample. But there are other things to be considered. Yours and his education are to be attained, then a year of travel, and at least a year of society—"

"But, mamma, we can travel together, on a bridal tour. As for society, we don't care for it."

A bell's silver jangle sounded through the court. Alicia sat up, and in a moment, springing steps were heard on the paved floor, and Guy, parting the vines, stood before them. He took in the situation, at a glance, and sank on the satin

hassock at their feet. Madame De Valence looked down on him, saying:

"She has told me, Guy, but the conscious faces of both of you told me at the boat."

He caught her hand in both his.

"Madame De Valence, you will give her to me, for my wife, will you not?"

How handsome he was! His head, with its dark, clustering locks thrown back, his deep, soulful eyes searching hers, the high ingenious brow, the mobile sensitive mouth, the strong well-shaped chin, his attitude unstudied, instinct with grace, all appealed strongly to the mother of Alicia. She placed her hand on his shoulder, and looking down into the noble, pleading face, said:

"Guy, you are both too young to know your own minds. I don't like long engagements. You may meet some one else in the next five years—"

He dropped his face in his hands, shuddering.

"Don't say it, Madame De Valence, don't say it."

"She said it to me, Guy," murmured Alicia, "and I told her it was sacrilegious."

"And so it is," he said, his face still in his hands.

"The bright lexicon of youth is the only book you two have studied, as yet. There are other volumes, prosaic perhaps, for you to con. If, when you are through college, which will be some years hence, and you and my daughter have the same mind you now have, I will be glad to give her to you."

He threw back his head like a young Apollo.

"But," she continued, "it will be best for you to release each other from the promise you have made."

"Oh! mamma, we can't," faltered Alicia.

"No, we cannot," he said, "our hearts, our souls, our lives are pledged to each other. We cannot go back. You would not have us utter a lie, stain our souls we have pledged to each other, with a falsehood. You don't want a promise made to you from the teeth out, and that is what it would be, if we should tell you that we would count ourselves not bound to each other. We are bound to each other, and, if

we live, our engagement, which must stand, will be fulfilled. This angelic girl is my soul's complement. On the brief visit, James Somerville and I made here, over two years ago, I felt a strange, mysterious drawing to her, and since that time, I have thought of her every day. I hailed our coming to New Orleans, because I would be permitted to see her again. Of course, when I came here last autumn, I did not dream the soul capable of such love as has taken possession of me. But, so it is, dear Madame De Valence, do not ask impossibilities; we cannot go back on our sacred pledges to each other. We have no thought, but to await the time you and my parents expect, to be united in marriage. In the meantime, she will be my affianced bride."

The moonbeams played on the fountain, and sweet as zephyrs blowing over Cyprian meadows, Alicia said:

"Mamma, can we not stay pledged? We cannot go back."

She reached a white hand to Guy, and stole an arm around her mother's neck, laying her cheek, caressingly, to hers.

"You over-rule me, children," she said, in a voice shaken with emotion, "I suppose I must consent for your engagement to stand."

Guy pressed his lips to her hand, and rising from the hassock, seated himself beside Alicia.

Her mother rose, and laid a caressing hand on each head, for a moment, and then left the court.

He lingered, talking of the golden future, until the moonbeams left the fountain in shadow; a movement on the part of Miss Holcombe, who sat in a remote part of the court, warned him to go. The last day of their stay in New Orleans, he and his parents dined at De Valence Court, taking the steamer, the following morning, for Vicksburg. During the month at Havenhurst, invitations were showered upon him; he accepted but few, spending the time among his books, or with rod and gun in the fields and woods. They arrived in New York three days before the *Etruria*, on which Cyril and Stella had sailed, came into harbor. They were pained to find the latter in failing health, and

drove to the Astor House, and summoned a physician. She had taken a violent cold at Buda Pesth, which had settled into a cough, but she had not thought it at all serious. The doctor reassured the parents, saying it was only a nervous, temporary cough, and ordered her to Saratoga.

"The very place I wish to go," she laughed.

"Then, you don't care to return at once to Havenhurst?" her father said.

"No, father, since you are all here, dear old Havenhurst can wait. You know I love Saratoga, and the doctor says the water will build me up."

The next week, they were established in Congress Hall, at the famous spa. Stella was like her mother in appearance and disposition. She was thoughtful and unselfish, and their reunion, after so long a separation, was delightful. The son was a handsome, stalwart man, intellectual, tactful, gallant, a typical exponent of old time Southern chivalry. He was soon made a lion of among the belles. Stella improved from the time she began to drink the waters, and entered into the social gaieties with moderation. Guy had brought some text books with him, and when not in the bowling alley, or strolling about town, was in his room, reading logic, or, as his sister said, "prosing over some dry-as-dust problem."

"He cares nothing about social pleasures," she declared, "and is already a poky, old man."

But he waked up one morning when a lady and her daughter arrived from New Orleans.

"A mighty change has come over the spirit of his dream, mother," she said, "Guy seems to be electrified, treading on air. What has come to him, do you think?"

Mrs. Haven smiled, but made no reply. That evening, at the hop, Guy was all devotion to the little beauty from the Crescent City, robed in sheer, white Paris silk lawn, over pale blue satin, ropes of pearls about her snowy neck. Mrs. Haven and her daughter, promenading on the colonnade, paused at a window and saw them waltzing to the strains of Chopin, the band was discoursing.

"Aha! The wind sets that way, does it?" said his sister.

"She's a sylph and a beauty, mother, and isn't Guy a darling? They are the most graceful couple on the floor. Oh, I am glad to be at home again, though I had a lovely time abroad."

She blushed, and they moved from the window, threading their way among the gay throng of promenaders to a dimly-lighted alcove, hung with filmy white lace. Then she told her mother of Lord Francis Grenoble, eldest son of the Earl of Castlereagh, whom she met in Paris.

"Mrs. Overton was telling me about him in New York, Stella. She spoke in high praise of him."

A pause followed, filled with the lilting strains from the ballroom.

She has discrimination," said Stella, at length, "and is a model chaperone, mother. Did she tell you that he proposes coming to America in the autumn?"

"She hinted at it. Did he propose to you, my daughter?"

"Yes, mother; and I told him I would reserve my answer until he had seen my parents and talked with them about it. I wish to go to Havenhurst early in August, and be at home at least a month before he comes. He will sail for the United States the first of September."

"Mrs. Overton told me of his castle and fine estate in Sussex."

"We spent a day there, and it is a grand old place. There goes Guy and the sylph," waving her hand toward the promenaders on the colonnade.

"I must tell you about them, Stella. They are engaged——"

"What! those children? Who is she?"

"She is the only child of Madame De Valence, of the fine old aristocratic family of New Orleans. They won't marry until Guy has finished his education. Only her mother and our family know of the engagement. We wish it kept secret. Here comes Madame De Valencé now."

The stately woman came slowly trailing her rich Parisian gown of lilac moire silk along the colonnade, diamonds in her ears, on her neck, her arms, her hands, and a sunburst blazing in her thick, iron-gray, coronetted hair. Her maid,

a quadroom, prettily dressed in pink muslin and rose-colored ribbons, followed her.

She paused before the alcove, whose lace draperies screened its occupants from view.

"Florette," she said, "find Miss Alicia; she is out there among the promenaders. Tell her to come to my parlor."

She turned and swept slowly back amid the thronging couples.

Two spinsters of uncertain age from Boston, stood near the alcove.

"What grand duchess is this, giving herself such royal airs and issuing such glib commands?" asked one of them, with a venomous glance.

"Oh, Miss Folwell, she is a high and mighty dame from New Orleans, ordering her slave about, who is as white and better than she is, to go for her daughter, who is out flirting with a man."

"Well, Miss Daly, these southern women disgust me with their slow, lackadaisical ways, and high, cockolorum airs."

"Of course they do. And illiterate! why, there's a hull lot of 'em has slaves to wait on 'em that can't read. Have you read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Miss Folwell?"

"Yes, indeed; and I'll be bound this grand duchess sends her slave girls to the public whipping post to be whipped by men, like that Marie St. Clare did in the book."

"I don't know how to believe that, now."

"But it's true, Miss Daly. I just hope to see the day when them lazy southern dames will have to lay off their high, mighty airs and go to work and wash and iron and stew and bake and brew as we Northern ladies do. It'll be a happy day to see——"

"Hsh! Hsh! Miss Folwell, here they come——"

Alicia swept slowly past, a vision of beauty, on Guy's arm, followed by Florette, who scornfully tossed her head and leveled a haughty glance at the spinsters from the Hub.

"Huh! She's as scornful as her mistress," said Miss Folwell. "She sets the pace, and the maid follows. I wonder they bring her up here. I wonder she don't make a break for freedom."

"Maybe she don't want freedom. Anybody can see she is pampered and stuck up. She don't have to work half as hard as many a northern girl, I'll be bound. Sometimes I think that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is overdrawn, and that the southern people are lied on, anyhow."

"Don't you believe it, Miss Daly. Never! It don't tell half the truth——"

"Miss Folwell, you're too bitter——"

They passed on, and Mrs. Haven and her daughter sat silent for several minutes.

"Comment is unnecessary," said the former, at length. "Come with me to Madame De Valence's rooms."

They found Guy and Alicia in the parlor. When the girls had been introduced to each other, the latter said:

"Mamma is in the next room, Mrs. Haven."

The door was ajar, and the lady entered to find Madame De Valence lying back in her chair convulsed with laughter.

"Be seated, my dear," she gasped. "Florette has been telling me of a dramatic scene enacted by people she terms 'po' white trash,' on the colonnade just now. If you could have seen the fine scorn with which she mimicked the women you would laugh, too."

"I heard the women. Such people are to be pitied, Madame. Ignorance is the cause of it. Misrepresentation is at the bottom of it. People, swept by prejudice, write of things they know nothing about, and find ready hearers in people filled with prejudice. Did you ever analyze that word 'prejudice?' Prejudged. In your own heart deciding the accused guilty before the trial, while you are yet ignorant of the facts in the case. That is the way most of the people here adjudge the South. They believe everything they hear or read without thinking there may be great exaggerations. A writer says: 'Earnest, credulous women in New England have their feelings lacerated by these horrible fabrications in which they as fondly believe as did their foremothers in witches.'"

"I think," said Madame De Valence, "they would do well to concern themselves about the down-trodden masses in their own section. Children of seven are put in factories to

work—robbed of their childhood—pale, puny creatures. Happiness and freedom are a child's birthright. Burdens, cares, come with years to everyone. Pitiful it is to see them heaped on baby shoulders at the very outset of life's journey, as it is done in factory districts here in the North. Mrs. Browning says in her 'Cry of the Children':

'Do you not hear the children crying, oh, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?'

"These people have closed their ears to the cry of the oppressed whites right among them to bestir themselves into a pseudo sympathy for the slaves of the South. Years ago, I spent a summer about twenty miles from Boston at a private country house. Two women did the work—a cook and a housemaid—and the requirements of the mistress were beyond all reason. She kept those women scrubbing, churning, cooking, cleaning, washing, and ironing from sun-up to sun-down. One of them did the work that it would take three of my women to do. And what made it worse, they were just a little kin to the woman, though the relationship was kept secret, as she thought. Did you bring your maid, Mrs. Haven?"

"Yes. Marie is a privileged character at Havenhurst, and in Oriental parlance has been my 'tire woman' for ten years. She would have been heart-broken if I had left her behind."

"Then you have no fear that she will 'make a break for freedom?'" laughed Madame De Valence.

"Not the least. I think it would be a hard task to persuade her to leave me."

The first week in August Mrs. Haven, her daughter and eldest son left for home, Captain Haven having preceded them several days.

Madame De Valence and Alicia went to Newport, and the day after their arrival, they found Guy their *vis-a-vis* at dinner. They were driving the next day in Newport's "May Fair"—one of the finest boulevards in the world—when they met, in an open landau, Mrs. Fairmount, her daughter, Miss Cleburne, and Kirk Halliday. The ladies bowed, and the young gentlemen lifted their hats.

"I met those ladies at several receptions last winter," said Madame De Valence, "and entertained Mrs. Fairmount and her daughter at De Valence Court."

The next day Guy went in search of his friends from Baton Rouge, with an invitation from Madame De Valence to them to dine with her the following day. They had been at Newport for a month, and would leave in two days for Niagara. Kirk pressed Guy to go with them to the Falls, but to no purpose.

"There's some pretty magnet holding him here," said Lee. "I am glad you will be with us at Harvard, Guy. By the way, when did you hear from James Somerville?"

"In May, just before leaving New Orleans. He purposes making a doctor of himself."

"He will make a good one," said Kirk; "he will succeed in anything he undertakes."

"That he will. I never met a finer fellow," said Lee, pouring out a goblet of iced lemonade from a silver pitcher and passing it to Guy.

"You should know him as I do, boys," said Guy, slowly sipping the lemonade. "We will all go to Tennessee and make him a visit after we are through college."

"Oh, no," said Lee; "let's not wait so long; let's go next vacation."

"All right," said his brother, filling the goblets with the lemonade; "and here's to his health. May he live long and prosper!"

"It is fitting," said Guy, when they had drained the goblets, "that his health be drunk with this pure, refreshing beverage, typical of his noble spirit, that makes happier every one he meets."

The next day, after the table d'hôte, Madame De Valence, her daughter, Guy, and her guests from Baton Rouge, stood waiting on the colonnade for their carriage to come for the usual drive. Carriage after carriage, drawn by fine horses in rich trappings, drew up, into which beautiful, magnificently-gowned women, seated themselves. The display of wealth in this grand procession of the wives and daughters of America's magnates was a scene of splendor, and it was

exhibited every day during the season. The two elderly ladies, Miss Cleburne, and Kirk, occupied one carriage, while Miss Fairmount, Alicia, Lee, and Guy, sat in the other. The horses arched their glossy necks, stepping slowly, stately, evidently as proud of appearances as the people they drew along the gay boulevard. Delicious breezes came from the ocean's white-capped billows, mingling with national strains played by the bands stationed in the pavilions past which they rolled. It was rosy twilight when they returned, and the Baton Rouge party bade them goodbye, expecting to leave on the early morning train.

"I will see you at Harvard," Guy said to the brothers, as he took their hands at parting on the hotel steps, "unless you conclude to go back home, Kirk. I observe there is a magnet resident there which has for you special attractions."

He glanced significantly at the carriage in which Miss Cleburne sat.

"Very true, Guy," he laughed. "I think, however, we are in the same boat."

"Possibly so; and we can condole with each other in Harvard's classic shades. Lee, the rascal, goes fancy free as yet——"

"I don't know so well about that. He is close-mouthed, but I am on to some of his capers. He runs to Vicksburg right often."

The remaining time of their stay at Newport fled all too swiftly for the lovers. It lacked but one day before Madame De Valence and her daughter would leave for home. Guy and the latter strolled along the seashore, talking of the future, of how often they would write, of how he would fly South as soon as his term closed in the spring, and of how, in the meantime, he would apply himself to his studies, for her sake.

"And I shall study, too, Guy, with Miss Holcombe, and my drawing and music will take up all my time."

"All that you don't devote to writing to and thinking of me, Alicia, darling," he said, taking her hand when they had sat down on a rock, where a great boulder hid them from the crowd on the sands.

"I suspect so, Guy," she smiled, blushing.

"It seems so strange, Alicia, that I am so entirely possessed with the thought of you."

"Why strange, Guy? It is not strange to me. You are always with me in thought, as though your soul were a part of mine."

"Darling, our hearts, our souls, are one, made so by the subtle, mysterious, mighty force termed love. Love, that makes you the one adored being in the universe to me."

A silence ensued, while they looked away over the blue summer sea, where, far out against the horizon, a steamer rode the waves, appearing in the distance like a toy vessel. A longing, hungering look crept into his eyes, as, still gazing seaward, he said, as if to himself:

"A weary time of waiting—five years," catching his breath; "my God! can I——"

"Guy!"

He turned to her, pressing the little hand he held against his throbbing heart.

"I forgot, darling. I don't often look on the dark side. I will look up and be brave. Mother helps me to be brave, Alicia."

"How, Guy?"

"There's a strength and a calm about her, I don't understand, that helps me; the thought of her quiets me, quiets the ravenous hunger I have that you, darling, have created."

"Perhaps we had better not met, Guy——"

"What are you saying, Alicia?" he cried, his face white and drawn.

"—till the five years were out and you through college."

"Alicia! and those five years be a blank to me, not knowing you? not loving you? not having your love? Unsay it, Alicia! Unsay it!"

"With all my heart, Guy, my beloved, I unsay it."

He bent over and kissed her repeatedly.

"Now, we must go, or mamma will be sending Florette for me."

They separated the next morning, Alicia and her mother

going South, and Guy to Harvard, where Kirk and Lee had preceded him.

Time sped apace. The boys went home at the close of the term, and as they returned to Harvard the following autumn, they made a detour into Tennessee and spent two weeks with James at The Oaks. Receptions, picnics, drives, and dinners were the order of the day. A fox hunt, in which Kirk outrode them all, was long remembered. The last day but one of their stay, as they sat down to dinner, Kirk said:

"You promised to give us a good time, James, when we came to The Oaks, and you have more than redeemed the promise. We have had a royal time."

"Yes, and you must come," said Guy, "and spend the next vacation with us. We left Senator and Mrs. Davis at Havenhurst. They wish to be remembered, and told me to tell you that you must visit Briarfield again."

"And your sister is going to England to live, Guy?" said Mrs. Somerville, setting a cut-glass saucer of charlotte russe on a waiter for Tom to take to him.

"Yes, Mrs. Somerville; I believe I told you she was married to Lord Francis Grenoble three days before I left home. Senator and Mrs. Davis were there attending the wedding. Havenhurst will be lonely now that Cyril has opened a mercantile establishment in New Orleans."

"Well, your parents spend much of their time in the Crescent City."

"And when Guy gets his sheepskin, Mrs. Somerville," said Lee, "he will just about spend all his time there."

"And you will spend all your time in Vicksburg," said Kirk, "until you bring a bride to Halliday Towers."

Lafayette was visiting a classmate in an adjoining county, and Katherine and Erskine were with relatives in the middle section of the State during their visit. The next day farewells were said and they were gone.

At length the commencement came that graduated them, Guy receiving the first honors, as he said he would. His parents were present, and he returned with them to Havenhurst, afterwards taking rail to New Orleans. Alicia, more beautiful than ever, had made her *debut* the previous winter,

and was the reigning belle of the Crescent City. The wedding day was set for September. He wrote to James to make his arrangements to be present at his marriage. James replied with a long letter of regrets and congratulations.

After the ceremony, Guy took his bride for a visit to his sister in England, after which they toured the continent.

CHAPTER X.

KATHERINE.



KATHERINE'S parents sent her to a college whose seat was a beautiful little city in the Cumberland Mountains. It claimed to give a girl as good advantages as any institution in the Union gave to boys. Ann returned to Oak Hall, and Jane and Susan again entered boarding school in town. So there was a scattering of "The Merry Four" in the autumn. James and Katherine went to Mills' Point in the stage-coach and took passage on the *City of Huntsville* for the State capital.

After a three-days' journey, the boat landed at the wharf of the Rock City. Taking a carriage, they drove to the St. Cloud, and afterwards took rail for the little mountain town.

The President of the college was a prince of educators, whose name is an honored, beloved, household word in many homes throughout the Southland. James remained a few days, and then returned to the city, where he matriculated for a course of medical lectures.

Katherine made excellent progress in her studies, especially music. She was a natural elocutionist, and if she had been born a quarter of a century later, would probably have adopted the stage as her profession.

Time passed, bringing commencement, which was attended by people from fifteen States. One evening she read Patrick Henry's famous speech with fine effect. Requests were made for her to read it the following evening also, when she again captured the audience and held it spellbound to the end of the oration. Dressed in a pink and white diapha-

nous costume, with broad, rose-colored sash about her slender waist, she acquitted herself brilliantly at the piano, and arose from it amid thunders of applause.

James was present, and his heart swelled with pride to see his sister at sixteen attain to such success.

The following year Ann McFarland went back with Katherine when she returned to the college. On Saturdays the girls were allowed to stroll about the environs of the town, and Katherine and her cousin in the early spring would wander away to picturesque spots where, seated on a fallen tree or mossy bank, they would view the mountains, clothed in green, with blue mists drifting along their summits, and talk of home.

The clear, beautiful stream, spanned with a bridge that flowed near the town, was a popular place with the girls, who often clambered along its rocky banks, gathering mountain laurel. "It was lonely at The Oaks, Lafayette and Erskine being away at college," so Mrs. Hardcastle wrote; "only Jacob, who attended to plantation affairs, being with their parents."

The rules of the school put the girls on their honor, and it was rare that one of them so far forgot herself as to transgress them. They loved and revered the President, and nothing could have induced Katherine or Ann to do anything to incur his displeasure. At the morning chapel exercises he always gave a short talk from an appropriate scripture text, and those pupils who wished, repeated short passages from Holy Writ. Those daily talks made lasting impressions on the youthful hearts of his hearers, many of whom became representative women of the South.

The term was drawing to a close when Katherine received a letter from Susan, with the news that Lafayette had returned home ill, though able to take horseback rides about The Oaks. Indigestion, the arch enemy of the American people, had seized him, and he was a great sufferer.

Mr. McFarland and James came to the commencement, in which Katherine, as usual, distinguished herself, and Ann acquitted herself well.

Returning to Nashville by rail, after a stay there of some

days, they took carriages to The Oaks. It was a three-days' journey, and thoroughly enjoyed by the travelers. Passing through the historic town of Charlotte, they reached the Tennessee River the second day, crossing it at Reynoldsburg. The scenery about Harpeth Ridge is wild, rugged, picturesque, the shelving rocks, towering many feet above the highway, across which, at intervals, a pellucid stream meanders. After crossing the river, the face of the country changes; there are but few rocks, and the low hills slope gently down to verdant valleys.

They spent a night at Camden, nestling among green hills, and pushed on to a pretty little city some twenty miles from their destination. They reached The Oaks a little before sunset.

It was a joyous home-coming. Their school having closed, Jane and Susan were there to welcome them. The parents' hearts thrilled at having Katherine and James at home again, and Ann was welcomed almost as a daughter, for Mrs. Somerville was devoted to her nieces, who had lost their mother in their infancy.

"The Merry Four" were once more together, and Mrs. Hardcastle, who had come that day, in expectation of their return, was almost as merry as they. Alice, a wee sprite of four years, was dancing about, gay as a sparrow. Jacob and Erskine had ridden to town, expecting to get back before the travelers would arrive.

Finally, the happy group broke up, and Katherine ran down the front steps to the lawn, streaked with red rays from the setting sun. Who was this hollow-eyed, emaciated man coming across the grass? He fixed her with his great, dark, melancholy eyes, and then she recognized Lafayette. They clasped hands. She said no word about his health or his looks, but her expressive eyes told him all she felt of sorrowful surprise. He sank on a rustic seat, and she went into her mother's room and threw herself on a couch in tears. The other girls were silent. It was a subdued party that evening, a pall having fallen over the spirits of "The Merry Four." Jacob and Erskine returned in the gloaming, and after supper Katherine left the others and sat under the trees

with her playmate brother. The songs of the negroes, borne on the starlit air from the Quarter, came faintly to their ears.

"I haven't seen Milly," she said.

"No; she stays at Dry Creek with Aunt Viney, now. Mother says Caroline is a better housemaid than she is."

A dark form came rapidly toward them from a clump of trees.

"Oh, Miss Katfrine, I is so glad to see you back home."

"Why, this is Betsy," clasping her hand. "We were just talking about Milly. Everybody is well, I hope."

"Yessum, dey's all well, an' so glad you is come back."

She flitted away, and they rose and went to the house. Katherine ran up to her room, and found her mother and sister there with the girls. They talked till a late hour. James had taken Lafayette with him to his offices, recently erected just inside the park under a grove of oaks. He questioned him of his illness.

"I have been troubled for nearly a year," he said, "with indigestion. I ate late suppers with the boys at school, and never thought they would impair my health. They stood them all right, and I thought I could. Since coming home, I have been taking a bath every morning before breakfast, and Henry rubs me off briskly and helps me to dress, and then I walk until I am tired. I have been taking long horse-back rides every day."

"I fear you have been overtaxing your strength," said the young physician. "We will drive every morning and keep up the baths, but don't walk too much. You must rest in the afternoons; the days are getting hot. I will fix up a tonic that will benefit you."

His presence was an elixir to his brilliant young brother. They shared the same room that night, and Lafayette rested better than he had for weeks. James drove him the next morning through shaded forest roads, striving to rouse his drooping spirits with cheerful talk of what he had seen and done during his absence.

When they returned, at ten o'clock, they found the girls variously employed. Jane and Sue were in a remote, shaded

nook in the grounds, playing cards. Mrs. Somerville did not approve of cards, and they had stolen away to indulge in their favorite game of euchre. Ann was assorting old letters, and Katherine looking over a red-and-gilt volume, one of Mrs. Southworth's novels.

Lafayette came in and threw himself on a lounge. His sister went and sat down beside him, saying:

"Here is an interesting book, Fayette—a novel that I brought home with me. Would you like to read it?"

He took the volume, opened it, and turning the leaves, said:

"I don't read novels now, Katherine."

She lifted her eyebrows in surprise. A catalogue of her school lay on her lap. He put the book down and took it, read a part of the curriculum, and was glancing at the names when she pointed to one, saying:

"I did hate that girl; this one I liked, and here is another I just hated."

He closed the catalogue and asked her to tell him about the State House.

"Did she see the slab that marked the last resting place of Strickland, the architect, who built it? Did she go into the Hall of Representatives and the Senate Chamber and the galleries? Did she climb the stairs to the tower and view the city from that point? Did she cross the suspension bridge?"

She answered his questions with running comments, when he closed his eyes as if he would sleep. The perspiration stood on his brow. She took her handkerchief and lightly wiped it, noting the slight, attenuated frame, her eyes filling with tears. What ravages sickness had made on his once robust, athletic physique! She motioned Frances to give her a palm-leaf, and gently fanned him while he slept. Her father came in and stood for some moments looking down on his son, and turned away, sighing deeply.

An hour passed, when he opened his eyes, and seeing her, said:

"Are you here yet, Katherine? I have been asleep, haven't I?"

"Yes, Fayette: I hope you feel refreshed."

"I don't know, Katherine," he said, wearily; "nothing seems to refresh me much. Where is Jim?"

"He is down at his office, I think."

"I believe I will go down there, too," he said, sitting up.

She brought his hat from the table, and called to Ann, who was in the dining-room:

"Come, Cousin Ann; let's go with Fayette down to the offices."

They walked slowly across the grass, Lafayette between them, twirling a small, gold-headed yellow cane. They found James seated under the trees reading a treatise in the *London Lancet* on indigestion. Lafayette sat down on a rocker Henry had brought from the office, and the girls dropped on the greensward. The young physician looked up, a smile on his genial face. He had developed, within the last few years, into a fine-looking man, and the *bon hommie* spirit had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength.

"I hope our drive did not weary you, Fayette," he said; "perhaps we drove too far."

"No; on the whole, I believe I feel better. Katherine has been telling me about the City of Rocks."

"Did she tell you of our visit to relatives who live a couple of miles from the city, near Mill Creek Church—a landmark of the State?" Ann asked, toying with a spray of red roses she had brought from the dining-room, where she had been arranging a vase of flowers.

"No, Cousin Ann. I would like to hear about your visit."

"A niece of your mother lives there. She is Mrs. Whittington, a widow; her son, William, is studying for the ministry—a young man of fine promise. We had a delightful visit at their house. An eminent divine preached at the church while we were there."

"Do you remember the narrow escape you had during a stroll one afternoon?" asked James.

"Indeed I do. We were walking along a railroad track—Katherine, Cousin Jim, myself, and another girl, when we came to a high floored trestle on which we went quite a distance, and then turned back. We were nearing the end of

it, when here came four trucks, each drawn by a mule, rapidly trotting. We supposed they would stop until we could get off, but they did not, and Cousin Jim, who was in front with the young lady, seeing the danger, caught her hand and cried to us as they ran, "Come off here," and sprang out several feet on some rough red clods. Katherine followed them, but I was too far behind. I grasped the situation in time to step on to a broad sill below the rails, crouching low, holding on to some timbers each side of me, and looking down into a chasm forty feet deep while the four trucks passed over me. When I got back on the track Cousin Jim ran and caught my hands——"

"He was just quaking," interrupted Katherine, "and told Cousin Ann she was a heroine."

"I told her the simple truth," said James, looking up from his book.

"She certainly had great presence of mind," said Fayette, smiling. "I am so glad you are all home again."

Ann detached a bud from the spray of roses, and kneeling by the chair, pinned it on the lapel of his coat.

"Could not the drivers have stopped the trucks?"

"Yes, they could," said James, "but they probably wanted to see us make extra exertions to get out of their way."

"Well, if we had been further on the trestle and they had not stopped them, we would not be here now with you, for we would not all have got down on the timbers under the track, which was much deeper than where I crouched for my life."

"You had a narrow escape," said Lafayette. "I am going to join the church, Ann."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the girl, who was piously inclined.

He picked up a newspaper, and was soon absorbed in the speeches of the candidates who were touring the state for Governor. He had heard them speak a month before, and, though wedded to democratic principles, the silver-tongued orator, Mr. Gentry, of the Whig party, charmed him with his rounded periods of eloquence.

James returned to his pamphlet, and the girls went back

to the house, around which the symmetrical oaks threw a cool, dense shade. Beppo, a small, glossy, black dog, Mr. Somerville's pet, came toward them, wagging his tail, his dainty ears laid back, begging recognition. Katherine stooped and patted his head, saying:

"Come with us to the garden, Beppo. We are going to gather flowers for the vases in the parlor."

Ann, with characteristic thoughtfulness, ran into the house for garden scissors and bonnets. They found Amos tying up a rosebush, heavy with bloom.

"We will relieve it of some of its weight, Amos," said his young mistress, snipping off some of the prettiest roses. "Bring a basket for the flowers," to Frances, who was leaving the garden with bunches of lettuce for dinner.

"Aunt Annie says we should have gathered them earlier," said her cousin, taking the sprays as fast as they were clipped.

"Mother is right; but we will put the stems in deep water, and they will keep fresh until tomorrow. We take our siesta just after dinner, and go driving at five—— I wonder where Sue and Jane are——"

"Out in the park, playing cards. Yonder they are, now, coming to the house."

"Cousin Ann, gather some of that asparagus fern while I get these pinks."

Frances took the basket in the house, when Katherine, stroking the dog that leaped with joyous barks against her skirts, saw her father coming to the garden.

"Father, is Canopus here yet?" she asked.

"Yes, he is here, queen; Beppo, find the terrapin."

The dog sprang along the walk, sniffing and nosing among the shrubbery.

"He was here when I was a child. How old does a terrapin get to be?"

"Scientists say they will live fifty years, my daughter."

"That is hard to believe—— Yonder he is, as large as life," she cried, as the creature came creeping along the walk, the dog moving slowly behind him.

"I am glad to see you, Canopus. Do you like fish yet?"

It stopped, turning its queer little head from right to left, as if in search of something, and then crept between her father's feet. She gave it a bit of perch Frances brought from the kitchen. It nibbled at it a little, and then withdrew into its shell.

"It is plain that this is not your reception day, Canopus," said Katherine, with a light laugh. "Come, Beppo, we will go now."

She took one of her father's arms, and her cousin took the other, to the house.

They arranged the flowers in two large vases in the spacious, shady parlor. At dinner, Mr. Somerville sat at his wife's elbow, having given his place to James at the other end of the table. Katherine's place was between her father and Lafayette, and she observed that the latter ate sparingly of the special dishes that had been prepared for him. She was impressed with the change in his manner toward her. There was no gulf between them now. There were no criticisms on his tongue, but a gentleness and consideration for others characterized his words and actions.

The children of the master and mistress of The Oaks were all present except John, who had made a second marriage and removed to the county seat and effected a partnership with a prominent lawyer. There was cheerful talk throughout the meal, but all were conscious that beneath it ran an undercurrent of sadness. Jane and Erskine talked in low tones of their plans for the summer, he telling her of his visit to the capital some months before, of the sights he saw there, and how, on his return, while he was climbing Harpeth Ridge, the horse he was driving got sick, and of his stopping at a place called "Travelers' Rest," and hearing that a man who had spent the night there some time before, being murdered for his money, ten miles distant.

"The horse he rode went back to the tavern; search was made, and he was found dead near the road, hidden behind a log."

"Did they ever find the murderer?" asked Jane.

"Yes; he was arrested in Charlotte, and sent to the penitentiary for life."

"I should think you were glad to get away from 'Travelers' Rest.'"

"I certainly was. It's a lonesome, gloomy place, anyway."

The dessert of lemon custard, apple float, and cake was being served, when Lafayette excused himself and left the table, going out to the seats under the trees. When the others arose, Mrs. Somerville drew James into her room.

"What do you think of Lafayette, my son?"

"He is weak, mother, but he has a good deal of reserve strength."

"Your father and I wish you to go with him to ——— Springs as soon as possible, by the easiest route."

That will be by boat to Nashville, taking the cars to the point nearest the springs, from which we would go in a stage-coach. We will start soon, as I think it is the best thing we can do."

An hour later, the girls, in white negligees, were taking their siestas in cool, shaded rooms.

Mrs. Hardcastle went into the parlor and stretched herself on the sofa, with the novel Katherine had brought, while her mother dozed in her easy-chair, a late magazine on her lap.

James and Lafayette were down at the offices, while Mr. Somerville sat in his favorite place under the trees with Beppo lying at his feet. It was mid-afternoon, when, in a loud, not inharmonious voice, he cried, prolonging the last syllable:

"Lubl—er!"

The sound went over the tree-tops, and to the fields beyond the prize barns, when a light, treble cackle came from that direction.

Again he called, "Luble—r!" and the cackle sounded nearer. He continued to call, and the cackle to answer, coming still nearer at every response.

Th dog heard light movements in the grass, and opened one eye, closing it again.

"Ho, Lubler," said the master; "so you have come for your dinner at last."

A gosling six weeks old came to his feet and began to

swallow the grains of corn he took from his pocket and dropped on the ground, cackling contentedly the while. It filled up to its bill, then shook its head from side to side, disgorging the corn and scattering it so that Beppo retreated behind his master's chair to get away from the flying grains. Quite relieved, it drew one foot up among its feathers and stuck its head under its wing for a nap.

The June afternoon drowsed away; the birds were still in their leafy coverts. The pigeons nestled on the comb of their cote in the shadow of the carriage house, and the martins were still in their box, perched on a tall pole at the back of the kitchen. In the woods lot beyond the park, the flock of geese floated on the pond, and further down, the cows stood in the shallow stream. The very genius of peace brooded over the land.

Katherine woke from her sleep, and rising, threw herself in a chair near a window, gazing dreamily out on the distant woods, where fleecy clouds drifted above the tree-tops. Suddenly the strains of a song from a full, melodious voice came to her ears. It was her father singing under the oaks! How the mellow, rounded notes pulsed in and out among the green boughs! Ann opened her eyes, listened a moment, and came and sank at Katherine's feet, her arm on the latter's lap.

"But methinks a sweeter concert makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion which the angels cannot sing."

Hymn after hymn swelled through the oak boughs. The girls listened, and when the songs ceased, Katherine threw an arm around her cousin's neck, saying:

"It is so good to be at home."

Sue and Jane came in from the adjoining room, trailing their white draperies along the floor.

"Is it time to dress for our drive?" asked Sue.

"Yes, it is nearly five o'clock," replied Katherine. "Which way are we going?"

"Oh, towards town, to meet the people who will be returning home."

When they had dressed and gone down, there were two buggies awaiting them. Ann and Sue got into one, while Jane and Katherine occupied the other, the latter driving. "The Merry Four" were expert equestriennes and good drivers. They swept through the park and out through the great gate that Tom held open. Forest trees grew on either side of the level stretch on which they entered, chatting of current events.

It was the hour when persons who had been to town that day would be returning home, and they met many acquaintances, both on horseback and in carriages. They drove slowly returning, and it was early twilight when Erskine opened the park gate and crowded into a seat between his sister and Jane, gathered the reins, and drove rapidly through the trees to the door.

After supper, Katherine went into the kitchen, and found Milly there, who had come up from Dry Creek.

"Why, Milly," she cried, taking the hand of the negro girl, "I am so glad to see you."

"I'se glad t' see yo', Miss Kaffrine. How purty you is growed!" her eyes wide open with gratified pride and admiration.

"Come upstairs, Milly."

She turned, passed through the dining-room to her mother's apartment, and ran up to her room, followed by her former dusky playmate.

"I laid these aside for you today, Milly," she said, taking two pretty lawn dresses from the back of a chair and giving them to her. "I think they will fit you."

"Yessum! Thanky, Miss Kaffrine; I kin war 'em. Hoopee! but won't I shine 'fo' de nigghehs at meetin' a-Sunday?"

She held one up before her—a sheer rose color—and pranced to and fro in front of the mirror in high glee, her bare black feet showing at every step, when Katherine said:

"Have you any shoes, Milly?"

"Yessum! pap brung me some fum town las' Sadday. I ain't got no stockin's."

"Well, here are some; and here are two petticoats and a

bonnet. The rose-colored flowers on it will go with that dress, and here's a pretty ribbon for your waist——"

"Thanky, Miss Kaffrine, thanky," she said, throwing the things over her arm. She descended to the kitchen in triumph, her nose in the air, ignoring the housemaids in the dining-room, who were setting the table for breakfast.

"Whut a fool dat Milly is," said Frances, putting the knives and forks in place.

"Tell me somep'n I don't know," Caroline said. Lowering her voice, she added, "Sposen I steal a'teh huh an' tek dat finery an' put it in de creek' de hussy! She is sho' to leave it heah at Anice's tonight, an' den come back heah to dress up tomorr'. She nuveh does dress at Dry Creek. You do de wuk heah, an' I'll go——"

"You dare to do that, Caroline, and I'll have you cowhided."

Katherine stood in the door, her eyes blazing, her slight form quivering with indignation. She had followed Milly downstairs to her mother's room, where the candles had not been lighted, and heard the housemaid's threat. Caroline hung her head and went on polishing the glasses; then her native finesse and deceit came to her aid.

"Law, Miss Kaffrine, I wes jes' a-funnin'. Yo' sholy don' think I'd do sech a dogged mean trick as dat——"

"I don't know whether you would or not. I am disposed to think you would if you got the chance. I know you threatened it, and if you do it again, I'll have you whipped for that."

She stood for some moments looking at the cowering offender, and then joined the other girls out under the trees with her father and Erskine, where the former was recounting stories of his soldier life in the Creek War. Seeing that she was perturbed, he asked:

"What is the matter, queen?"

She told of the threats made by Caroline, when he said:

"There has always been a feud between Anice's and Rachel's families, and their children seem to hate each other. While Anice is slovenly and will steal and teach her children to steal, she is much the best negro of the two. Rachel is

smooth, underhanded, and treacherous; never misses a chance to stab in the back, and keeps the negroes at variance with each other all the time."

"She can smile and smile, and be a villain still," spoke up Jacob, who had joined them.

"Yes, she can, and sometimes I have to interfere. Caroline is the true child of her mother, and fully capable of carrying out her threats, if she had not been frustrated in her plan. Milly would not have had the pleasure of dressing up Sunday, in all probability, if you had not overheard Caroline."

"She may disregard my threats and commands."

"No, she won't. She is not going to court a whipping even to feed her hate and envy."

"Listen!" said Erskine, as far over the hills toward the town, a wild melody floated, rising and falling in minor tones on the still, starry night. "Miles and Alfred are getting back from The Point."

The plaintive strains sounded nearer.

"We are a-climbin' up de hills ob Zion, we are a-climbin' up de hills ob Zion,

We are a-climbin' up de hills ob Zion, Jesus rolls de minutes around;

When de Lawd called my fatheh, when de Lawd called my motheh,
When de Lawd called my brotheh, Jesus rolls de minutes around."

"They have made a quicker trip than usual, this time," his father said.

"Grandpa," said Sue, "tell us some more of your soldier stories."

"Yes, please do, uncle," echoed the sisters.

"I was with General Jackson at the battle of the Horse-shoe, so called from its having been fought in a bend of the Tennessee. We were camped not far from a spring, which was exposed to the fire of the enemy; on the fourth day he changed base a little, which drew our scouts away from the spring. One morning, just after breakfast, the second lieutenant proposed to me to go with him there, and called to another young fellow to go, too. I was busy, and told him

I would come directly. They went, and came back before I finished my job. I was rubbing up my gun and pistol—I was first lieutenant—the pistol having failed to go off, and I was overhauling it. When I got them in trim, I stacked my gun, buckled on my pistol, and started to the spring alone. I had got a third of the way, when something said to my inner self, *'Don't go to the spring.'* I stopped, wondering what it could mean—this clear, forcible warning. Some of the boys were coming up the slope meeting me. I turned and went back with them, when it struck me that it was silly for me to give way to my feelings. I started down again, and when I got to the place where I was so mysteriously warned, something said again, with more emphasis than before, *'Don't go to the spring.'*

"It seemed to speak this time to my natural ear, as well as to my inner consciousness. I stopped, and then began to walk slowly down the slope, when the warning came again, clear as a bell, *'Don't go to the spring!'*

"I turned and walked rapidly up the hill, fully decided to heed the warning. When I got to the top, three shots rang out in the direction of the spring. I went down, with a squad of twenty men, and found three men in our regiment had been killed there by Indians in ambush. There were four of the redskins, and we made quick work of them, then and there."

Mrs. Somerville came from James' offices, having left Lafayette, who shared the large, airy bed-room with him, asleep. She lingered long at her devotions that night, interceding for her sick son, and when she sought her couch, after midnight, she lay awake, still thinking of him.

The girls had retired an hour before, and Katherine felt that the day had been a perfect one, save for their solicitude for him. James' cheery, hopeful words reassured her, though, and she soon fell asleep. Ann shared her couch, and Sue and Jane occupied the adjoining room. They were not early risers, and, this morning, which was Saturday, for two hours the sun had been sending yellow lances against the curtained windows when a loud knocking aroused them,

and Katherine was struck dumb with consternation by the anguished cry of her father, coming up the stairway:

"Katherine, Fayette is dying."

They sprung out of bed, thrust their feet into slippers, threw on wrappers, and rushed down to the offices. Katherine, white to the lips, was the last to reach there. Lafayette lay on a bed in the center of the room, one negro boy vigorously rubbing his feet, one stood on either side of the bed chafing his hands, while his mother stood at his head, her slender fingers threading his dark hair. Katherine stopped at the foot of the couch, when her mother spoke: "Trust in the Lord, my son."

"Oh, it's a glorious thing! A glorious thing!" he cried, his face radiant.

Katherine was astounded to see such joy in one who stood face to face with death. It was a revelation to her, his shining face and the words of rejoicing that fell from his lips. At length, he observed her, and said:

"I want you to promise me one thing. I want you to promise me you will never say you hate anyone again."

His voice was tender and appealing. She answered in low, broken tones:

"I promise."

"Thank you," he said, sweetly.

"He is rallying," said James, and signed to everyone except his mother and a couple of servants, to leave the room.

A messenger had been sent to town for John and his wife; they arrived at ten o'clock, and his strong, calm presence was a great comfort to the family. Lafayette, with the assistance of his body servant, had that morning taken his accustomed bath, and started for a walk. He had gone some distance, when feeling his strength failing, he turned back, to find Henry, who, struck by the pallor of his face, had followed him, at his elbow.

"You here, Henry?" he said, surprised, "help me back to the office."

"Yes, Marse Fayette, put yo' arm oveh my shouldeh, and I'll git yo' back easy."

He was exhausted, with no pulse, when Henry laid him on the bed. James administered restoratives, with but little effect, and had the family summoned, believing the end was near. Reaction, however, had taken place, and he sat up part of the day, and insisted, that evening, on going to the supper table. James, under one arm, and Erskine, under the other, assisted him to the dining-room, where, that Saturday night, he ate his last meal with his loved ones.

His mother would have him take a room near hers, and, when he was comfortably in bed, Katherine insisted on watching him through the night. Jane bore her company; they spoke in whispers during the vigil, and when dawn came, he seemed much better and begged them to retire. They stole upstairs in the gray morning, hopeful of his recovery. James called in an experienced physician, in whom he had great confidence. For several days, he seemed to improve; John and his wife went home, and Jane and Ann returned to Oak Hall. But the change was deceptive. He grew worse, and would have no one about him but the immediate members of his family. Katherine watched him through the long, weary days, and several times through the night, alone. Sometimes the tears ran down her face, which she vainly tried to conceal, when he would shake his head and say: "Don't do that. Don't do that."

He was very patient. Toward the last, he did not want a light in his room, and John would sit the night through, his finger at his pulse, with nothing but the stars to light the gloom, the insistent song of the katydids filling the silence. Oh, those long, weary days and nights, while the young life ebbed away! How the parents agonized over their most gifted, brilliant one, going out from them in the morning of his life, rainbowed with such promise! There was a revival in progress at a neighboring church, of which he had heard James speak. August had come, and early on the morning of the third day, he said to him: "I am going to church today."

At eleven o'clock, the hour when the services began, his spirit winged its flight to the church triumphant. His

mother held his hand until the end, then quietly went to her room, sustained by Him who had long been her refuge from every storm. Relatives and friends, from far and near, came to the funeral, and followed the remains to the family burying-ground, a mile distant.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MERRY FOUR—WAR.



KATHERINE'S mourning robes were very becoming, and she had many admirers, some fortune hunters among them. New carpets and some new furniture replaced the old, and a fine piano was brought to The Oaks. She gave much of her time to music, and at night, her brothers would gather in the parlor to listen to the strains her flying fingers evoked from the ivory keys. Frequently John and his wife came out for a few days; he was a good violinist, and Katherine enjoyed playing accompaniments for him. She sang well, especially ballads, "Tom Moore," being one of her favorites. Often, when at the piano, she would see George, who was now the carriage driver, at a window. She knew he wanted her to sing "Tom Moore," and she always gratified his wish.

The period of mourning having passed, she went much into society. Balls and parties, in her own and other towns, picnics and house-parties at country residences, claimed her, and the other members of "The Merry Four." Gentlemen, from distant towns, would frequently drive to The Oaks to escort her and Sue to some fete or ball. One little city, some twenty miles distant, was a center of intellect, wealth and refinement. Many statesmen had been born and bred there, among whom was a congressman, a United States senator, and two governors of the state. Samuel Haviland, poet and lawyer, resident there, paid marked attention to Katherine. Passionately fond of dancing, her ball dresses were works of art. Sue and Jane kept equal pace with

her. Ann entered into the gaieties, but not with such zest as the others.

"Here comes 'The Merry Four' "

They often heard that expression, when, dressed in the height of fashion, leaning on their escorts, they entered a ball-room, and people craned their necks to get a look at them.

Mary Moore was now a beautiful, accomplished girl, to whom Dr. Somerville gave especial attention. She smiled on the handsome young physician, and people said it would be a match. She had lost her mother, when but a child, and the father doted on the half orphaned girl. Katherine and Sue made visits, once a year, to Oak Hall. "The Merry Four" made the place ring with song, and dance, and laughter, even drawing Ben, the bright, taciturn, young son of the house, into their games and festivities. It was June, and the *elite* of the county was on the *qui vive* about a grand ball to be given in the town hall, by a circle of young ladies of which Sue and Jane were members. They had gone to town to assist in the decorations, leaving Katherine and Ann at The Oaks. The former, as usual, was anxious to attend the ball. For some days, she had been nervous and depressed, and on the morning of the ball, she felt very uncomfortable. Still, she decided to go, and, that afternoon, she and Ann drove in to her brother's residence. Later, Erskine came, and found her very nervous.

"Let's not go to the ball," he said, "I will stay here with you."

But, she was not to be persuaded, and insisted on being dressed, though scarcely able to stand. It was a brilliant assemblage. She entered late, leaning on her escort's arm. She had promised Erskine not to dance, but disregarded her promise, and walked through a cotillion with her escort, danced a schottishe, and waltzed once around the great hall. Finding she was scarcely able to sit up, she retired to the dressing-room, and sent for Ann and her brother. Ann asked her to wait fifteen minutes, and she would go with her.

"I can't wait a moment," she said, "please make my excuses to Dr. Arrivale."

Erskine took her home, and they were met, at the door, by John's wife, who assisted her to undress and get to bed, doing every thing possible to make her comfortable. Erskine lay on a pallet by her bed. She spent a sleepless night, and, the next morning, was driven to The Oaks. She was sure she would never pass that way again; sure she was going to die. She was prostrate with low, nervous fever. Her mother took her place in the sick room, remaining there day and night. The anxious faces around her augmented her dejection. The thought of her parents' grief, if she should die, crushed her, and the awful conviction that she was unprepared, weighed like a nightmare on her soul. How she prayed God to spare her, uttering the Psalmist's vow:

"Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto God."

How the devoted ones hung over her! How their prayers scaled the skies, for her recovery! Inquiries came every day about "Miss Kaffrine" from the quarters, and Amy exhausted her skill in preparing delicacies to tempt her to eat, with loving insistence. Mrs. Hardcastle spent much of her time at The Oaks, and Sue lived in the sick-room during the first weeks of her illness. Dr. Wood, the family physician, was called in, and his cheerful presence was a tonic to the sick girl. She knew that crises in fevers frequently occur in a fortnight from the first attack, and she was haunted with the idea that she would die in that time. She set a day and an hour for that event, which was a Friday, between the hours of ten and twelve in the morning. The day came, finding her fearfully depressed, and scarcely able to raise her head from the pillow. But the morning passed, and she still lived, and from that time she slowly grew better, but it was September before she was able to drive out. Ann and Jane came up from Oak Hall, and "The Merry Four" were again united. But Katherine did not regain her wonted strength; she was nervous, fanciful, and often depressed in spirits. Still, she went into

society again, attending receptions and balls, forgetting the solemn vows she had made on a sick bed. Some months before her sickness, Katherine had met a gentleman, a native of New York, who, having lost his mother when a child, had come south in his boyhood, and by the time he had reached man's estate, he had become imbued with southern ideas and principles. He was handsome, energetic, ambitious, well read, a good talker, but somewhat dissipated. He owned a lucrative business, in a neighboring town, and moved in the best circles, his most intimate friends being prominent and influential. She found him agreeable, and it was pleasant to dance and talk with him. He transacted some business with her father, and made a favorable impression on him. He sent her fruit, flowers, and books. After some months, she found herself thinking of him, and looking forward to his visits with an unwonted degree of interest. Finally, she woke up to the knowledge that she loved him. There was an English gentleman, by profession a civil engineer, seeking her hand at the same time. She had a hard struggle to decide between the New Yorker and the Englishman. The latter, who had been ten years in the United States, was a handsome man, with dark, glossy hair, expressive black eyes, and clung tenaciously to English ideas and mannerisms. He owned a fine estate in Wales, and his profession brought him a good income. His widowed mother lived on the estate, whom he visited every two years. He sent Katherine books and copies of *The London Times*. It was the dream of her life to visit the Old World—to see London, Paris, Rome, Venice and Berlin, and these were promised, if she would accept the hand of Mr. Clarendon. He was self-assertive, opinionated, and sometimes offended her southern ideas of propriety, and she halted long between two opinions. The other man, though the odds were heavily against him, knew better how to press his suit with that delicate *finesse* and tact, that has such a charm for a sensitive woman. When it first dawned on her that she loved him, that mysterious sixth sense, which we call prescience, assured her that John Garland would seek her for his wife. Loose marriages and

divorces were not in vogue then, as they are now. There was a sanctity about the marriage tie, which today is unknown to many who enter into it. Katherine regarded it as a solemn sacrament, and not to be lightly assumed. It was for better, for worse, for time, and eternity. Frivolous, thoughtless, and imperious as she was, there was a deep serious vein in her nature, into which the gold of her devoted mother's teaching and example, sank deep. Mr. Clarendon was temperate, cool, calculating. Mr. Garland was impulsive, generous, fascinating, and indulged, at long intervals, in his cups. Finally, the struggle between love and ambition closed, with the rosy-winged god coming off victor over the hoary old Titan. Katherine exacted a solemn promise from her betrothed; he was to eschew his cups, henceforth and forevermore. It was readily, trippingly given. And so they were afloat on love's full golden tide, with her mother's and John's disapproval, her father's and James' approval.

The chancellor, of the ninth division of the district, resigned, and the governor of the state appointed John to fill the unexpired term. Mr. Haviland was commissioned by the governor, to carry the news of his appointment to him, and on his way, he stopped at The Oaks, to see Katherine, and made an engagement to escort her to a grand ball, in the little city where he resided, to which she and Susan had invitations. The ball came off on the evenings of the first and second of May, when the world was *en fete* with bloom and fragrance. It was a gala occasion, and Katherine was the acknowledged belle of both evenings, in all the glory of tulles and roses. Calls from young ladies and gentlemen, and drives and dinners, filled up the three days of her's and Sue's visit, Mr. Yorkville, a promising young lawyer, being the latter's escort. The last day of their stay, during a drive, Katherine took with Mr. Yorkville, he confirmed a rumor to the effect that Mr. Garland had been in the town, recently, in a state of inebriety. She introduced the subject, herself, he seemed loth to tell her, but finally said the report was true. Soon after her return home, her betrothed called, and she told him what she had heard; he did not deny it, and she withdrew her promise of marriage.

Joseph Clark, a prosperous young merchant, was paying his addresses to Ann, having met her while the sisters were visiting at Grasslands, the hospitable country home of their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. James Saville, in another county. Lavinia, their eldest daughter, made her *entree* into society, during their stay. At the same house party, the laughter loving Jane captivated a prominent physician.

Months passed, before Katherine again met Mr. Garland, then his serious, reserved demeanor, and appealing eyes touched her heart. He again began to give her thoughtful, delicate attentions, and by his tact and gallant manner, made an ally of Sue, who said to her, one day:

"I am so sorry for John Garland, he is so sad, it breaks my heart to see him."

But the greatest ally he had was Katherine's own heart. She smiled on him again. He renewed his promise to leave alone the wine cup, she renewed her troth to him, and they were again afloat on love's golden tide, Cupid at the helm, his silvery wings catching the light, and reflecting it on their hearts—the light that never was on land or sea. Since her illness, she had never quite recovered her health, and plunging again, as she did, into society, the strain had shattered her nerves, making her fanciful, given to moods. Their vows were renewed in April, and the wedding set for September. The summer passed, and as the time approached, but for her frail health, she would have postponed her marriage, would have kept her belleship longer. Feeling that she had but a little while to live, she decided to marry the man she loved, and live that little while with him. But for this, the marriage would not have been solemnized that golden September day. It was a quiet home wedding, only the near relatives and a few intimate friends being present. Six weeks before, Ann and Mr. Clark had been married, and they were present, enjoying their second honeymoon, more delightful than the first. She, with others, wondered why Katherine had married John Garland, when she had suitors superior to him in wealth and intellect.

"She is proving the truth of the maxim, 'Love goes where

it is sent,' " she said to her husband, when they were alone in their room.

Immediately after the ceremony, the bridal party drove into town. Katherine never forgot the sad look on the sweet face of her mother, when she said good-bye to her. Mr. Garland's friends gave a grand ball, in the great town hall, that evening, which was attended by the *elite* of the county. After receiving Mr. Seawell's gift, Katherine insisted on writing to him some four times every year, that is, she insisted on James writing for her, until she could write well enough, herself, to correspond with him. The hundred dollars, drawing interest, had almost doubled itself, and she used it to assist in purchasing her wedding trousseau. Mr. Garland and his wife lived some months at the hotel, and then took a pretty house in the suburbs, furnishing it attractively. Negroes from The Oaks, were their domestics, Kate, one of Anice's daughters, a favorite of Katherine's, was among them. The parlor in the southern wing was rarely ever used. For a month, there had been no fire in it, and it had rained a great deal. The slaves' rooms were detached from the house. Late in March, at two o'clock one morning, the master and mistress were aroused by Kate at their door, crying:

"Marse Jack, Marse Jack, de house is afiah!"

They sprung out of bed, and Mr. Garland followed the negro out of the house to where the flames were gaining headway under one of the south parlor windows; there were small pieces of kindling which showed them to be the work of an incendiary. The negroes—there were three on the place—were slow in bringing water from the well, despite his commands to them to hurry. The alarm was given, and the yard was soon thronged with people. Much of their household goods was saved, but the residence was soon in ashes. Kate wanted to go back to The Oaks to live, and Katherine always believed she had set the house on fire.

She had been measurably happy in her attempts at house-keeping, measurably happy since her marriage, although her husband had returned home, once, intoxicated. They were not altogether congenial, he cared little for society

after marriage, not so, Katherine, who, after a year and a half, recovered her health, with the birth of a son. They returned to The Oaks, after their house was burned, and it was there, in the month of May, he was born. Motherhood was a mighty revelation to her. She did not know there were such depths in the human soul as she sounded when first she saw her child. All other loves paled before it. She forgot God, in her worship of him. She observed, that, before he was a month old, he would awake, in his little crib, from sleep, quivering, nervous, gasping for breath. Her mother and sister took entire charge of him until she recovered. After that, she spent many sleepless nights, stilling his cries, though Angeline, the nurse, was faithful; still, he thrived and grew. The father was happy at the advent of his son, and everyone on the plantation was proud of Katherine's boy. Sue named him Arthur, and the mother added James.

Long before his birth, she knew the country was in a turmoil, being in the throes of a presidential election, and that South Carolina had, on April twentieth, 1861, seceded from the Union, at the election of Abraham Lincoln, and that five other states had followed her lead, Tennessee being one of the five. When but a child, James had told her of his visits to Briarfield, describing, with all a youth's enthusiasm for statesmanship and military glory, the man who had won laurels in the Mexican War, and his lovely, gracious wife. She knew that this man, February eighteenth, had been inaugurated president of the Confederate States, at Montgomery, Alabama, and that in May, the Confederate government had been removed to Richmond, but she never realized that war was really on hand, until she rose from her bed, the first of July, and found that thirty thousand troops were encamped at a town twenty-five miles away. Though on April twelfth, Sumter had been fired on, and the fifteenth of the same month, Mr. Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand troops, she had not realized that it surely meant war. Mr. Garland stood with his adopted state, and her parents and brothers, except James, were in full sympathy with the South. When, on July eighteenth,

the battle of Bull Run, or Manasses, was fought, resulting in routing the Federals so signally, a wave of joyous enthusiasm swept over the entire South, and Erskine, who had often expressed a wish to join the army, determined to go. Mr. Clark enlisted, leaving his wife and little son of three months with his parents, forty miles from his command. Jane was making her home with her cousin, Mrs. Saville, and her marriage, with Dr. Henry Bethel, was to take place in the autumn at Grasslands, whither Sue, one of the bride's attendants, went some weeks before the wedding. Katherine and Mr. Garland, the child and the nurse, in company with Mrs. Hardcastle, drove to Grasslands, the day before the happy event. Ann and Katherine met for the first time since the marriage of the latter, and compared and admired the respective baby charms of their boys, Edgar and Arthur. It was a beautiful wedding, and "The Merry Four" had delightful reunions at the receptions which followed. Erskine had enlisted, and a few days after they returned to The Oaks, he left for his command, Miles going with him as cook and body-servant. It was a sad household when the youth of twenty-two left for the seat of war. James was located in town. Every branch of business was paralyzed. Some months before, New Orleans had surrendered to General Butler's rule, and Mr. Somerville's hogsheads of tobacco remained in his barns. A buyer offered him a large price in gold, which was at a premium, for his tobacco as it stood, but he refused to sell. Erskine was transferred to Columbus, where, November second, the battle of Belmont was fought, the inmates at The Oaks listening, with bated breath, at the booming of the cannon, sixty miles away. James believed the South had been precipitate in plunging the country into war, and that Mr. Lincoln, who in his inaugural address announced that he "had no purpose, nor no right, to interfere with the institution of slavery where it existed," meant what he said.

February sixteenth, 1862, Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, fell, and in a few days later, Nashville was in the hands of the Federals, many of her leading citizens being incarcerated in the penitentiary. The battle of Shiloh was

fought the following April sixth and seventh, the forces on both sides, numbering a hundred thousand men, over twenty thousand being slain, among whom was Lieutenant Clark, Ann's gallant husband.

The following summer, Erskine was transferred to General Bragg's command, which marched through Tennessee and Kentucky, nearly to Louisville. Falling back to Perryville, October eighth, he engaged the Federals under General Buell, in which action both sides claimed the victory. Erskine was wounded in the engagement, and as soon as the news reached The Oaks, James went to bring him home. He found him at Harrodsburg, kindly cared for in a refined, hospitable family. The young soldier's clothes were much the worse for wear, and as soon as he could travel, they started home, stopping at Paducah to purchase an outfit for him, arriving at The Oaks the latter part of the month. Words cannot describe the feelings of the home circle, when James came, accompanied by his young brother. Katherine, at first, could scarcely realize it for very joy.

With Erskine's return, The Oaks blossomed out again into gayety with song and dance and games. Sue was there, with her quips and jests and unfailing good humor, to welcome the merry coming guests and speed the parting ones.

John Garland was building a new house in a magnificent grove half a mile from The Oaks, and Katherine loved to stroll there with Erskine and talk with him of the stirring times. They were taking a turn in the park one day when she said:

"Toby" (she always called him by his pet name) "don't you suffer on marches when it rains or is cold and you have no tents?"

"Oh, no," he answered, with characteristic bravery; "a wet blanket is warm and comfortable."

His furlough lasted through the holidays, and the time sped swiftly, bringing the hour of his departure. It was Sunday, the last day of the year, that he bade them good-by and started for his command. His mother succumbed—an unusual thing for her—and went to bed in her darkened room. Katherine, Sue, and the latter's mother wept in

shadowy corners as he went out at a side door and sprung into a buggy, drawn by two horses, driven by James.

General Forrest, with his cavalrymen, had been in the neighborhood for several days, and Jacob had enlisted and gone away.*

Ann, who had spent the month of December with Katherine, had gone to Grasslands, and it was a forlorn party at The Oaks that New Year. Katherine kept closely at home during the winter, trying to cheer her parents, and reveling in the budding charms of her child. She forgot the commandment, "Make not unto yourselves idols," but bowed down continually to her beautiful little idol of flesh and blood.

Mary Moore was a frequent visitor. Her presence was restful, soothing in times of loneliness and suspense; her ennobling influence followed Katherine through life.

About this time a Federal division passed through the country, taking cattle and horses. Many horses and mules were taken from The Oaks, which, however, were returned through Dr. Somerville's influence, who had been appointed provost marshal of the county. The negroes, as a rule, behaved well.

The Federals had taken Paducah, and family supplies had to be brought in wagons from that point. The spring advanced, and the usual May ball was given in town, which Mr. Garland and Katherine attended. But the old-time zest for such places was, for her, a thing of the past. The brilliant costumes, the music, laughter, chat, and dancing,

* Forrest, "The Wizard of the Saddle" was born in a hut, and had but few educational advantages, but his military genius was Napoleonic. He raised command after command, only to have them taken away from him. He was the victim of the envy and spite of superior officers, because his exploits in the field, handicapped as he was, so far transcended theirs. His strategy in war, and the celerity with which he moved his troops from point to point, was wonderful. What a power he would have been to the Confederacy had his ability to command been recognized by its leaders! Mr. Davis, riding in the funeral cortege of this great soldier, when asked by a friend who knew Forrest why he had not given him a large command, answered sadly: "I did not know of his military prowess. I thought he was only a raider."

struck inharmoniously across her consciousness. She danced cotillions, refused to waltz, and left early, feeling that it had been a failure.

Mr. Garland, the next morning, started to Paducah for supplies. She had a lonely drive home, but the thought of getting back to her child cheered her drooping spirits. She reached there at noon, and when he came running from Angeline to her, she felt that one hour with him was worth all the balls in the world. It has been said that she was measurably happy since her marriage. That she was not happier was, perhaps, her fault. Wayward, petted, impulsive, and exacting, perhaps she expected too much. Certainly she was, in some measure, disappointed, though she never would have acknowledged it, and, with true wifely spirit, sought to conceal any fault of her husband's. She soon found that he did not sympathize with the aspirations that swayed her soul. He was kind, and her parents came to regard him almost as a son; her brothers loved and trusted him, all of which he was fully worthy; but Katherine knew, while she loved him, that he did not measure up to the complement of her nature.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OAKS IN THE SIXTIES.



THAT afternoon, when she had taken her siesta and the shadows were lengthening, she left the child with Angeline and went alone into the park for a walk. Breezes, laden with the breath of wild violets, came up from the woods, clothed in the tender foliage of May. The park was vocal with song of birds. Spring was her favorite season, and she exulted in the yearly resurrection of leaf and blossom. But to-day she felt strangely depressed. What regrets were these tugging at her heart? There was no fragrance in the air for her, no beauty in the scene before her. She sat down under a tree in a remote, unfrequented spot, thinking of Toby, exposed to hardship and peril every moment. Toby, who had never spoken an unkind word to her! Her playmate brother! How heartless she had been to go to that ball, to go among scenes of revelry, while he was baring his youthful brow to the deadly bullet! Bitter anguish had possession of her soul. She prostrated herself in prayer. Then her spiritual vision was unscaled, and she saw herself a sinner—lost, ruined, without God and without hope in the world. Her heart, with its vanity, pride, hauteur, and selfishness, was like a cage of unclean birds laid bare before her! The searchlight of truth revealed it to her—revealed the heart that in her blindness she had thought so good. Tears rained over her face while she used every form of petition of which she was capable. Twilight fell, and she arose and went, with slow, heavy step to the house. She could scarcely eat or sleep, so deep and bitter were the

floods her soul was passing through. She continued in this state for three days, speaking of it to no one.

One morning she went to the piano and tried a new song. It was a dirge—a lament for one dead. Her movements were mechanical, lifeless. She had ceased to struggle, ceased to pray; there was nothing more that she could do. Her fingers moved mechanically over the keys; she even essayed to sing—did sing one line, when her unscaled spiritual eyes saw a sight at which the universe has stood in wonder ever since it was enacted, nearly two thousand years ago. She saw One hanging on a cross, dying for her—dying that she might be redeemed from hell! Instantaneous, unspeakable joy filled her soul. She rushed upstairs to a lonely, vacant room, and fell on her knees, happy tears streaming, the language of her soul:

“Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?”

A soul was born that May morning at The Oaks into the kingdom of God!

A month later, Katherine was sitting at a window commanding a view of the park, when she was startled by a horseman in blue uniform galloping past the window to the back of the house. In a few moments the park and lawn were filled with Federal troops. The commander, whose name was Harrison, and who claimed to be a Kentuckian, told them to search the house for money and jewels, and they went into every room, ransacking drawers and turning up beds, in quest of booty. A man broke open Mr. Garland's secretary, and finding there a roll of bank bills, sat down on a bed, and, counting them in his wife's presence, coolly stuffed them in one of his pockets. Her father started across the lawn to James' office, when he ordered him back with an oath at the point of his pistol. Taking possession of the parlor, the commander stretched himself on the sofa, while a squad went to the house of which Mr. Garland was superintending the building; he had presence of mind to conceal his purse in a pile of shavings. Some of the belongings of the negroes were taken, much to their disgust. During the war, many commands, passing, stopped at The Oaks, but none of them ever went through the house, ransacking

drawers and beds and robbing the inmates. It was left for this Kentucky regiment to do such things! A report afterwards went abroad that the troops did not belong to the regular army—that they were bushwhackers. For the honor of our grand old sister State, let us hope so.

John had removed his family to his country place, two miles from The Oaks, and George hastened to warn him that “de Yankees wes a-comin’.” Several saw him hurry away, and following, overtook him just as he reached the house, and pretending that they thought he was a spy, were about to shoot him, when John interfered and succeeded in persuading them to let him alone.

Erskine’s regiment had been transferred to East Tennessee, where he had been promoted to a lieutenancy in General Wheeler’s cavalry. In the autumn, James enlisted as surgeon in the Confederate service, his views having undergone a radical change since Mr. Lincoln’s proclamation to free the negroes. Jacob was a prisoner at Rock Island. Mrs. Hardcastle’s eldest son, James, was with General Cheatham’s division, and for months there had been no tidings of him.

Guests often came to The Oaks, enlivening the tedium of the days. Addie Rosser, resident in town, the daughter of a leading citizen of the county, often made one of a house party invited by Sue, who was the life of the place. She was regal looking, with bands of chestnut hair shading an intellectual brow, great, dark eyes, even, pearly teeth, and a captivating smile. Her literary tastes made her a favorite with Katherine and Mrs. Somerville, and she often left the gay company to talk with them and to listen to the latter descant on the causes of the war, she herself having a brother in the field with Wheeler.

The health of the master of the house was perceptibly failing. He seldom stirred abroad, but sat in his easy chair before the fire, with Beppo at his feet. The dog would follow him whenever he moved, distressed if he got out of sight.

Erskine was in the battle of Chickamauga, which was fought September twentieth, 1863, and a month of fear and

suspense passed before tidings of his safety reached The Oaks.

The winter closed in cold and gloomy, and the inmates drew nearer to each other in that time of stress and trial. The child was the light of the household, his innocent prattle dissipating the loneliness that would otherwise have invested their anxious hearts.

Tidings of a battle in which the Federals were victorious would reach them, and then would come news of a Confederate victory; thus they vibrated between hope and despair as to the final outcome of the war. In those days, Mr. Garland was a source of great assistance and comfort to the family.

In mid-winter Katherine was taken seriously ill, and after a fortnight of weary watching at her bedside, a daughter was prematurely born. For days her life hung in the balance, and Mr. Garland would scarcely leave the room for his meals. Her father was very ill also, and the husband and the mistress of the house sometimes wondered which one would be the first to go.

Federal troops passed through the country, stopping at The Oaks in a snow storm, taking all the stock except a cow and a broken-down mule, and would have taken all the provisions had not Mr. Garland influenced the quartermaster to stop his men from entirely looting the store-rooms.

Katherine rallied slowly. It was in the latter part of February, when she was able to be propped up with pillows, that her mother came into her room in great distress, having heard a report that Erskine was killed. She refused to believe it, and succeeded in partially reassuring her mother, begging her not to believe a flying rumor in which there might not be any truth.

With the opening of spring she was able to drive out, and in May Mr. Garland went to Louisville, having secured business with a firm in that city. In the meantime the news of Erskine's death had been confirmed. He had been sent in command of a detachment, with orders to hold a bridge against the enemy, on Christmas Eve. Seeing that it was impossible, he ordered a retreat, and in crossing an open

space in the moonlight, where some box cars stood on a railroad track, he was shot by some one concealed in one of the cars. His men went the next day under a flag of truce for the body of their brave lieutenant, and carried it twenty miles into the Confederate lines at Mossy Creek, where it was laid to rest. Thus went out one of the choicest, bravest spirits that fought in the Lost Cause. His colonel said of him:

"Lieutenant Somerville was brave as a lion and true as steel. He was always ready, always cheerful. Nothing could dampen his courage."

Before John Garland left for Louisville, Dr. Somerville had resigned his place as surgeon and returned home. He was devoted to Katherine's boy, saying he "knew he could never love a child of his own better than he did him." Blanche, the little girl, was delicate and pretty, with violet eyes and dark, silken ringlets. Letters from Mr. Garland came as regularly as the mails would allow.

One Sunday morning in July, Katherine went out in the grounds to where Angeline had taken the children. Blanche, now five months old, wearing a sheer white slip, her face shaded with a dainty lawn bonnet, sat on the nurse's arm. The young mother spoke some loving words to her, when the violet eyes deepened and a fleeting smile rayed over the little face. It was the last smile she ever gave her mother. In an hour she was stricken with cholera infantum. James was hastily summoned, but with all his skill could only palliate her malady. Just after midnight her spirit passed away. Arthur, of three years, wept bitterly over his dead sister. In her bereavement, Katherine's Christian spirit upheld her, and she was enabled to say, "Thy will be done."

A month later, one afternoon she and Sue went to the Quarter and strolled through the old, sweet-scented garden, gathering pinks and chamomile, and talking of the sad changes that had taken place within the past three years. They then went, at Patsy's call, to the little table under the cottonwood trees, and partook of the meal of bread, butter, fried chicken, and sweet milk, she had spread for them. It was the last meal Katherine ever ate at the Quarter.

They were slowly walking along the familiar road, returning, when they met a white man on horseback, who informed them that a negro regiment was in the neighborhood. Terror-stricken, they ran on as fast as they could, meeting Andrew at the park fence.

"Don' yo' be skeered, Miss Kaffrine," he said; "yo' an' Miss Susan. De head men is white, an' dey'll make de niggers 'habe deyselves. I'm gwine t' talk t' 'em about it now."

They hurried through the park, while he went toward the barn, where some white men in blue uniforms stood on the ground, holding their horses, which were cropping the grass.

Mr. Somerville had improved during the summer months, and had just left his seat under the trees and gone into the house, attended by George, when they reached the door.

In half an hour, Andrew came to say that the officers had assured him that the soldiers should not come near the house.

"I think dey's a-leavin' now," he said.

John and his family had returned to their town house, and his mother was there on a visit when the negro regiment came. Three of the officers went to his residence and courteously requested that dinner be prepared for them, to which the lady of the house assented. They went away, to return in a couple of hours, when three uniformed negroes came and demanded dinner. She refused them, saying:

"Three of your officers will dine here today."

"But dey is eatin' dinneh now," they persisted, "in de cou't house yard," and took seats in the kitchen, regarding her insolently.

"Dinner will be held for them, at all events, and it is my wish that you leave these premises," said the lady of the house.

They glared at her and still kept their seats. Finally, to the relief of the household, the officers came. John's mother met them in the hall.

"Three of your troops are in the kitchen, demanding dinner," she said, "and their manner has been very discourteous to my daughter."

One of them went out, and the negroes left at once, the spokesman of the party narrowly scanning the windows of the house.

Mrs. Somerville's room adjoined that of her son and his wife. The family retired at the usual hour that night. The noise of the streets subsided, and the household was soon asleep. She awoke and heard a clock strike two, and again fell asleep, when she was roused by something touching her shoulder. A dim light was burning in the room. She threw out her hand and struck the arm of the negro spokesman of the previous day. She sprang up indignant, crying:

"Clear out from here, you black scoundrel."

"Hsh! Hsh!" he said, in a sibilant whisper, and quickly escaped through the window by which he had come.

Springing to her son's door, she opened it, crying:

"John, one of those good-for-nothing negroes has been in here."

Instantly the house was in commotion, but he had made good his escape, the moon shining brightly having facilitated his plans. He had raised a window opening on a gallery, propping it up with a stick, leaving his shoes on the outside. She had heard him gather his shoes and run.

There was no more sleep that night for the household. John lost no time in reporting the circumstance the next morning, and the negro, in company with another who had broken into a dry-goods store, was kept tied up by the thumbs for several hours.

After receiving tidings of the death of his little daughter, Mr. Garland wrote to his wife, begging her to join him as soon as possible. She regretted to leave her parents, but felt that duty called her to her husband, and James and Sue were at The Oaks with them.

It was the beginning of September that she said good-by to her father, who was then confined to his bed, and went with her mother to the carriage that was to convey her and her son to town. Mrs. Somerville's parting words were characteristic of her devoted spirit:

"Trust in the Lord, my child."

Early the next morning she started with a party of friends in carriages for Paducah. Miss Minta Barfield, a sweet, attractive girl, who had frequently visited The Oaks, and

whose brother was a major in the Federal army, was among the party. All the company were Unionists except Katherine, and the man who was conducting them made a detour of several miles to avoid a town where soldiers were stationed, fearing they might detain her.

They reached Paducah the next day, just as the cannon boomed to announce the sunset hour, and drove to a hotel, where they made themselves comfortable for the night.

Katherine had some misgivings about procuring a passport, but the officer in command knew her family, and issued it for the asking, the following day. A man at the hotel was soliciting passengers for a boat, and she, with her child and Miss Barfield, went aboard the vessel that night, bound for Cairo. The accommodations were meager, and as they steamed up the river, they were nervous, ill at ease, distrusting the captain and his officers. They did not undress, but sat up all night in their state-room, listening to the boat's machinery and the puffing of the smokestacks. Katherine wore a pretty gold watch—her father's gift—and the man who had induced them to take passage on the vessel came several times to ask what the hour was, which she believed to be a ruse, thinking he had some sinister designs. However, if he did, they never developed. She and Minta breathed more freely after they had passed Mound City, where a number of gunboats were anchored. They reached Cairo some hours after daylight, and were glad to go ashore, taking the train at noon. Several Federal officers were aboard. One was a portly, elderly, solid-looking man, who sat across the aisle from them.

At Carbondale, the wife of a noted general came aboard. She was of medium height, with brown hair and eyes, and dressed in brown cloth. A hard-featured woman, apparently forty years old, accompanied her, whom she introduced as "Miss Boardman" to the portly, elderly officer, adding:

"She is very enthusiastic about the war, General; very enthusiastic."

The general nodded slightly, and proceeded to look out of the window.

Minta got off at Vincennes that evening. Arriving at Centralia, Katherine changed cars for Louisville. She was happy to be with her husband again, and he welcomed her with the old-time fondness of their honeymoon days.

After a short stay in the Falls City, they went to Buffalo, and proceeded to a small town, a suburb of the city, where Mrs. Larue, a sister of Mr. Garland, resided, whom he had not seen for twelve years. The Larues were wealthy. Two of their six children were girls. The eldest, Frances, was the wife of a physician who had been appointed assistant inspector of the port of New York. Eva was a little girl of seven years. The eldest son, Frank, was married, and lived on a farm. The other boys, Edwin, Orville, and Fred, were in school.

Politics were discussed but little. Mr. Garland would at times express his views about the war and the causes that led up to it.

Katherine knew her husband had never shown that appreciation of her accomplishments that they deserved, and she found, during her stay among his relatives, that it was not because he was incapable of it, but because he lacked the disposition. Here was an incentive for him to exhibit it. Pride in the attainments of his southern wife, that he loved to see displayed before his people, prompted him to show his appreciation. And she exerted herself to gratify his pride.

A sister of his had died two years before, and her husband, Mr. Van Cleve, had married again. They had an enjoyable visit at their handsome country home among the picturesque hills of Western New York. Mrs. Van Cleve was a model hostess, and her husband was the only one with whom Katherine drew a political lance during her stay in the Empire State. He was a gentleman of the old school, courtly in manner and fond of chess, and they aired their opinions over fallen knights, captured castles and queens, and checked kings, with great good humor. For a month there was a round of visiting and dining, and then they took rooms at a private boarding house near Mrs. Larue's residence.

Katherine soon found that the people about her, while they were well-informed, and had strong opinions, knew nothing

about the war. Those who had no loved ones in the army had no conception of what war meant, and those who did, had but little.

She received letters regularly from The Oaks. In November, a long, loving letter, such as he only could write, came from John, with news of her father's death. He had gone to the Better Country in the triumphs of a living faith. Arthur was a great comfort to her in her homesickness and bereavement.

Christmas came, with wind and cloud and snow. Her thoughts went back to The Oaks in heart-breaking memories as she sat in her room, thinking of a vacant chair there, of a newly-made mound at the burying-ground, and of a lonely grave at Mossy Creek. She hugged her boy close to her heart, while she watched the great white flakes falling, falling, noiseless, ghostly, veiling her windows, shutting off outside views; shutting her in with her child and her grief from all the world. Mr. Garland's business called him away, and she was much alone. In such hours she would pray, striving to get close to the great, compassionate heart of Christ in her sorrow and loneliness. The hope still held her—it always holds—the hope that blossomed forth in her soul that May morning at The Oaks as she sat at the piano. And though she had never made a public profession of her faith, she knew she "had passed from death unto life, because she loved the brethren," and delighted to hear about the things that pertain to the kingdom of God. She came, in after years, to see what a wrong she did herself, what blessings she had foregone by not confessing faith in her Redeemer before the world.

Ah! how the snows fell! snow upon snow! until she grew weary looking at the great white veil—grew unspeakably weary of the gray skies and white drifts, while she thought of the sunny slopes about The Oaks in Tennessee!

Bulletins from the South had been confirmed, that Sherman had reached Savannah, having left a swath of devastation twenty miles wide on his march to the sea. People she met were sufficiently considerate not to vaunt themselves

and boast of victories in her presence, and though her heart was cast down, she wore a brave front to the world.

Mr. Garland's father, who lived in Michigan with his son Charles, came on a visit. He was a well-preserved gentleman of seventy years, with the step of a man of thirty, straight as an arrow, urbane and kindly. He would take Katherine and her boy sleighing in a dainty cutter, carefully tucking the great buffalo robes about them, and talk interestingly of by-gone days when, to him, the world was young. Snowdrifts were packed against the fences, quite concealing them, a slight rise indicating where they were, over which the horse and cutter swept, the silver sleighbells making merry music on the frosty air.

As the winter advanced, Katherine lost all hope for the Confederate cause, Columbia, Charleston, and Wilmington being occupied by the Federals in the month of February. She began to wish the war would close and stop the bloodshed, the pillage, the terrible scenes enacted in her beloved Southland.

Blinding snows fell in March, and bitter, biting winds swept in from Lake Erie, chilling her whenever she went out for a walk with her son, so she remained most of the time indoors, reading, sewing, writing in her journal, and amusing him with stories and games. April finally came, with blue skies, white, drifting clouds, a breaking up of the ice, a melting of the snows. They had decided to go to Michigan on a visit to Charles' family before returning to The Oaks. Mr. Garland adjusted his affairs, farewells were said to his relatives, and they went to Buffalo the evening of the third to find it illuminated, bands playing all over the city, and the people shouting and jubilant over the news that Richmond had fallen.

The next morning they took the cars for Niagara, where, securing a guide, they visited the Falls and all the points of interest on Goat Island. On the American side were immense icebergs taller than the houses, caused by the spray from the Falls freezing as it fell. They ascended the stairs that wound about the tower over the Falls, and found such fierce winds playing around the balcony that they were glad

to come down again. Since then, the tower has been taken away.

Taking rail across Suspension Bridge into Canada, they reached Detroit at midnight, *en route* for the town in southern Michigan where the brother lived, whom John Garland had not seen for more than a decade. It was a happy reunion. Delia, Charles' wife, was an admirable woman. Two children, Martha and Charley, blessed their union. It was a delightful home, where Christian courtesy, piety, and filial obedience were ever in the ascendency. The atmosphere in which Katherine found herself was exceedingly pleasant. The scripture readings, the prayers offered morning and evening by the aged father or son, were very grateful to her homesick soul.

Charles was an enthusiastic Union man. At the beginning of the war, when Mr. Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, he enlisted, retiring at the specified time—three months. Soon afterwards, a report that Richmond had fallen caused great rejoicing. An old cannon in the town was brought out and charged with powder, which he insisted on being allowed to fire. It exploded, throwing him several feet, and he was taken up for dead. Physicians were on the spot; he recovered consciousness and was taken home. It was found necessary to amputate his right arm above the elbow. He had also lost one of his eyes. It affected Katherine to tears to see this maimed, scarred man reading from God's word and offering prayer and thanksgiving morning and evening in the home circle. And Delia's Christian example made a lasting impression on her.

One morning when Katherine, her husband, and his father were strolling in the spring sunshine about the environs of the picturesque town, the latter related a psychological circumstance.

"When Charles' arm was amputated," said he, "I myself wrapped it in linen, put it in a box, with the elbow bent, and buried it at the back of the garden. A day or two afterwards, he said his right arm felt uncomfortable. He was very restless, and could hardly stay in bed. Finally he asked:

"'Father, did you bury my arm in a bent position?"

"I told him that I did, when he said :

" 'That is why it hurts me. I feel as if I want to straighten it.' "

"That afternoon, I left Delia at his bedside, and, without speaking of it, I went to the garden, took up the box, prized it open, and straightened the arm. Delia afterwards told me that I had been gone but a few minutes when he said :

" 'Delia, father is straightening my arm.' "

" 'What makes you think so?' she asked. 'I did not know about it.' "

" 'I know,' he said, 'and it feels quite comfortable now.' "

The town was suddenly thrown into consternation, one day, by dire news that flashed over the wires from the National Capital. President Lincoln had been assassinated. The grief and indignation of the people were something terrible. Katherine sought her room and wept. She had watched the good man's course—the man who had bitterly complained of the pressure being brought to bear on him by fire-eating demagogues, who hated the South for standing by her sacred rights guaranteed her by the Constitution, and she knew that the best, most powerful friend her beloved Southland had, lay dead. In her heated fancy, the foe, with sword in one hand and torch in the other, would ravage and devastate the whole South as Sherman had devastated the twenty-mile swath in his march to the sea. He knew the war was virtually over, and there was no necessity for him to make war on defenseless women and children, allowing his troops to pillage and burn homes, leaving them helpless and destitute, on his famous (?) march to the sea.

A few demagogues in the North asserted that the assassin was in the confidence of Southern leaders, but no sensible person gave it a moment's credence. The South bowed her stricken head in sorrow over the death of the good, grand man. She knew that his great, strong spirit would have stood as bravely as possible between her and cowardly, fell oppression. But the blow was struck, and she lay prostrate at the feet of her enemies, her most powerful friend dead. Memorial services, which a vast concourse of people attended, were held in the open air. Katherine was present,

and many in that great assemblage, with bitter, blatant tongue, had no conception of the genuine sorrow that bowed down her heart.

A week after the memorial services, the brothers, accompanied by their wives, drove some fifteen miles distant to visit old scenes and friends and relatives. The brothers occupied the front seat, Charles adroitly driving with his left hand. There were many places to go, many friends to see, and they were absent over a week. After their return, Katherine and Delia were sitting one morning on the front gallery, talking of the turbulent times, when the former said:

"If a negro should come in at that gate, Delia, what would you do?"

"Why, I should run," was the prompt reply.

"Then you are afraid of them?"

"Indeed, I am. I want none of them about me."

"And you would not take one of them by the hand——"

"Not for the world."

Katherine smiled and fell into thought, while the hostess went to attend to some household duties.

"Here is this good woman," she mused, "anxious that the negroes be lifted up, yet she would not suffer one of them to enter her presence if she could avoid it. What mighty inconsistencies we do find in this world!"

Some days passed, when good-bys were said in the gray dawn, and Mr. Garland, with his wife and little son, took rail for Chicago, arriving there in the afternoon. Toward sunset they strolled about some of the thoroughfares. The courthouse presented an imposing sight, draped in black and white bunting, thousands of yards from the lofty dome to the foundation, being artistically arranged, and the cool, steady breezes from Lake Michigan flowing in and out the draperies, seemed to be wailing a coronach for the dead President.

Taking a sleeper for Cairo, where they arrived the following afternoon, they went aboard a steamer at nightfall, and in a few hours reached Mills' Point. The stage-plank was thrown out to a narrow strip of land, the river having encroached on both sides of it until two could scarcely walk

abreast on it. The night was dark. The light of a lantern gleamed in the gloom, and as the plank was drawn into the boat, a voice said:

"Hotel, sir? Watch out how you step; the path is narrow, and you might fall into the river."

Mr. Garland, who was carrying the child, said:

"All right; lead the way and we will follow."

Katherine stepped carefully behind her husband, and in a few moments they were safe on shore, and soon reached the hotel "under the hill."

On arriving, they heard that marauding parties from both armies infested the country, and waited a day or two, undecided whether it was best to go on or not. Katherine insisted on her husband remaining there while she and the child proceeded to The Oaks. He finally consented, and secured seats for them in a vehicle owned by a man to whom he had leased his plantation before leaving Tennessee, and who was driving through to The Oaks.

They arrived at the county town about sunset, and drove to John's residence for the night. She sat up until a late hour, talking with her brother and his wife, but that did not deter her from getting an early start the next day.

It was a Sabbath morning that she drove along the old familiar road home. The park was beautiful, clothed in the verdure of May, bird songs filling the air. No one saw them as they turned in at the gate and drove through the trees to the lawn. Descending from the vehicle, she told Arthur to wait outside a few minutes, drew down her veil, and ran up the steps to her mother's room. Mrs. Somerville was standing at a bureau, her back to the door.

"Good morning," said Katherine, in an assumed voice.

Her mother turned, and, seeing a stranger, as she thought, demurely said:

"Good morning, ma'am."

"Oh, mother, don't you know me?" cried Katherine, throwing back her veil and catching her in her arms.

"Why, ef heah ain't Miss Kaffrine!" Amy said, rushing in and giving her a motherly hug.

Sue had driven to church, and James had been called off to see a patient.

Mrs. Hardcastle came, bringing Alice, now seven, and her little sister, Daisy, of five months.

It was a joyous surprise for James and Sue, when they returned and found Katherine and her child had come. As they gathered around the dinner table, thoughts of the missing ones—the father, Jacob, Lafayette, and Erskine—were in their hearts. No word had come from the eldest son since he was taken prisoner.

Though so many were gone, it was a rest to Katherine's soul to be at home again. The next day she went for a walk in the park with Arthur, not yet four years old, who, thoughtfully surveying the scene, said:

"We live here, don't we?"

Precious memories were busy at her heart, as, holding his hand, she walked along the paths and loitered in the familiar places she had so often frequented with the loved ones that were gone.

Missing her father's pet dog, she asked, on returning to the house, what had become of him.

"He is dead of grief, my daughter," her mother replied. "After your father died, he would not eat, coax him as we would. Jona told me one day that Beppo was crying for his master. I looked at him closely, and found tears were stealing down his face and dropping on the hearth. Poor Beppo! he shed tears that way, off and on, for a week, and then died. We buried him in the garden under the pear trees."

One afternoon she drove to the cemetery and returned at twilight. James missed her, and found her in the garden at Beppo's grave. He took her hand and drew her in to the supper table, and after the meal they went into the parlor, and she played and sung some of the old songs of happier days. Seeing George at a window, she sung "Tom Moore," and observed that he furtively drew his coarse shirt sleeve across his eyes, thinking of the times "Marse Erskine" had listened with him to that song, thinking of "marsteh" and the others that were gone, to come back no more.

Sue played and sung sweetly, and she and Katherine rendered duets quite effectively. James hung over the piano, calling for the songs he loved.

During her absence, James Hardcastle had been killed in an engagement.

There were only ten negroes at The Oaks. Patsy and Rachel were still at the Quarter.

Tidings of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox had been confirmed, and soon soldiers, ragged and barefoot, were returning to their homes, many to find them in ashes. But the royal womanhood of the bleeding, broken South spread a rich banquet of love and honor for the returning heroes, and, though reared in luxury's lap, bared white arms and kept pace with those heroes in rehabilitating their country, despite the fact that "Congress made a whipping-post of her, inflicting upon it every humiliation that malignity could devise."

Then came the news that the South's fallen chieftain had been captured, of the outrages and humiliations heaped upon him by his captors, of his incarceration in gloomy Fortress Monroe, and of fetters being put on the hero of Monterey.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAVENHURST RESTORED.



It was six weeks after the surrender, and the June sun lay in golden lines on the grassy slopes and green groves around Havenhurst. There was desolation on every hand. The once stately, well-kept park was over-run with weeds, and noxious vines made a network so thick that it was difficult to traverse the winding walks. General Grant's soldiery had taken away the statuary, the basins where the fountains had played were filled with dead leaves, their marble rims broken, and instead of the Victoria Regina, that once blossomed in regal beauty in the largest one, a snake lay coiled in it, in a cluster of deadly nightshade. No graceful deer trooped beneath the umbrageous boughs now. No peacocks spread their gorgeous plumage in the grounds. And the once stately home had been looted of its luxurious furniture, carpets, draperies, its chest of gold-lined, richly-chased, solid-silver services, and shipped North to furnish forth a home for the ruthless foe. The broad fields lay idle, the negroes scattered. Three hundred went into the Northern army. Some few, aged and infirm, were at the quarters, eking out a scanty living from the soil.

Simon Crow's mother had died a year before hostilities began, and he begged the privilege of following "Marse Guy," who had enlisted at the outbreak of the war. His plea was granted, and his dog-like love and faithfulness to his young master was affecting and beautiful to see.

Guy was with General Richard Taylor's command, and the first year of the war had been brevetted to the rank of

Major for gallant action at Bull Run. He and James had corresponded until the close of the second year of the war, when his regiment was transferred to the Army of Virginia. The Halliday brothers were in his regiment; Kirk was captain of a company, and Lee first lieutenant of another. They were brave, tried, and true. For gallant conduct at Fredericksburg, Guy had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel, and when Vicksburg was captured, his mother and Alicia went to Richmond, where his father held a government position near the President.

Colonel Haven led his regiment of cavalry into the hottest of the fray at the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness. The third day of the Spotsylvania battles the brave young hero met his death while storming an embankment. His remains were sent to Richmond, attended by Mr. Beverly, chaplain of his regiment, who had led him to Christ in the camp. The sorrow of his young wife was beyond the power of words to tell. His body was wrapped in a Confederate flag and temporarily placed in a vault, it being hers and his parents' wish to have him interred at Havenhurst.

They were still in Richmond when the hero of the Confederacy surrendered at Appomattox. A writer thus describes him:

"Of all the men I have ever seen, he was best entitled to the epithet of 'distinguished,' and so marked was his appearance in this particular that he would not have passed unnoticed through the streets of any capital. Reserved almost to coldness, his calm dignity repelled familiarity; not that he seemed without sympathies, but that he had so conquered his own weaknesses as to prevent the confession of others before him. His soldiers revered him, and had unbounded confidence in him, for he shared all their privations, and they saw him ever unshaken of fortune. Not only was he destitute of a vulgar greed of fame; he would not extend a hand to welcome it when it came unbidden. He was without ambition, and, like Washington, into whose family connection he had married, kept duty as his guide. His wonderful defensive campaign in 1864 stands with that of Napo-

leon in 1813. From the moment Lee succeeded to the command of the army in Virginia, he was *facile princeps* in the war, towering above all on both sides as the pyramid of Ghizeh above the desert. Steadfast to the end, he upheld the waning fortunes of the Confederacy, as did Hector those of Troy. Last scene of all at his surrender, his greatness and dignity made his adversary but a humble accessory, and if departed spirits be allowed to take ken of the affairs of this world, the soul of Light Horse Harry rejoices that his own eulogy of Washington—"First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen"—is now, by the united voice of the South, applied to this noble son."

The mansion was dismantled; doors stood open, some hanging on one hinge, some entirely gone, and last year's dead leaves rustled in the vacant rooms. The bare windows, with panes broken, some with the sash gone, stared blankly at the desolation without. The library and the great drawing-rooms, with the paper hanging in shreds from the walls, their moldings and friezes, the elaborate grill-work of the arches between them, whence had hung draperies from Oriental looms, demolished, made them appear more desolate than any other part of the house. The summer sun blazed in at the windows, as if in mockery of the desolation within.

A carriage, with two horses driven by a negro, wound laboriously through the park, trampling weeds and vines, and stopped before the entrance. A hand reached out and unfastened the carriage door, and Cyril Haven got out and assisted his mother and Alicia, both clad in deep mourning, to alight. No word was spoken by them of the dismantled home. They slowly went through the lower rooms, and then mounted the front stairway to the upper apartments. Alicia entered alone the rooms which she and Guy had occupied during their brief wedded life, and gently closed the doors. They were the rooms he and James had used. Not a vestige of furniture was in them. She stopped in the doorway connecting them, looking first into one, then into the other, her white, slender hands pressed hard against her heart. Then she went to the window, through which James had looked out on the moonlit grounds, an unaccountable

gloom on his young spirit. How often she and her lover husband had sat together on the broad window seat, his arm about her and her head on his shoulder! She knelt, resting her elbows on the sill, and mutely clasped her hands toward the blue sky that seemed to mock her tearless agony. She had not wept since the terrible news came, but had gone about with the look in her eyes of some dumb, hunted creature.

"Oh, Guy!" she murmured, "where are you? do you not see your Alicia? Your sweet mother says you are not dead—only the dear body in which you abode is dead for a time, and that you, Guy, the part of you that loved me—that made this earth so bright for me, and that I worshiped so, is not dead. Oh, Guy, if that is true—if you are in God's universe, come to me—assure me that you are here with me."

The dry, violet eyes looked still at the blue heavens.

"Oh, Saviour of the world, who wept at the tomb of Lazarus, let Guy's spirit come to me. All things are possible with Thee. Let Guy's spirit come to me."

Imperceptibly to her, but very surely, an ineffable calm begun to steal over her anguished heart. Her eyes filled with tears and fell unheeded on the window seat. Gradually a deep, sweet peace came into her soul, an assurance that Christ had granted her prayer—that Guy's spirit was with her and would wait for her at the Beautiful Gate till her summons should come, and they would be reunited forevermore. Then came the thought:

"To whom am I indebted for this peace of soul, this assurance of a happy life hereafter?"

Clear as a bell the answer came to her deep, inner consciousness.

"To the Son of God, who loved you and gave himself for you."

The light of divine truth flowed into her soul, and the look of stony grief she had worn when she knelt gave place to one that transfigured it with a holy resignation and a peace uncomprehended by the world, because it is heaven-born.

Long she lingered there, her soul drinking at the fountain of Life. At length she arose and went out to find Guy's

mother awaiting her in the upper hall alone. One glance at the transfigured face revealed to her that Alicia had found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write.

"My daughter, my sweet daughter," she said, catching her to her bosom; "praise the name of our precious Redeemer, in whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning. I have proved Him these many years, and have always found Him faithful."

They had left Captain Haven in Richmond, important affairs claiming his attention, and had come to Havenhurst to plan its rehabilitation.

Their coffers were depleted, having given largely to the Confederate cause, but there were funds sufficient to restore the grand domain to its former state of comfort and luxury.

Madame De Valence had died a year before the war closed, leaving a large landed estate, and it was Alicia's wish to assist in the work of restoration of Guy's home, and Lady Grenoble had sent her mother a generous cheque, requesting her to expend it on the home of her childhood. De Valence Court had been occupied by officers from the time of the capture of New Orleans by the Federals, and before they left, they had had the furniture, plate, statuary, and everything of value, packed and shipped North. Besides other real estate, Captain Haven owned several residences in Vicksburg, and Cyril had preceded the ladies to have one of them put in order for their occupancy until Havenhurst should be ready to receive them.

They went down to the carriage to find the coachman dozing on the seat.

"Wake up, Simon," said the young man; "we are going back to the city now."

"All right, Marse Cyril," springing down and opening the door. "I heah yo' gwine fix up de ole place. I wants teh come heah an' live wi' yo' all, please, seh."

"Just as long as you like, you shall live here, Simon."

He followed the ladies into the carriage, closing the door after him. The negro mounted to his seat and gathered the reins, laughing to himself: "I gwine to be mistis'

coachman, I is; an' won't I cut a dash befo' de niggehs heah, an' de place fixed up fine as it wus befo' de wah?"

He wound carefully along the weed-grown drives, and reaching the road dashed into it with a flourish. Marie stood at an upper window when they drove to the door. She and Florette had followed their owners through the vicissitudes that had attended them since the outbreak of the war. Cyril gave personal supervision to the work at Havenhurst. Carpenters, plasterers, paperhangers, were put to work on the house, and an army of negroes, under an overseer, was in the park and grounds removing debris, weeds, undergrowth, and grading the walks and drives. Finer fences and gates than the former ones enclosed the park, and a landscape gardener was employed to decorate the grounds. Another army of negroes was hired to clear up the fields, build fences, and fix up the cabins and sheds at the quarters. Many of them were Captain Haven's former slaves, many of them from other plantations. When spring came again, the family removed to Havenhurst, which had blossomed forth with even more than its old time loveliness and luxury. Deer again trooped in the park; costlier statuary, selected in Italy by Lady Grenoble, gleamed in the verdure; more fountains were playing, and a finer *Victoria Regina* bloomed in the great basin, while rich, creamy magnolias shed their fragrance on the air. The conservatory had been enlarged and held a greater variety of choice plants than before. A brother of Madame De Valence, resident in New York, had looked after her finances, and at her death a large sum of money was placed at Alicia's disposal in one of the banks there.

In a corner of the park, there was a beautiful, retired spot, enclosed with iron railing, where lay the first born of the house; the small grave marked with a marble slab, telling of a son, aged five, having passed away many years before. It was shaded with live oaks, the walks were graveled, and fringed with blue daisies, heliotrope, and mignonette, where birds sang the livelong day. To this spot, one morning in May, they brought Guy's remains from their temporary

resting place in the vault in Richmond, and laid them beside the tiny mound. Mr. Beverly conducted the burial service. When the company of mourners left the cemetery, Alicia looked back, and saw Simon Crow kneeling beside her husband's grave.

CHAPTER XIV.

RECONSTRUCTION—BEREAVEMENT.



MR. GARLAND'S business took him much of the time into town, so he removed his family there, occupying a large house, with pretty shaded grounds. A branch of the Freedmen's Bureau had been opened in the place, and he went there to hire servants, going through formulas, for which, the man who had the Bureau in charge, received a fee.

Branches of the great Freedmen's Bureau located in Washington were all over the South, and in connection with it, at the seat of government, a bank. "It was of importance to teach the freedmen, unused to responsibility, industry and economy, and the bank was to encourage these virtues by affording a safe deposit for their small savings, and the Christian soldier of the United States was especially selected to keep the money." A writer says of that period:

"Great as were the sufferings of the South during the war, they were as nothing compared to those inflicted on her people after its close. Extinction of slavery was expected by all, regretted by none, although loss of slaves destroyed the value of the land. Existing since the earliest colonization of the South, the institution was interwoven with the thought, habits, and daily life of both races, and both suffered by the sudden disruption of the accustomed tie. Bank stocks, bonds, all personal property, all accumulated wealth, had disappeared. Thousands of houses, farm buildings, work animals, flocks and herds, had been wantonly burned, killed or carried off. The land was filled with widows and orphans crying for aid, which the universal destitution pre-

vented them from receiving. Humanitarians shuddered with horror and wept with grief for the imaginary woes of the Africans, but their hearts were as adamant to people of their own race and blood. Blockaded during the war, and without journals to guide opinion and correct error, she was unceasingly slandered by her enemies who held every avenue to the world's ear. Famine and pestilence have ever followed war, as if our Mother Earth resented the defilement of her fair bosom by blood, and generated fatal diseases to punish humanity for its crimes. But there fell upon the South a calamity surpassing any recorded in the annals or traditions of men. An article in the *North American Review*, from the pen of Judge Black, well describes this new curse—the carpet-baggers—as worse than Attila, scourge of God. He could only destroy existing fruits, while the modern invention of public credit, those caterans, stole the labor of unborn generations. Divines, moralists, orators, and poets, throughout the North, commended their thefts, and bid them Godspeed in spoiling the Egyptians. These carpet-baggers swarmed over the South, instigating the negroes to shameless acts, and the whites killed them, and this was to be expected. The breed, to which those whites belong, has, for eight centuries, been master of the earth wherever it has planted its foot. A handful conquered and holds in subjection the crowded millions of India. Another and smaller bridles the fierce tribes of South Africa. Place but a score of them on the middle course of the Congo, and they will rule, unless exterminated, and all the armies and all the humanitarians cannot change this, until the appointed time arrives for Ham to dominate Japhet.

Three-fourths of a million negroes were given the right of suffrage in the South, and with carpet-baggers swarming in her borders, instigating them to deeds of lawlessness and crime, white women were afraid to go about the country as they had done before and during the war. Then, a lady thought nothing of driving miles, alone, with a negro coachman on the box; now, it was not safe at all to go about alone. But the people of the South should ever remember

that no instance of any outrage occurred during the war. Their wives and little ones remained safe at home, surrounded by faithful slaves, who worked quietly in the fields until removed by the Federals. This is the highest testimony of the kindness of the master and the gentleness of the servant; and all the dramatic talent prostituted to the dissemination of falsehood in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and similar productions, cannot rebut it."

A statesman and soldier, who was a lieutenant-general in the Confederate army, and warm personal friend of Mr. Davis, went to Washington to intercede with President Johnson in behalf of the illustrious prisoner. He thus describes his visit:

"Presenting myself at the 'White House,' I was ushered in to the President, a saturnine man—who made no return to my bow, but, after looking at me, asked me to take a seat. Upon succeeding to power, Mr. Johnson breathed fire and hemp against the South; proclaimed that he would make treason odious by hanging traitors, and ordered the arrest of General Lee and others, when he was estopped by the action of General Grant. He had now abated his wolfish desire for vengeance, and asked many questions about the condition of the South and the temper of the people. * * * In a second interview, he heard the wish I had so much at heart, permission to visit Jefferson Davis. He pondered for some time, then replied that I must wait and call again. Meanwhile, an opportunity to look upon the amazing spectacle presented at the National Capital, was afforded. The things seen by the pilgrims, in a dream, were, at this Vanity Fair, visible in the flesh. All such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, states, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as hawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, greenbacks, pearls, precious stones, and what not. The eye of the inspired tinker had pierced the darkness of two hundred years and seen what was to come. The martial tread of hundreds of volunteer generals, just disbanded, resounded in the streets. Gorged with loot, they spent it as lavishly as did Morgan's buccaneers after the

sack of Panama. Their women sat at meat, or walked the highways, resplendent in jewels—spoils of Southern matrons. The camp followers of the army were here in high carnival, and, in character and numbers, rivaled the attendants of Xerxes. Courtesans swarmed everywhere—about the inns, around the capitol, and in the antechambers of the 'White House,' and were brokers for the transaction of all business."

Of conditions, two years later, he says:

"Vast fortunes were acquired by new men, destitute of manners, taste or principles. The vulgar insolence of wealth held complete possession of public places, and carried by storm the citadels of society. Indeed, society disappeared. As in the middle ages, to escape pollution, honorable men and refined women—and there are many such in the North—fled, as it were, to sanctuary or desert."

There was a pretty wedding at The Oaks the winter after Katherine went to town to live. Sue married Mr. Jesse Glenrose, a gentleman in prosperous circumstances, and went to reside in a town in an adjoining county. He was one of eight brothers, six of whom went into the Confederate service at the beginning of the war, and were noted for their bravery, faithfulness, and integrity, and returned, all of them, to their home, without having received a scratch through the whole four years. Dr. Somerville leased out The Oaks, opened his office in town, and he and his mother came to live with Katherine. Amy did not wish to leave the plantation, and said tearfully:

"Mistis' it's yo' dats a-leavin' me. I ain' a-leavin' yo', but yo' is a-leavin' me."

George went with them, and served as carriage driver for his mistress and office boy for James. Katherine said to him one day:

"George, what ever become of Lubler and Canopus?"

"Law, Miss Kaffrine, de goslin, when he got grown, went off wid de geese an' got him a mate. De tarrpin, we neveh did know jes what 'come o' him. Afteh marsteh died, we missed him. Me an' Amos an' Tom hunted uvehwhah fur 'im—in de gyarden, de o'cha'd un' uvehwhah, but neveh

seed no sign o' 'im. Somebody mus' 'a' lef' de gate open, an' he got out."

Her home was a rendezvous for the young people. Mary Moore and James were now just good friends, and he was paying court at the shrine of Miss Barfield.

John had filled the position of chancellor of the division with such ability, that when peace was made, he was chosen by the people at the general election without opposition. He was thoroughly conservative, free from prejudice, patient, forbearing, and possessed a strong sense of justice. Ever mindful of the great responsibility resting upon him, he discharged the duties of his office without fear or favor, deciding cases on their merits alone. Five sons were born to him of his second marriage. John, a bright child of five, and Thomas, three years old, disappeared one summer afternoon, and could not be found. Their mother was frantic. The Judge started a horseman to an aunt of theirs, living seven miles in the country, thinking they might have gone there. Half an hour later, the sun then setting, he followed the horseman. Inquiring at a farmhouse, he found that they had passed that way. Night fell, and he hurried on, meeting the horseman returning with the news that they had reached their aunt's at dark. At home, the next day, John reported that "we dot so tired, we des cried." They had purses, each containing forty cents, and when asked if they had been compelled to stop at some house for the night, what they would have done, John answered:

"We would des a paid our money. Aunt Bettie was des as dood as dold to us, when we dot dere."

"B' Don toted me on he back," said Thomas; "we stop to det water, an' de gou'd so dutty, he wouldn't drink."

After her mother came to live with her, Katherine joined the church, and one Sabbath May morning she drove with friends to the river, four miles distant, for baptism. They held sweet communion with each other, talking of their treasures laid up in heaven, during that time, where moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Thus, two peaceful years passed. Then fever laid

her mother low, and she, who had fought the good fight, went home to receive the crown of glory, laid up for her by the righteous Judge. Three days before her departure, Katherine wished to know how she who had lived so close to Him was feeling, face to face with death, and asked her:

“Mother, is the Saviour near and dear to you, now?”

Promptly the response came:

“Yes; I could praise him, but have not the breath.”

At these words, peace, like a river, filled the daughter's soul. Two weeks after the beloved form was taken to the cemetery at The Oaks, a son was born to Katherine. Her nurse sickened and died in the house before she recovered. The child lived two months. In this season of trial, she found that Christ was, indeed, to her, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Arthur, then six years old, and little John, were almost inseparable. Mr. Garland had a government office, which took him from home much of the time, and the children whiled away for her many a lonely hour. He sometimes became intoxicated, remaining so for a week, though still capable of attending to business. At such times there seemed an immense gulf between them. Then a month, a year—sometimes years, would pass, without his touching strong drink again. She read much—romance, history, poetry, held her frequently long into the night when the others were asleep.

Miss Barfield's family had removed to a distant city, and the summer following his mother's death, Dr. Somerville brought Minta home, a bride. She was intellectual, companionable—a conscientious Christian, devoted to her husband. Katherine gladly welcomed her as a sister. She was graceful, slender, delicate, very fair with blue eyes, and curls black and glossy as a raven's wing. In disposition, she was guileless and trusting as a little child. Unalloyed bliss is not allowed in this world. If you have it, be sure a cyclone of sorrow is on your path. In less than two years Minta had faded, as a flower, and was borne to the cemetery at The Oaks, leaving an infant daughter less than a year old. James staggered under the stroke, and

five months later, he too, was suddenly called away. Katherine was dazed, dumb with a sorrow that no plummet could sound. His life had been so filled with good deeds, so helpful to the poor, going to them with no expectation of recompense. Everybody, black and white, loved him. John, who was away at one of his courts, came, to find his only brother dying, never to speak to him again. It seemed as if all the county came to view his remains. Never before, and never again, will such a funeral cortege go to the burying-ground at The Oaks as followed Dr. Somerville to his last resting place. Mr. Garland was absent, and Katherine sat, stricken into stone, the heavens black. God had forgotten her. Why had He cut off her brother from his wide sphere of usefulness, and left so many others living trifling, unworthy lives? There could be no justice in it. Deep called unto deep in that midnight of her soul. Her husband came afterward; he could no more enter into her feelings, no more sound the depths of her sorrow, than he could have raised her brother from the dead. And yet, he was a kindly man, honorable and upright—a faithful friend. She loved him, and did not blame him for not measuring up to her soul's requirements; she had long ago found that he could not do it, long ago ceased to expect it. His first words, when he came and saw her so crushed, were:

"What is the matter?"

And the sun for her blotted from the sky! Her brother James dead! But he did not know. He could not. He loved the little girl; his own little girl's death had hurt him sorely, and he loved the little Ethel. Katherine could not pray. God had hidden His face, and she was rebellious. Her brother's death was a mistake. Cut off in the prime of life; in the midst of his usefulness. It was a mistake. She did not wish to be resigned, submissive. She never expected to try. Poor Katherine! only a babe in Christ. The blow had partially stunned her brain, hurt her reason, though people did not know it. And God was merciful. The little girl grew. Oh, so like her father! Katherine taught her to say "mamma," "papa," to her and to her husband. He was often stern, forbidding, to his son; always tender and

affectionate to the orphan girl. To make amends for his austerity, Katherine was over-indulgent to Arthur. But his father loved him, was ambitious for him, and proud of his progress at school. As he grew older, sensitive, nervous, he shrunk and withered under reproofs his childish foibles provoked, and was glad when his father left home—sorry when he returned. She recalled her frail, nervous condition, previous to his birth from which, at that time, she recovered—and she knew that she had precipitated that nervous sensitiveness on her son. A sad heritage for him.

Later, she eschewed novels, poetry, history, and began to read works on ethics and philosophy. Descartes's, Jouffroy's, Darwin's, Hume's, and Huxley's works, and Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," were on her center table. She liked Carlyle's bitter, carping style; his sneering cynical philosophy. She was unhappy, and began to wonder if the story was true that the shepherds told in the Judean valleys nearly two thousand years ago. There was an accomplished daughter of a statesman, and wife of a prominent lawyer, who had been a gallant officer in the Confederate service, living over the way. She was Katherine's intimate friend, and sought to draw her away from the books that were having such a deleterious effect on her, saying: "Their arguments prove nothing; they can go so far and no farther." The companionship of Mrs. Erlanger, that Arthur, in his boyish admiration, declared was "the most beautiful woman in the county," was to Katherine as a draught of fresh, spring water to a thirsty traveler. Her ready wit and buoyant, sunny spirits, made her a favorite with all classes.

Katherine, like a boat loosed from its moorings, tossed about on a sea of doubt and speculation, began to read works on spiritualism, Watson, Robert Dale Owen, and others, and grew still more unhappy and unsettled. A year passed thus, when, an eminent divine, dining at her house, the conversation turned on that subject. He was a personal friend of Dr. Watson, who he said, "a year or two before, had started the publication of a magazine, and asked me to subscribe for it."

"I will," said I, "on the condition that you put as much of Christ in it as possible."

He readily promised. The first number was full of Christ, and had in it no spiritualism. The second had less of Christ and more of spiritualism, and so on until the twelfth number, which had none of Christ and all spiritualism. They will not go together. Spiritualism is anti-Christ."

One day after that Katherine was alone in her room, her soul torn with conflicting doubts and fears. She walked up and down, her hands pressed to her throbbing temples, for an hour, and then stopped before a window and looked out at the sky, serene and beautiful, over which soft, white cirri were drifting. At length, she turned and knelt at her mother's armchair, saying aloud, in broken tones:

"I will return to my mother's God."

She lingered there long, and rose, little comforted. That evening she took her long neglected Bible and read a portion of it. She continued to do this daily, and to petition heaven for the restoration to her soul of the joys of salvation. At length, light and peace came. She was sure that, if she had not been settled in her belief before she began the study of German and French philosophies, she would have made shipwreck of her soul. When a series of religious services were in progress, she would attend them and be spiritually benefitted, but when they had closed, she would after a few days, go from the Pisgah heights whence she had gotten glimpses of her heavenly inheritance, and find herself on the same plane on which she had stood before the meetings. This continued, and she, observing the walk and lives of other Christians, concluded that it was the best God had for his people. True, she found such texts in Holy Writ, as:

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us, by his Spirit."

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

But she thought they were for the disciples and preachers, not for her. And so she strove to be content with her meager spiritual attainments. Financial difficulties sometimes embarrassed her husband, and to supplement their income, she took some piano pupils. He had a keen insight for business, was resourceful, and recovered from embarrassments rapidly, and but for occasional lapses of intemperance, would have amassed a fortune. He was genial, popular in business circles, his integrity gaining for him many friends, none more staunch than Judge Somerville, who had opposed his marriage to his sister. He was reserved, self-contained, and loved home; his austere, forbidding manner to his child was a grave fault, of which he seemed to be unconscious. Once he came home after a week's absence with several oranges, all of which he gave to Ethel in his son's presence. Of course, he got some of the oranges, but his father had ignored him in their bestowal, for which, when they were alone, Katherine remonstrated with him. The next time he divided the oranges between them. When he had gone away, the boy said, wistfully:

"Do you suppose he thought of me when he bought the oranges, mamma?"

He and John grew up companions, and were both exceptionally bright, leading their classes in school. Arthur was nervous, quick, impulsive, and John cool, phlegmatic, and thoughtful.

Mrs. Hardcastle, after a long illness, died, and Alice and Daisy made their home with their sister, Mrs. Glenrose. Mr. Hardcastle soon followed his wife, and the boys left the farm, scattering to different places. The two eldest went to Arkansas, Benjamin emigrated to Texas and married, while Albert graduated in medicine, and built up a lucrative practice in an old, aristocratic town. Katherine, disappointed in many things, thrown back on herself,

longed for expression. At college, she had frequently written her room-mates' compositions, and laughingly declared she was "going to be an authoress, some day." She had heard of the unhappy homes, of some authors, and resolved it should not be so with hers; resolved that the comfort of the home circle should be her first consideration. She enjoyed her chosen work; it relieved, in some measure, the hunger of her soul. Ann Bell, Judge Somerville's daughter, now a young lady, came to live with her. She was a social favorite, and her presence served to enliven the home. Mr. Garland had built a new residence on one of the most desirable sites of the town, and furnished it tastefully. Evergreens and shrubbery made the yard attractive, and roses and honeysuckles ran riot about the windows and porches. In the settlement of her father's estate, R. H. Waite had brought fraudulent accounts against it, and the result was that the heirs got comparatively small shares of his ample fortune. Alice Hardcastle had grown into an attractive young lady, and Ann Bell frequently visited her at the home of her sister, until a gentleman from North Carolina came and took the latter away, a bride. Alice married a Louisianian, an editor of fine literary acumen. Miss Emma Edgecourt, daughter of a statesman, who had distinguished himself, as a young man, in Congress, then living in the Bluff City, came yearly to visit an aunt, resident in the town. Her father had held a government office, throughout the war, at the National capital, and she had been graduated from a noted seminary at Georgetown. Inheriting her father's genius and her mother's beauty, who had been a reigning belle of the state, she was much sought after. Katherine always hailed her coming with pleasure. Oakland, the elegant country home of Mr. and Mrs. Garmonde, was the scene of pleasant house parties, at which Katherine and Miss Edgecourt were frequent guests. The mansion, in the midst of well-kept grounds, furnished with taste and luxury, was both before and after the war noted for hospitality, distinguished statemen being frequently entertained there, charmed with the gentle, cultured hostess and her accomplished daughters, typical women of the grand

old South. The eldest daughter, Caroline, married a Kentuckian, congressman from his district. Mary was an acknowledged belle. Leonora was charming, tactful, and staunch in her friendships.

Nothing pleased Katherine better than a return of hospitalities, and, when Leonora came to her for some days, it was ever a season of delight, for she intuitively entered into her feelings, hopes, and aspirations. Arthur loved romance. At the age of ten, when not at his studies, he would hang over Dickens' novels, and grew entranced with the stories of "The Wizard of the North." He once, surreptitiously, carried a bound copy of the Waverly novels to school. The teacher discovered them and reproved him, telling him that if he ever found them there again he would burn them. The offense was repeated, and he promptly put them in the stove. The boy saw the justice of the action and never complained, not even to his mother, about the loss of the volume, and, in after years, always had the highest regard for the teacher. A silver medal was given, at the end of each month, to the pupil that had the best lessons and best record in deportment. John won it so often, that he was ruled out to give the others a chance. Ethel, as she grew, loved outdoor play—to swing, to climb, and to play ball. At school, she kept pace with her classes with little effort. Having fine dramatic talent, which Katherine encouraged and fostered, she shone resplendent in recitation at commencement. She was slender, attractive, graceful, and Katherine arrayed her in the prettiest and daintiest of dresses, her father having left her in comfortable circumstances. Inheriting his broad, sweet spirit, and her mother's gentleness, she looked out on the world, her gray-blue eyes filled with love and trust, making everybody happier with whom she was associated. She was Katherine's joy, sharing after Arthur, the first place in her heart.

Mr. Garland, finally became so that when in his cups, he was unable to attend to business, and it would take him a week or ten days to recover his equilibrium, during which time he suffered excruciatingly. Katherine, patient and sympathetic, attended his bedside tenderly ministering to his

wants. At such times, he was utterly humiliated and remorseful and kind even to his son. No one dreamed of the depths of humiliation his course caused her—no one, not even her mother, when living—ever spoke to her about it.

Several of the negroes were still at The Oaks, renting small farms, or hiring themselves to the lessor. There was a mighty shout one day at the quarters. George Shannon, Patsy's husband, whom she had not seen for fifty years, came. The two old people went beside themselves for very joy. Amy told Katherine all about it, one day when she came into town, and also of a meeting that she had been attending, where there was much shouting. There was a servant's room detached from the house, and Katherine would have her mother's old cook come and stay weeks at a time, which pleased well the ex-slave and the children. Speaking of the meeting and the shouting, she said:

"I don' believe in makin' a mock of God."

"But they may be sincere, Amy—"

"Oh, Miss Kaffrine, some o' dem shoutin' niggehs robbed henroosts fo' dey got home."

"That may be, Amy, but some of them are in earnest."

"Yesm'm, dey's in yarnest, a-rantin' an' a-ho'llin', tryin' t' fool folks, but dey don' fool me."

Katherine knew that her mother had often talked with Amy in the old days at The Oaks, about her soul, but seemed to make little impression on her.

"Amy," said she, "you are getting along in years; you ought to be a Christian. There was never a true coin minted, but some one counterfeited it. Seek the Lord with all your heart, and He will make a true coin of you."

The old woman looked out of the window, shaking her head, and muttering:

"Dey's jes hypocrites, mean sneakin' hypocrites."

The next day she went back to The Oaks.

Some months afterward, Katherine was getting ready for a visit to a neighboring town, when she came for another visit.

"Why, Amy," she said, "I'm glad to see you. I am going—"

"Miss Kaffrine," she cried, her black face shining, tears welling up and flowing down her cheeks, "I's got religion, I has. Sadday evenin'—by myself—the Lord fuhgive me my sins. I'm jes happy, Miss Kaffrine, an' I'm gwine meet my good marster an' mistis' in heaben."

Katherine caught the black, hardened hand in hers.

"Amy, I'm so glad you have trusted Him. You and I will walk the golden streets, hand in hand with them, and cast our crowns before Him who gave Himself to save us."

Amy lived her religion, and was never heard to criticize people for shouting any more.

XV.

TWO GOVERNORS AND TWO LEGISLATURES IN ONE STATE.



THE work of reconstruction went bravely on. "Thaddeus Stevens, the Lord Hategood of the Vanity Fair," a writer says, "had asserted in the outset, that 'he wanted no restoration under the Constitution which was a worthless bit of old parchment. The people of the South ought never to be trusted with power, for they would unite with the Northern copperheads and control the government. The only sound policy was to confiscate the lands and divide them among the negroes. Johnson was a fool to have captured Davis, whom it would have been wiser to assist in escaping. Nothing could be done with him, as the executive had only pluck enough to hang two poor devils, such as Wirtz and Mrs. Surratt. The leading traitors should have been promptly strung up in the outset.'"

"For some years the Southern States had been used as thimble riggers use peas; now they were under the cup of the Union, now they were out."

Cyril Haven had married Clara Halliday, and had been living for three years at Baton Rouge. Kirk Halliday had wooed and won Miss Cleburne, and they resided at Halliday Towers, with his mother. Lee had led Miss Mortimer to the altar, and went to Vicksburg to live. Mr. Haven had been elected to the upper house, and Mr. Halliday to the lower house of the general assembly. During the holidays, they went to New Orleans, preparatory to taking their seats when the assembly should meet. They and the other members were astounded that January morn-

ing when they went to the state house to find that a drunken federal judge had obtained from the commander of the United States troops, a portion of his force, and stationed it in the state house. The members were refused admittance, and others not elected, many not even candidates were allowed to enter. Packard, Marshal of the federal court, a bitter partisan and a worthy adjunct of the judge, had provided for an assembly to suit himself by giving tickets to his friends, whom the soldiers passed in, excluding the elected members. The ring-streaked, spotted and speckled among the cattle and goats, and brown among the sheep, were turned into the supplanter's folds, which were filled with lowing herds and bleating flocks, while Laban had neither horn nor hoof. There was not a solitary return produced in favor of the Packard body, nor of the governor subsequently installed, but the radicals asserted that "their friends would have been elected, had the people voted as they wished, for every negro, and some whites, in the state, upheld their party."

Two assemblies were in session, and two governors claimed power in New Orleans. A lieutenant-general of the Confederate army was urged to go to Washington about the matter, as his personal relations with the President would probably secure access to him. Senator Haven and Representative Halliday accompanied him, not caring to take part in the bodies to which they had been elected, until the bogus assembly should be dispersed. After spending two days in Washington they went to New York, remaining there ten days. When they returned to the capital, the general informed them that he had failed in his mission. The three left the next day for New Orleans.

"The President," said he, when they were comfortably seated in the Pullman car, "received me pleasantly, gave much time to the Louisiana difficulty, and in order to afford himself opportunity for full information, asked me frequently to dine with his family, composed of kindly, worthy people. I also received attention from some members of the cabinet, who seemed desirous to find a remedy for the wrong. More especially was this true of the secretary of

state, Hamilton Fish, with whose refined family I have an acquaintance. Of a distinguished, revolutionary race, possessor of a good estate, and with charming, cultivated surroundings, he seems like the Noah of the political world. From the earnestness manifested by the president and several of his cabinet, I was very hopeful of success, and understand that the parties and their friends, in hostile array, in New Orleans, are restrained by daily encouraging reports from Washington. At length, the day before congress was to adjourn by law, the President sent a message to the senate, that in the event congress failed to take action, he should esteem it his duty to uphold the government created by the federal judge.

"Well, you have done your best, General," said Cyril, "and if we are left out in the cold, it is not your fault."

"No, we appreciate your efforts in behalf of our down-trodden state," said Kirk, "and we will betake ourselves to our homes, with a lively sense of gratitude in our hearts for you."

The legally elected assembly disbanded the day after they arrived in New Orleans, and at the end of the week, Cyril and Kirk left for home.

Cold, bleak winds blew through the park and grounds of Havenhurst, rustling the dead, crisp leaves under the trees, and piling them into heaps; the fountains were still, and the deer trooped silently under bare branches. In the library, before a bright sea-coal fire, Captain Haven and Alicia sat playing a game of chess. She still wore mourning, her beautiful spirituelle face contrasting sharply with the soft sable ruching around her white neck. Mrs. Haven sat at the other end of the room, basting a calico dress, getting it ready for the machine that Marie was running, in the sewing-room upstairs. Alicia made a move, checking the king and a castle with one of her knights, and glanced up, saying: "Now, mamma, you are doing my work, but papa wanted me to play—"

"That is just right, my daughter," said Mrs. Haven, smiling, a look of affection in her eyes. "You need relaxation,

and papa needs some one to play chess with him. You confine yourself too closely at work."

"But, mamma, there's so much to do. So many of the children have inadequate clothing, and I love to work."

Her little hand hovered over the red and white pieces, undecided where to move.

"Now, papa, you have captured my white bishop."

"Marie must run the machine more, my daughter, and you can baste."

"Marie does help me, mamma, and Florette too. She has finished all the aprons, and brought them to me this morning."

She exchanged her other bishop for a castle and a knight, saying:

"Dear old papa. I have you almost checkmated."

"I believe you have, my daughter," he replied, moving a pawn two spots, and checking a castle.

"My rook retreats, papa; check to your queen."

She was exquisitely beautiful. There was a sweet, chastened air about her, the white placid brow wore a coronet of purity. To the mother of Guy, she was more than Ruth to Naomi, for she would never smile on or listen to the addresses of another, and went about with her among the suffering and unfortunate, doing good. She was now making dresses for three orphan sisters, members of the Concord Sunday school, who had absented themselves for lack of proper clothing. They were in her class, and the first time they were absent, she found out the cause, and driving into the city, bought goods for an entire outfit for the three. She, her mother, Marie and Florette, had been busy all the week making up the articles, and Mrs. Haven was basting a hem in the last dress, while her father engaged her at chess.

A year after Guy's death, they had induced her to go with them to England, on a visit to Lady Grenoble, hoping to win her, in some measure, from her grief. They went to Paris, accompanied by Stella and Lord Francis, and spent a month. But she was sad; the places reminded her of the happy time when she visited them with Guy on their bridal tour.

In the cell of the Conciergerie, where Marie Antoinette spent such horrible months, the victim of shameful indignities, she sat down and wept. She made many visits to Petit Trianon, never growing weary of the palace where the young queen spent her happiest hours.

They went to Rome, to Venice, and to Austria's capital, visiting the palace of Schoenbrunn, where the little archduchess, Marie Antoinette, spent her childhood playing and frolicking, a simple girl, innocent and natural as any peasant child in her father's realm, unmindful, because unknowing, of what the future held in store for her.

Blessed unknowing for all human kind. He knows, and that is all-sufficient.

From Vienna into Hungary, home of the patriot Kossuth, stopping a few days at Budapesth, then on to Pisa, Berlin, and Dresden. They voyaged up the storied, vine-clad Rhine, to beautiful Bonn, where they tarried a month. Then on to Stockholm, capital of King Oscar's realm, descendant of Bernadotte, the only follower of Napoleon who occupies a throne—Bernadotte, who was inimical to the Man of Destiny.

Up in Norway they viewed the midnight sun. Returning, they went through Holland, with its dikes and canals, and from Rotterdam crossed to England, going direct for a rest to Grenoble Castle, before touring Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Stella did the honors of her magnificent home with stately grace, entertaining a house party for a week from London, among which was the wife of the Prime Minister and General Dix, the Minister from Washington to the Court of St. James, and his accomplished wife and daughter.

Alicia, beautiful, spirituelle in her trailing sable robes, added much to the pleasure of the guests. Her voice was fuller, richer than ever, possessing the rare quality that brought the world to Jenny Lind's feet, and her hearers sat entranced with the witchery of her marvelous strains, Lady Grenoble accompanying her on the harp. She was fully cognizant of her gift of song, and with characteristic amia-

bility, sung when requested, glad to contribute to the pleasure of the guests.

She enjoyed their tour through the Emerald Isle, it being her first visit, the clear, blue lakes holding a charm for her, and they spent a day on the translucent bosom of Lake Kenmare, going thence to Dublin. In Scotland she lingered about Dumbarton and Stirling Castles, the strongholds of Wallace and Bruce, whose deeds of valor, as recorded in The Scottish Chiefs, had held her wrapt attention in the perfumed alcoves of De Valence Court in her happy girlhood days.

Grim Holyrood Palace held a strange, absorbing interest for her, where Mary reigned and suffered, and her favorite secretary, Rizzio, was butchered before her eyes. Her soul seemed to be *en rapport* with those of the unfortunate women whose habitats she visited. They journeyed to Lochleven Castle, where, at Elizabeth's command, she had languished for eleven years in prison. After that, thoughts of Mary haunted Alicia's mind with strange insistence, and when they returned to London for the Queen's drawing-room, which Stella was to attend, she went to The Tower, though she had seen it before, to view the block on which Mary's head had been severed from her body.

They went to Grenoble Castle for a few days, as it was a week before the drawing-room. Alicia's suite of rooms overlooked a part of the park, where a walk, shaded with lime trees, led to a lake, on whose blue surface swans floated, and she would recline on a sofa at the mullioned window and watch, through the green vista, the white birds arch their graceful necks and move about on the lake, nibbling at the grass along the banks.

She had been for a drive into the village with Stella in her pony carriage one morning, and returning rather weary, Florette had assisted her to remove her dress and don a snowy lawn with touches of lavender. She was lying on the sofa, looking listlessly at the swans, when Stella came in and threw herself into an easy chair, and asked, affectionately:

"*Est tu fatiguée, ma seur?*"

"Just a little. Do you ever get tired, Stella?" inhaling

the perfume of a cluster of Parma violets she held in her hand.

"Oh, yes; but I get rested easily. I once heard a woman say she was never tired in her life. She must have had nerves of steel. Fancy any one living in this world and never getting tired——"

"Was she English?"

"No; she was an American who lived in Texas."

"Had you rather live here than in America, Stella?"

"Well, yes. I believe I am Anglicized, but I love the dear Southland. No spot on earth can ever be to me like Havenhurst."

"My heart is at Havenhurst, Stella."

The sweet voice quavered and the violet eyes filled as she looked out at the lake, mirroring the blue sky and slowly drifting clouds.

"I know it, darling," said Stella, bending to kiss the pure brow. "There's the luncheon bell. Shall I send you up a tray, *ma petite seur*——"

"No; I will go down with you."

She arose, and, taking Stella's arm, they descended the broad terraced stairs.

The next day they returned to the town house in Grosvenor Square.

The day of the drawing-room, Stella said:

"Come with me to my rooms, Alicia; I want you to see me in my court dress. See if my maid does her work well. I have such confidence in your taste, *ma petite*."

She drew her into her dressing-room, and, seating her in an easy chair, ensconced herself before the mirror while her hair was being arranged.

"Mamma tells me that Havenhurst is more beautiful than ever."

"Oh, yes; its restoration has been a decided improvement on the old Havenhurst. The grounds are more artistic. You know, the statuary is handsomer, as you selected it; the walks wider, and the fountains much more beautiful, and the conservatories much larger."

"Cyril never counts expense when he goes at anything,"

said Stella, toying with the heavy silken tassels of her *robe-de-chambre* of pale pink satin; "that is why I asked papa to give him *carte blanche* about the work."

"His taste is certainly unexceptionable," said Alicia, taking a small, diamond-studded watch from her bosom, and, opening it, revealing Guy's picture.

"How much time have I, Alicia?"

"Nearly two hours. The house is furnished much more handsomely, and the piano you had the winter I spent with you before your marriage doesn't compare with the Steinway grand now in the drawing-room."

"Do you ever play on that piano, *ma petite chere*?"

"Why, yes; but I prefer the one in the library. Besides, I like the harp, you know."

"And mother still keeps up the Yazoo church, though the negroes are free?"

"Oh, yes; and we drive over there four times a year, like we did before the war."

"And Mr. Beverly still preaches there?"

"Certainly. And the negroes love him, Stella. He has done great good there."

"Assuredly he has. No wonder they love him. Have you finished, Hunford? If so, tell Lisette I am ready. How do you like my coiffure, *ma petite seur*? Hand some water before you go, Hunford."

"It is a work of art, Stella; very beautiful and very becoming."

The servant brought water in cut-glass goblets on a massive silver tray, lined with gold, and then went to call the dressing-maid.

"You are fortunate in your hair-dresser. Where did you get her?"

"*Oui, ma jolie seur*, she is a treasure. The Duchess of Beresleigh sent her to me."

The maid came, and brought from another room the magnificent robes. The petticoat was of rich, white satin, brodered thickly with seed pearls. The immense court train was of rose moiré silk, lined with white satin and bordered with ermine. She wore the family diamonds, her

stomacher being studded with them; sunbursts on each satin rosette that upheld the *decolleteé* waist, which revealed the neck and shoulders, white as Parian marble. Encircling her neck was a string of diamonds, holding pendants that glittered in rills of light on her bosom. A tiara of gems shone above her brow, and clusters of gems were on the rosettes of the dainty slippers peeping from beneath her skirts as she walked up and down before the lofty pier glass.

"Oh, Stella, you look every inch a queen," said Alicia.

"And she is a queen of beauty, grace, and stateliness," said a deep voice, and Lord Francis drew aside a portiere of purple velvet and entered, his handsome face beaming with love and pride. He stood and surveyed her from head to foot, his heart in his eyes.

"You approve me?" she asked, with a coquettish smile, holding out both hands.

He caught them, saying:

"No one will be so beautiful and stately at the drawing-room as my wife. But it is time to go," glancing at his watch. "Alicia, I see you share my views about this lady."

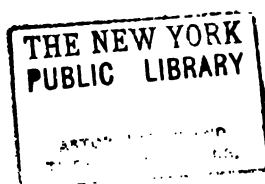
"I believe I do," smiled the latter, rising. "Her costume is perfect, and I assert she is the most beautiful woman in England."

"Or America," he said, folding a magnificent cloak about the regal form. "The carriage waits."

Lady Grenoble caught up her train, and Alicia drew back the portiere, and, going out into the hall, watched him lead her down the stairway. Then, crossing to a window, she saw him assist her into the carriage and get in after her, taking the front seat. The horses sprang forward as the coachman, in the Grenoble livery, gathered the reins, the coat of arms glittering in the sun as they dashed down the street.



"You approve me?" she asked, with a coquettish smile, holding out both hands. (Page 212)



XVI.

CARPET BAGGERS AT HAVENHURST.



THE Yazoo church had been repainted, and the negroes went there from the quarters to hear Mr. Beverly, as in the old days. He preached at Concord, also. The Sabbath school was flourishing, in which Mrs. Haven and Alicia took especial interest. The three outfits were finished, and they drove, on a Saturday, to the cottage where the three girls, aged, respectively, nine, twelve, and fourteen, lived with a maiden aunt, and made them happy with their gifts. The girls were at Sunday school the next day.

The following week was inclement, a cold rain prevailing, and the family remained within doors, the cheery warmth of anthracite fires in the luxurious mansion sharply contrasting with the bleak aspect of things without. Alicia busied herself making garments for the children of an orphanage, at intervals playing chess with Guy's father.

When the lamps were lighted and curtains drawn, she would sing, accompanying herself on the harp, while his parents would sit, their faces in shadow, listening to her pour her soul out in the songs she used to sing for their gallant son. Every day, when the weather permitted, the two women would visit his grave, taking flowers from the conservatory to lay on the sacred mound.

Florette, after coming to Havenhurst, had married Captain Haven's valet. Alicia had a three-roomed cottage built for them just outside the park, near the cemetery, and had furnished it comfortably for her mother's faithful maid.

One afternoon, while Captain Haven and Alicia were absorbed in a game, the bell rung, and, a few moments later, Simon came into the library, saying:

"Marsteh, de's a man in de hall waitin' teh see yo'."

"Who is it, Simon?" he asked, without looking up.

"I dunno, seh. He talks lak a Yankee teh me."

The master of the house went out and soon returned, saying:

"Here's work for you, Madeline. He is a Yankee, as Simon said, hailing from Boston, and he wants to open a school for negroes at Yazoo church."

She laid her work down, and, crossing her hands on it, looked thoughtfully at her husband.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she asked, at length.

"I don't know. I told him to call tomorrow for an answer. It's for you to decide, my dear."

"Of course, the pupils will be drawn from the quarters," she said, taking up her work.

"Yes; from any and all quarters, who will pay him a dollar a month in advance."

"They ought to be given a chance to learn something, oughtn't they?" asked Alicia, as he sat down and began to study the position of his pieces.

"I suppose so. We will think it over, any way."

The result was that a school was opened at Yazoo church, which soon grew so full that the man required an assistant. A teacher from the North came. They boarded at Mr. Obenwhite's, who lived near the church.

Hordes of carpet baggers and vicious idle tramps swarmed throughout the South, corrupting the negroes, helping to stuff ballot boxes, and committing all kinds of depredations, and Captain Haven and his wife had some misgivings as to the wisdom of allowing the school to be taught by the Boston men, but they silenced them, hoping good results would follow their work.

The school had been in progress a couple of months, when it began to be whispered about that the lowest, most disreputable characters among the negroes were hand-in-glove with the Northern teachers.

Simon still held the place of coachman, and the ladies drove every day when it was fine, nearly always on errands of kindness to the poor and unfortunate. One morning in

early spring they had returned from a drive, and Mrs. Haven got out of the carriage and went along a walk to look at some plants that were putting forth tender green shoots, Alicia having gone into the house. She was stooping over, caressing the baby leaves, when, hearing a footstep on the gravel, she looked up and saw the coachman.

"What is it, Simon?" she asked, pushing the mold around the roots of the plant with her foot.

He looked carefully around, with a furtive air, and, coming nearer, said, in a low, guarded voice:

"Mistis, I heahs some mighty bad erports 'bout dem Yankee teachehs. Dey tells de niggehs how 'at dey is jes' es good an' betteh 'an de white folks, an' dat dey ought teh hab deir lan's, an' all sech devulment."

"How did you hear it, Simon?"

He looked furtively, alertly around again, and, seeing no one, said:

"Why, mistis, las' night I wes gwine 'long de fuh lane whah de ditch crosses de fiel', an' jes' a-walkin' slow lak an' a-thinkin' teh meself in de da'k, fuh de moon hadn't riz, when I heah somebody a-talkin'. I jes' stopped an' sc'uched down in de corneh ob de fence teh listen, a-holdin' my breff. Dey wes in de dry ditch todder side ob de fence, an' I jes' heahs all dat I has tol' yo', an' mo', too."

"Who were they, Simon?"

"Allen wes one—Linda's boy, yo' know, mistis'—an' t' otheh wes a niggeh whah come fum Georgy wid de gang de oberseer hired, name Dave Ballard. *He* is jes' too mean teh live. 'Heah's de white 'omens,' he said, 'a-ridin' 'roun' in deir kerri'ges, a-lollin' back on de satin cushions, whah ouah culled ladies ought teh be.' Den Allen said, 'Dat's so; an' de govehment is ouah frien's, an' we's a-gwine teh change all dis so fas——' 'Yes, an' I wants teh see it a-bein' done; dat black ape, Dave Ballard, said. Den dey sneaked down de ditch among de dry cotton stalks. I waited ontwell dey wes out ob hearin', an' den come teh de house teh tell yo' an' marsteh, but dey wes comp'ny, an' I didn't git no chance ontwell now."

"You have done right to tell me, Simon. Your master will look into the matter."

She walked about in the spring sunshine, musing on what she had just heard, feeling that "the work of reconstruction was indeed a Saturnalia of fraud, corruption, and crime—the most disgraceful, disgusting, revolting episode in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. It was a cowardly thing, an infamous thing, and a mighty failure."

Captain Haven sent for the overseer, who expressed much surprise to hear that any of the negroes were talking in that way, and asked who his informant was. The question was waived, and the conversation passed to matters about the plantation. The next day Allen was warned to be more careful when and where he expressed his opinions, and Dave Ballard discharged. They could not imagine who had listened to their conversation that night in the ditch, and concluded it was some white man passing along the lane, who had overheard and reported it.

Alicia had invited the Concord Sunday school, numbering a hundred children, to an egg-hunt in the park the Saturday before Easter. The eggs had been boiled and colored in blue, pink, yellow, and rose, and the ladies, assisted by Marie and Simon, had scattered them through the park, at the roots of trees and along the fences, covering them with leaves and grass. The morning was fine, and the children came in pleasure wagons, Alicia having arranged with some city liverymen to go to the church, where they had collected, and bring them over to Havenhurst. Mr. Beverly came with them, and they were soon scattered through the park, in high glee, hunting eggs. Some of them were easily found and some were not, and it was over an hour before they were all piled in a heap at the foot of a great magnolia.

A dozen swings had been put up, and two flying-jennies made for their amusement. There were skipping-ropes, balls, and grace-hoops in plenty, and for the next two hours the park presented an animated scene. Captain and Mrs. Haven, Mr. Beverly, and Alicia, sat on rustic seats enjoying the happy sight. In a corner of the park nearest the mansion, under the shade of live oaks, Simon had made a table

long enough to accommodate the children, on which Marie and Florette had spread snowy damask cloths. Under the butler's supervision, he and Cato had brought the boiled hams, roast turkeys, pickles, bread and cakes out. The butler carved, and the two men put the viands on the table, while Florette sliced the pickles and Marie filled cut-glass dishes from a jar of jelly that Cato brought. Glasses holding crisp, white celery, were ranged down the center of the board, their bases hidden in feathery sprays of asparagus. A hundred plates, with an Easter lily from the conservatories at each plate, were placed around the board.

Marie signed to her mistress that all was ready, when she and Alicia left the gentlemen and went over to inspect the table. They smiled approval, and Alicia sent Simon to tell Mr. Beverly to call the children. He signalled them, and they came flocking, like birds, to the feast. Each one stood still around the table while, at Alicia's request, he invoked a blessing, and then the banqueting began. And how thoroughly they enjoyed it, casting affectionate glances at the moving spirit of the feast as she and her mother went up and down, seeing that none were neglected.

When they came to the dessert, Marie sliced the cake, and Alicia, knowing that Simon delighted to obey any little wish of hers, told him to pass it to the children. He wore a broad smile as he went to and fro with the solid silver platter heaped high with the rich, delicious cake.

Florette dished the ice cream and the ladies passed it, while the butler supplied the table with nuts and candy.

At length the little guests began to fall away from the board by twos and threes, each one carrying a lily. Alicia suggested that they put them in the spray of the fountains to keep fresh until time for their homeward drive.

She and her mother went back to where Captain Haven and Mr. Beverly sat, while the table was being cleared and made ready for them to lunch.

"Madeline," said Captain Haven, pointing through the trees to a buggy driving up, "there is Cyril."

The latter got out of the vehicle, and, giving the reins to Cato, came toward them, saying :

"I see you are having a *fete champetre*. I am just in time."

He shook hands all around, while his mother said:

"This is a glad surprise, my son. You always had a habit of dropping down when least expected."

"That is true, mother. Having a little business at Vicksburg, I suddenly decided to come. Clara and Mrs. Kirk Halliday ran down to New Orleans for a few days, and I came over here."

"You always run away when Clara leaves home," said his mother, smiling.

"Yes; the house is like a tomb when she is gone;" then turning to Alicia, "And how is my sister? In good voice, I hope."

"Fairly good," she smiled. "Did you come by boat or rail?"

"By rail. Mr. Beverly, I am glad to meet you again."

"The feeling is certainly mutual, Cyril. I think it is two years since we saw each other last."

"Fully that long. Now, aren't those children having a jolly time. Look at those two little fellows turning somersaults under that magnolia. Who is the getter-up of this lively affair?"

The butler announced that luncheon was ready, and when they were seated at the table, Captain Haven said:

"Alicia is the originator; she gave the Concord Sunday school children an egg-hunt——"

"I see; and an *al fresco* luncheon, and turned them into the park for an all-day frolic. That is good of you, little sister."

"And every boy and girl," said his father, "in the grove there worships her."

"Oh, papa," she said, flushing a little; "I don't know——"

"I know," he interrupted. "While they stood here eating, whenever you spoke, every face would light up. I noticed it particularly."

"I observed it, myself," said Mr. Beverly. "She is doing a grand work at Concord."

"Indeed she is," said Mrs. Haven, snipping off a piece of

celery. "Simon, pass the jelly. She certainly has helped to build it up."

"You lavish too much praise on me, mamma——"

"Nonsense, little sister," said Cyril, smiling, and plunging a gold spoon into the jelly. "Take your bouquets; you well deserve them."

"Yes," said the preacher; "I believe in giving them to people who merit them while they are living, not wait till they are dead to heap their graves with flowers."

A mockingbird hidden in one of the live oaks suddenly poured out a joyous roundelay.

"And so the Federal Government ousted you," his father said.

"Oh, yes; we were ousted, though one of our strongest men, who is a personal friend of the President, did his best for us in Washington."

"I find as I go about over the country," said Mr. Beverly, "that not only the whites, but many of the blacks, feel themselves cruelly wronged by the action of the Federal authorities."

"Yes; and the charming credulity of the negro is abating," said Cyril, "and they answer the statement that 'slave drivers are murdering their race in adjacent regions,' by saying that 'slave drivers at least do not tell them lies and steal their money.'"

"They will find out, in the course of time," said Captain Haven, placing a slice of white turkey on Alicia's plate, "who are their friends."

"On our journey from Washington," said Cyril, "the General told me and Kirk of a characteristic anecdote of Thad Stevens that went the rounds during Mr. Lincoln's administration. The President consulted him in regard to the composition of his Cabinet, and Stevens protested with vigor against the appointment of Cameron for Secretary of War.

"'You don't mean to say,' said Lincoln, 'that Cameron would steal.'"

"'No,' answered Stevens, 'I don't think he would steal a red-hot stove.'"

"Lincoln thought the joke too good to keep, and told Cameron about it, who went to Stevens in a rage and demanded an apology. Stevens tried to pacify him, but could not, until he promised him to go to Lincoln and set the matter right. He went to the White House and saw the President.

" 'Mr. President,' he said, 'why did you tell Cameron what I said?'

" 'I thought it a good joke,' answered Lincoln, 'and didn't think it would make him mad.'

" 'Well,' replied Stevens, 'he is mad, and made me promise to retract. I will now do so. I believe I told you I didn't think he would steal a red-hot stove. I now take that back.' "

Cyril was a good raconteur, and they all laughed heartily.

The luncheon over, the ladies returned to the house and the gentlemen went back to the seats in the park and watched the lively scene before them, while they talked about the deplorable state of the country.

At four o'clock the wagonettes were at the park gates. The children got in, each one with a couple of Easter eggs and an Easter lily. They drove away, singing and bowing at Alicia, who stood beside a fountain waving them a farewell.

That evening, when the lamps were lighted, she played and sung several songs at Cyril's request. The last one was a selection from "Theodora," "Angels ever bright and fair," and when she finished it and arose from the harp, he said:

"Little sister, you could soon have the world at your feet with your voice."

"But I have no such ambition," she said, in low tones. "I have done with the world in the sense you speak of."

He bowed his head in silence, awed by the purity that breathed from her presence.

Spring advanced, and the earth was filled with the bloom and sweetness of May. Havenhurst seemed never so beautiful before. One morning Mrs. Haven and Alicia were in the grounds pruning shrubs, with Simon's assistance.

"Mamma," said she, as she finished tying up a vine, "I will go to Guy's grave now."

"All right, my daughter; I will come directly."

She went through the park, the pruning shears held loosely in her fingers, and let herself in at the iron gate, leaving it open. Dropping the shears on the graveled walk, she went to the tall, white shaft at the head of the grave, and, taking her handkerchief, wiped the marble as far up as she could reach, reading the inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

COLONEL GUY HAVEN,

WHO FELL IN THE CAUSE OF RIGHT AND LIBERTY,
SPOTTSYLVANIA, MAY 15, 1864.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Then, she sat down by the grave and looked up at the blue sky, murmuring:

"Some day, Guy, I'll come to you. Watch a little longer at the Beautiful Gate for your Alicia. She is coming soon, coming soon."

The breeze sang softly in the live-oak boughs overhead, where a robin redbreast sat preening her feathers and twittering to her mate. A cluster of Parma violets—Guy's favorite flower—was on her bosom. She unfastened it and laid it on the grave, and pressed her white brow on the soft, green grass covering her young husband's last resting-place.

She heard footsteps on the walk, and thinking they were her mother's, she looked up, to be confronted by a great, black, brutal, thick-lipped negro, a devilish purpose in his cruel, wicked eyes, who flourished the shears before her face, threatening to kill her if she should make an outcry. She essayed to speak, but failed, and then fell in a dead faint on the sacred mound.

Mrs. Haven stayed longer among the shrubbery than she thought. At length, she started to the cemetery, telling

Simon to go on before, that "Miss Alicia wanted him to do some work there."

Glad always to be of service to "Marse Guy's wife," he hurried on just in time to see Dave Ballard scale the park fence and run. He entered the little open gate and walked along the path toward the grave, that was hidden from his view by a low hedge of evergreens. Turning the hedge, a sight met his eyes that froze the blood in his veins, and he rushed back, ashy to the lips, meeting Mrs. Haven a few steps from the cemetery, crying:

"Oh, mistis, mistis; somepin' awful happen teh Miss 'Licia——"

"My God, Simon; what do you mean?" she cried, rushing before him into the enclosure, where they found Alicia, her hair dishevelled, her black robes soiled, lying unconscious on her husband's grave.

"My daughter, my angel daughter," she cried, dazed, frantic, beside herself.

"Mistis, please ma'am, let me take heh teh de house," Simon begged, the tears streaming down his face.

He gathered up the slight form and went, with long strides, through the park, followed by Mrs. Haven, moaning and ringing her hands, never stopping until he had laid her on her white bed, from which she was never to rise.

Captain Haven was in the city. He hurried home, bringing two eminent physicians. With all their skill, she never recovered consciousness, and at sunrise the pure spirit joined Guy's inside the Beautiful Gate.

They bore her to the tomb, followed by the members of the Sunday school, all weeping bitter tears that their sweet friend was so soon gone. Friends from distant cities came, bringing flowers, and wept over the little form lying so white in the satin-lined casket.

Mr. Beverly conducted the burial service. When it was all over, Captain Haven took his almost prostrate wife away to a quiet spot by the seashore. It was months before she could again take up her life work.

The negro brute, on Simon Crow's evidence, was killed by an infuriated mob the day after the outrage.

CHAPTER XVII.

BROKEN IDEALS.



ONE evening, when Katherine's son was sixteen years old, he came home with the scent of strong drink on his breath. Had the serpent just then inserted his poisoned fangs in her child? Every honest scientist in the world would say, emphatically, "No!" they were inserted at his conception. The serpent had bitten and poisoned his father, and he had transmitted the poison to his son—a sad, disgraceful heritage—even as parents with consumption transmit that fell malady to their offspring. So with this, and the shattered nerves she had given him, the boy was doubly handicapped at birth. It was a black day for Katherine, but she might have expected it.

Three years passed, with occasional lapses on his part. He was popular socially, and he met one evening at an entertainment Miss Alma Terrace, a bright girl of fifteen years. Her large, expressive gray eyes, and pleasing, unsophisticated ways, attracted him, and he visited her, occasionally. Katherine heard of it, but gave it little thought. Fancy her surprise and grief when he came home one day, accompanied by the girl, and told her they were married. She could scarcely believe her senses. For some time she had seen her idol turning to clay, but she never dreamed that he would take such a step as this without, at least, telling her about it. Oh, the broken ideals! the crushed hopes of mortals!

Mr. Garland took his son's marriage more philosophically than she did. However, she soon realized that all she could do was to make the best of it.

The bride adapted herself to her new surroundings with wonderful facility. Katherine soon discovered she had a superior mind, and at her suggestion, she readily entered on a course of reading, and drank in useful information as a sponge takes water. She was a close observer, took on polish rapidly, and had, to an infinite degree, that social gift, tact; so that, in a couple of years, she possessed an ease and grace equal to that of any lady in the land.

The winter that her son married, Katherine and her husband visited the State capital, where McCullough was playing and Bernhardt was booked for one night. They saw the actor as a venerable church dignitary in Richelieu, an unscrupulous knave wading to the throne in blood as Richard III, and as a handsome, ardent young lover, Melnotte, in *The Lady of Lyons*.

"How much must I pay for your ticket?" he asked Katherine the morning the seats for Bernhardt were to be auctioned off.

"Not over ten dollars," she said; "I wish you could stay, but as business takes you home, I will go with friends to see the great actress."

The tragedienne played *Camille* in French. Her wardrobe was magnificent, and she died on her feet, falling prone on the floor as the curtain went down.

Katherine finished her book—there were six hundred pages of manuscript—and sent it to an Eastern publisher. In three months it was returned, with a polite letter from the publisher, saying that he "already had so much matter of that kind on hand that he could not use it." It would be hard to describe her chagrin and disappointment when it came back. After a couple of months, she sent it to another publisher, with the same result. She then sent some short stories to a leading magazine, which were accepted.

About this time, Mr. Garland removed his family to the State capital, Arthur and his wife going with them. John Somerville had just been graduated in law at Vanderbilt, and opened an office in the city, in partnership with a prominent lawyer. He was handsome, noble, manly, and the apple of his father's eye.

Daisy Hardcastle, now a young lady, and a fine singer, spent some time in the city with her aunt. Her voice had a clinging sweetness, a velvety timbre, that charmed her hearers, and her engaging manner made her a social favorite.

"Oh," she said one morning, looking up from the newspaper, "I see that Clara Louise Kellogg, supported by Brignoli, Tagliapetra, and others, is to be here. Aunt Katherine, how fortunate that I am in the city! We must certainly hear them."

"Indeed, we will," said the other, always ready to enter into her niece's plans for enjoyment. "When is the concert to be?"

"Thursday of this week," she replied, drawing a jar of white fuchsias with scarlet centers that stood in the window, closer to her. "Aren't these beautiful? My favorite flower, Aunt Katherine! That is why you have put this jar in my room."

"I love to give you pleasure, Daisy. What is it, Manse?" to a servant, who tapped on the open door. "A note for you, Daisy."

It was an invitation from a gentleman to accompany her to the concert.

The evening came, and the opera house was crowded from gallery to pit. Morceaux from the operas were given, and "The Spinning Wheel," from "Martha," was rendered with fine effect.

Ethel pursued her studies in the best schools, and kept steady pace with her classes. Her naive, guileless nature made her a general favorite. One of the leading churches of Katherine's choice was near her home, and she and Ethel attended it. The pastor was a reserved, scholarly man, who preached metaphysical sermons over the heads of his congregation. He resigned in a year or two, and his successor was genial, handsome, and eloquent. His flights of oratory "drew." Katherine heard one of the leading lady members say of him:

"I am so glad of the change. I like beauty, and he is so handsome in the pulpit."

Mrs. Glehart, who had charmed the Vicksburg people, frequently sang there.

Katherine liked the drama, and during her first years in the city often attended the theater. John was fond of his Cousin Ethel, and said to his aunt one day:

"Keene is here, and plays Macbeth tonight, Aunt Katherine, and I want you and Ethel to go with me to see him."

"Do you think she would enjoy it? She does not know Macbeth."

"Yes; but she would like it, I know."

"All right, John; we will go."

She had two copies of Shakespeare—one with all the plays bound together, in calf; another copy, with three or four plays bound together in small volumes.

She took one copy and Ethel the other, and she carefully read the play to her, explaining the obscure passages.

That night, they thoroughly enjoyed Keene's interpretation of Macbeth, and Mrs. Bowers, as Lady Macbeth, was superb. Afterward, she went with him to see Booth, in Hamlet.

With his father's approval, he dissolved his partnership in the spring and went to Silver City, New Mexico, and opened an office there. How she regretted to see him go so far away! Arthur, who had been West, tried to dissuade him, saying:

"When you get out there, Cousin John, you will wish you were at home."

During the eloquent, "drawing" preacher's incumbency, a new church was built in a much more fashionable locality. Some of the most prominent people in the city were members—merchants, capitalists, bankers, and a railroad president, beloved by all his men, from the highest officer to the humblest one in his employ. The United States Senator and his wife frequently attended there when they were at home from Washington. A leader in society, whose name was on the church register, said to Katherine one day:

"This church is no more than a club, where people come to sit in velvet pews, hear fine music, and listen to flights of oratory."

During a series of meetings Ethel joined the church and was baptized, with several other girls, in the pool under the pulpit.

A son and daughter had been born to Arthur. For years Mr. Garland had not touched the winecup, but Arthur made occasional lapses. He was now dealing in lumber, which brought him a good income.

One afternoon, Katherine and Ethel returned from a matinee and found sad news awaiting them. John had been stricken with smallpox at Silver City. A day or two later a telegram from Judge Somerville came, calling his sister to him. She went, to find the family in dire suspense, vibrating between hope and fear. Telegrams came every few hours, sent by faithful watchers at his bedside, for friends were with him who had known him in Tennessee. Oh, the anguish of the father, who had centered his fondest hopes in John! The hours of waiting between the telegrams seemed interminable. Waiting, hoping, yet fearing to hear a footstep on the paved walk. Heaven was besieged with prayers for the recovery of the worshiped, devoted son, so far away. The long, leaden night hours—how they halted; halted while they sat silent or talked in hushed tones, trying to hope. The judge went into a remote room and stretched himself on a couch. Oh, the agony of that night! Finally, the cold, gray December dawn broke, and with it came the tidings that his son was dead. A few days later, a letter followed, telling of how the brave young spirit had fought the grim monster for his father's sake, and finally yielded, trusting in Christ. And the devoted, bereaved father turned to his rest on the Everlasting Arms.

Telegrams and letters of condolence from friends and from the different bars over which he presided, poured in upon him. Katherine remained with him a week, and after she left, he went to one of his courts. The lawyers loved and revered him, and in their sympathy he found a solace in his bereavement.

Katherine again sent her manuscript to an Eastern publisher, and this time it was accepted. The book was well received by the press, and had a fairly good sale. She and

Ethel went to the great Cotton Exposition in New Orleans. It was grand, but electricity had not been utilized for illumination, and the display did not show up as later expositions have. The foreign exhibits were magnificent. A painting from Belgium impressed them deeply. It was the destruction of Pompeii. Diomede, surrounded by his family, composed of his wife, three beautiful daughters, and two handsome sons, all luxuriously clad, are in a grand salon of his palace, from which a broad stairway ascends to an immense window, at which they are gazing, horror depicted on their faces at the awful, lurid light the flames of Vesuvius are throwing against it. Their faces, their attitudes, suggested the terror of the judgment day, when sinful men will call on the rocks and the mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of the mighty Judge of all the earth.

After seeing the exposition, they visited the places that the father and brother, in company with Guy, had lingered around so many years before. At the mint, a youth clipped a hair from Ethel's pretty head and put it in the balances, where the silver filings were weighed. It tipped the scales, so true and delicate were they. At West End, she, too, like Guy, was lost in the labyrinth.

There was a unique show in the Casino that day. There had been a baby show the day before. It was a lady show then, and Katherine acceded to a request to be one of five judges to decide who was the prettiest woman on exhibition, the premium being a hundred-dollar lace dress that was displayed in a window of an emporium of fashion on Canal Street. Katherine voted to give it to a pretty, quietly-dressed woman over another in silk and diamonds, whose baby had taken the premium of two hundred and fifty dollars. The quietly dressed woman got the prize.

They called on Walt Whitman, poet of the Sierras, who was at the St. Charles, and saw Lawrence Barrett in Francisca da Rimini, during their stay in the Crescent City.

A new *Jessie K. Bell* was making tri-weekly excursions to the Gulf. Tom Somerville, the boy whom John had carried on his back that long-ago summer afternoon when they ran away from home, was visiting the exposition. One

morning, when Katherine and Ethel went aboard the boat, they encountered him and were delighted to have his company to the Gulf. He was a handsome, genial, broad-shouldered fellow, possessing a fund of wit and good humor. Gay parties of young people from different cities were aboard. In the afternoon, the steamer landed at the home of Captain Eads, famous for the jetties he had put in the mouths of the Father of Waters. Katherine, Ethel, and Tom went to his house, and were told by a servant that her master was in Paris, when a big, green parrot on the gallery echoed, "In Paris, in Paris."

They reached the Gulf an hour before sunset, and steamed out far enough to feel the swell of the great, white-capped waves, and then turned back toward the Crescent City. That night the young people danced till a late hour, while the big side-wheeler sped up the river, making her landing at the quay at eight o'clock the next morning.

Ethel made a conquest of a Mississippi gentleman on the excursion, who obtained her promise to correspond with him. Katherine, with her niece and nephew, left the steamer and breakfasted at the French market; then went into Jackson Square, where the bronze cast of Old Hickory, of the cotton bales, sits his rearing war horse, the handiwork of the immortal Clark Mills. There are two other heroic casts of the hero of The Hermitage—one in the Capitol grounds at Nashville, and one in Washington.

Returning, Katherine and Ethel stopped at Mobile, visiting the home of Augusta Evans Wilson, "the glory of Alabama," where they were the recipients of pleasant hospitalities.

A month after she reached home, a letter came announcing the death of Jacob, her eldest brother, who had been imprisoned at Rock Island. He never came home after peace was made, but went to live in a Western town. Thus, one by one, the once happy home circle of The Oaks was passing away.

Mrs. Glenrose had three daughters. Pearl, the eldest, married a gentleman well known in railroad circles, and the second daughter, Jessie Lee, about the age of Ethel, came to

the city to pursue her musical studies. She was tall, graceful, with a complexion of cream and rose, and hair like pale, spun gold. While not a beauty, there was a fascination about the intellectual brow and deep blue eyes, and they made the house almost as gay as The Oaks were when "The Merry Four" held sway there, in *ante-bellum* times.

Judge Somerville was in failing health, and came to the city on his way to some noted springs in another State, and spent a day with his sister. He was accompanied by Edwin, his eldest son. He returned a month later, much improved.

A new theater was just finished, and Emma Abbott and her company opened it with a week of grand opera, much to the delectation of the young ladies.

Katherine was bringing out another book, and was reading the proof one morning, in her private parlor, when Jessie Lee came in, saying:

"Oh, Aunt Katherine, Madame Clausel has invited us all to a reception tomorrow afternoon that she gives in honor of Miss Abbott. Of course you will go. The *élite* of the city will be there."

"Why, I suppose so, my dear," her aunt smiled, looking up from the loose-printed pages. "You say it is tomorrow afternoon? At what hour?"

"Between the hours of two and four."

"Then I can go. I have an engagement with some friends at five o'clock to go out to the observatory to view the moon. Professor Barnvere is expecting us, and will have the telescope in place. I would like to take you girls along. We can leave the reception in time to get out there at the appointed hour."

"Well, that is just fine, Aunt Katherine. I have always wanted to view the heavenly bodies through a telescope——"

"And I have, too, Jeppie," Ethel interrupted, sprinkling some potted geraniums that stood on a table near the window. "It's ever so good of you, mamma, to take us along. And I am so glad we are going to meet Emma Abbott off the stage. Her support last night in *Trovatore* was good. Her voice thins out to a thread on the high notes, but it is a thread of gold."

"That is true, Neh," said Jessie Lee, giving Ethel her pet name; "but wasn't she splendid as Azucena in the Gipsy Camp last night? Your Mississippian was charmed with her acting."

"Yes; he appreciates a good thing when he sees it," said Ethel, taking an orange from a small silver tray on the mantel and cutting into the golden rind with a pearl-handled knife she took from Katherine's desk.

"He certainly does, *ma petite cousine*; he appreciates you," said Jessie Lee, as, half-reclining on the sofa, she arranged the ribbons that garnished the front of her ceil-blue cashmere morning robe. "What are you going to do with him, Neh?"

Her tone was confidential. They were alone, Katherine having been called into the hall to the telephone.

"I don't know, Jeppie; I like him, but there was a glamour about him during our correspondence that his coming has dissipated."

"You are fastidious, Neh. Mr. Poindexter is a good catch, quite eligible as to intellect, family, and fortune," said Jessie Lee, taking the half of the orange that Ethel offered.

"That may be, Jeppie," she said, wiping the knife with a napkin that lay on the tray, and putting it back on the desk; "but I am descended from a line of ancestors who never married where they did not love."

"Well, Neh, love is certainly an acceptable concomitant in the affairs of life. What does Abbott play tonight?"

"Traviata, and Lohengrin tomorrow night. The Mississippian is going with you, is he not?"

"Yes; and Mr. Kendal with you. He is quite agreeable. Some people are so much more thoughtful than others at a play or an opera. Running comments on the scenery and everything, spoil all the pleasure for me."

"Well, Jeppie, you will find that Mr. Poindexter knows there are times when silence is golden," said Ethel, touching the button of an electric bell. In a few moments a servant appeared, to whom she said:

"When Miss Allendale calls, tell her to come to my rooms."

Jessie Lee arose from the sofa, saying:

"What are you going to wear tonight?"

"My pale-blue satin, I think. Come to our rooms and let's decide the momentous question. "Mamma," to Katherine, who had returned to her desk, "the gentlemen have telephoned, asking us to go driving this afternoon. May we go? It is queen's weather."

"I suppose so, daughter; but don't drive too long. You and Jessie Lee must be fresh for the opera."

Going into the hall, they encountered a pretty, stylishly-dressed girl wearing a hat with long brown ostrich plumes.

"Oh, here is Mary, now," said Ethel; "come right into my room. Jeppie and I are going to decide on some important questions of dress, and you can help us. How did you like the opera?"

"It was fine," said the visitor, taking an easy chair and laying a great cluster of white hyacinths on the marble dresser. "I brought these flowers for you young ladies to wear to-night."

She was Miss Allendale, daughter of a capitalist, who lived in a mansion in the midst of wide grounds in the southern part of the city. Her friendship for Ethel began at school, and as young ladies, their intimacy continued.

Jessie Lee gathered up the hyacinths, saying, as she put them in a vase of water:

"Mary, you are just lovely to bring us these flowers. As a pupil of Madame Clausel, I am privileged to invite three of my friends to a reception at her conservatory that she gives in honor of Emma Abbott tomorrow afternoon, from two to four o'clock. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you there."

"Thank you, Jessie Lee; I will certainly avail myself of your invitation to meet the diva. So she is a friend of Madame Clausel's?"

"Yes; Madame first met her in Austria, when at the Court of Vienna she was musical instructress to the young arch-duchesses, and they have been friends ever since."

"Which shall I wear, Mary?"

Ethel pointed to a pale-blue satin gown, and a white albatross, garnished with touches of rose-colored silk, that lay spread out on the bed.

"Wear the satin, Ethel; that shade of blue is so becoming to you."

"I would, too, Neh," said Jessie Lee; "I am going to wear mine."

"We will be all in blue then," the visitor said, "for I have decided to wear my China silk of pale azure."

There was a tap at the door and the servant said the visitor's carriage awaited her.

"Don't go yet," chorused both girls as she rose; "we have not seen you at all."

"Yes; I have some shopping to do for mamma this morning. You both must come and spend some days with me soon."

As Jessie Lee had said, the elite of the city was at the reception. One—a lady—was present that Katherine had met and was drawn to before coming to the city to live. She was Mrs. Judith Paysland, a woman of broad sympathies, a fine literateur and a charming conversationalist. The diva, handsomely gowned, stood with the hostess who presented the ladies. She was charming, tactful and said agreeable things to each one. The daintiest of refreshments were served, and the reception closed promptly at four o'clock, the diva returning to her hotel to rest before the curtain would rise.

Mr. Garland and Katherine loved Alma, their son's wife, and a warm affection existed between her and Ethel. The children had a very efficient colored nurse; Lucy was entirely trustworthy, so that their mother was quite free to come and go as she pleased. John in kilts and Annie in snowy lawn and lace, were taken out every pleasant afternoon for an airing, after the girl was half a year old.

Katherine liked Wagner's music and went to see Emma Abbott in Lohengrin, but the girls attended the opera all the week. On Sunday morning, they went to services at one of the prominent churches and were seated by the usher in a

pew in the central row, not far from the front doors. It was a bright, crisp day in early winter and the social world had been back from country homes, seashore and mountain, long enough to get clothed in the very latest modes, and it blossomed out this morning when a divine of some note from another state was to fill the pulpit. There was the usual preliminary service of song, during which a beautiful solo was sung by a lady with fine effect. It was a sacred operatic aria and rendered in such manner that it would have done credit to any member of Miss Abbott's company on the stage. There was scriptural reading and invocations, when the preacher took his text:

"If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."

He spoke of the duty of professing Christians to live in accordance with the injunction he had read to them at some length, and then began to denounce worldly amusements in round, set terms, especially theatres and operas, asserting that those persons who produced them were unworthy of the countenance of respectable people. Continuing, he said hard, bitter things about the women of the stage—that they were not to be trusted. "The blaze of publicity in which they live, exhibiting themselves before the vilest characters for their amusement for a price, withers their modesty, if they had any to start with, which is open to question. And that church members should encourage by their presence such women in their shameless lives—"

A clear, ringing voice at the back of the audience cried out:

"I deny the charge, sir. There are just as good women on the stage as there are off of it. Your narrow, uncharitable, cruel assertions are shameful, blatant falsehoods."

The man at the sacred desk was struck dumb. The fashionable audience was electrified; it rustled and craned its neck to see the indignant diva disappear from the sacred portals. She had left her hotel that morning and gone to the sanctuary for spiritual refreshment and felt that she had been cruelly, shamefully insulted. The girls went home

wrought up over the incident, all their sympathies with their favorite prima donna.

"She did just right, mamma," said Ethel, as they related the circumstance to Katherine. "I just glory in her nerve and independence."

"Yes; and there are good women on the stage," said Jessie Lee, "and he had no right to make such sweeping assertions."

When telegrams and newspapers trumpeted the incident through the length and breath of the Union, nearly everybody was of the same opinion. The diva and the preacher, who afterward became a bishop, had much free advertising.

"Don't make an engagement for Thursday evening, girls," Katherine said the next day; "Mr. Bancroft, the historian, is in the city and the Historical Society gives him a reception then, and I wish you to meet him."

"What is the occasion of his visit here?" asked Jessie Lee.

To gather data of President Polk's life for the history he is writing. You must call at Polk Place and pay your respects to the President's widow and her niece, Mrs. Brevard, who has resided there since his death. Tuesdays are their reception days."

At the reception they were presented to the venerable guest of the evening, who despite his age, was straight as an arrow and very interesting in conversation, saying he "was delighted to meet the young ladies of the South, who as a class possessed such sweet, insouciant manners."

He gave Ethel a memento of the occasion which she still cherishes.

Katherine was prompt in her attendance at all the services of the church to which she belonged; she joined the Benevolent Society which met Wednesdays and went every Friday afternoon to a prayer service conducted by a devout woman, daughter of an eminent divine, then deceased. Her mother had for years held the prayer-meeting and when she died the daughter took up the work the mother laid down. It was comforting, restful, to hear her talk of the Master's work and mission on the earth, and amid her worldly pursuits Katherine found here a refreshing,

spiritual spring to which she turned aside and drank for an hour every week. The congregation moved into the new church and in a room where the sun struggled through stained glass windows, making a "dim, religious light," the prayer-meetings were held. As months went by, Katherine could see the leader growing, growing, and as it were, an aureole dawning on the pure brow, and she knew the sister had attained to spiritual heights to which she herself was a stranger. Three other women began to come to the meetings who possessed the gracious knowledge and experience into which the leader had entered, and Katherine sought to know it, too, but was baffled at every turn. Then it came about that only a few of the more devout women attended, and finally those who came not criticized those who did as cranks and fanatics.

Jessie Lee and Ethel, fresh from theatres and entertainments, enjoyed the rich, deep tones of the organ, the fine artistic singing and the eloquent addresses delivered from the sacred desk, and the former said:

"I like your church, Aunt Katherine; it is luxurious and beautiful; everything is done on velvet there."

Katherine was much impressed with one young woman in the church, Miss Harriet Montague, who rayed sunshine wherever she went. She was beautiful, cultured, and had been graduated at an Eastern College. An only child, she was the idol of her parents.

After leaving college she made a residence tour of Europe and the Holy Land, remaining abroad two years. Then, there was no railroad running from Jaffa to Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beyrout, and she rode several hundred miles on horseback to see those cities. Damascus, where Paul received his sight, especially interested her, as well as the town of Tarsus, the apostle's birthplace.

One morning the girls came from a musicale when Jessie Lee said:

"I met Miss Harriet Montague today, Aunt Katherine; she was beautiful in a black-lace dress over blue silk. She told me something of her travels in the East—spoke of a

Greek guide who could not do enough for her especial comfort."

"Miss Montague wins hearts wherever she goes," said Katherine; "did she speak of seeing the Bavarian peasants produce the Passion Play at Oberammergau?"

"Yes, and she said no one could doubt the divinity of Christ who witnesses this sublime production. She has spent two winters in the National Capitol, she informed me."

"Yes," said Katherine, touching caressingly the dainty curls on Ethel's brow, who had sunk on a hassock at her feet, "she was the guest of friends in high official circles. The Chinese minister on one occasion sent her a cluster of American beauties of such dimensions that he detailed an attendant to carry them to the fete."

"You say she writes?" said Ethel.

"Yes, her Spanish journal is very interesting, and attests her power of close observation. She gleaned many treasured souvenirs from historic places abroad."

"As they neared Alexandria," said Ethel, "she told us she rose before the dawn to see Pompey's Pillar rise apparently out of the sea, and had a fine view of the Khedive's summer palace from the harbor. There were five in the party, and they took carriages and drove for miles by palm groves, the tops of which looked like tufted plumes. She says the inscription on Pompey's Pillar shows it to have been erected by Publius, prefect of Egypt, in honor of Diocletian. She said the guide told that the people were sorrowful when an American ship came and took away Cleopatra's Needle that stands in Central Park. Fifteen hundred years before Christ it graced the entrance to the temple of Neptune, in Heliopolis. How far did her party go up the Nile?"

"To the second cataract," replied Jessie Lee, "the little steamer was lighted with electricity, rich rugs covered the decks, and the servants were dressed in silk; they took the steamer at Cairo, and she had ridden in Bey Chafik's carriage with Mr. Gage, who had the party in charge from the hotel to the quay. It was driven by an Egyptian coachman, and she said the fleet Arabian horses went like the wind."

"It was at Assouat, where there is a British garrison, that

the steamer was decorated in honor of the Khedive's birthday," said Jessie Lee, "and the regiment and band went aboard to celebrate the occasion. Bey Chafik, the Khedive's private secretary, was aboard, and requested Miss Montague to play the National air of Egypt on the piano in the salon, which she had caught from his whistling it as they ascended the Nile."

"She played brilliantly this morning," said Ethel, adjusting a thin bracelet of old-gold on her rounded arm, "and I can imagine the sweet grace with which she complied with his request."

Rising from the hassock she went to her room to write letters, while Jessie Lee donned her hat and went to take her vocal lesson.

Katherine sat at her desk thinking of the brilliant future that beckoned to the gifted young woman of whom they had been speaking. Alas, for the vanity of earthly hopes! Not more than twelve months had passed before she began to fade like a flower, and notwithstanding the skill of the most noted physicians in the Union she grew worse until death claimed her.

"And yet," Katherine spoke aloud, her eyes on the blue-scalloped horizon, "she still lives :

' To live in the hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.' "

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BOMB FROM KANSAS CITY BURSTS IN THE SOUTHERN
ATHENS.

IN THE early spring Mrs. Garland went for a week's visit to her brother and his family. The judge was at home for a fortnight. Their reunion was delightful. She would sit with him on the gallery in the warm, starry evenings and talk of John and of the other loved ones gone home. He had erected a family altar, having been mellowed and sweetened through affliction and drawn closer to the infinite Father. To hear him read a portion of God's word and offer prayer and thanksgiving, seemingly talking face to face with Him, was to Katherine a precious privilege. The week passed all too swiftly and she was again back in the city.

Booth and Barrett, starrng together, were playing at the leading theater. The girls insisted that she go with them to see the great tragedian, in "The Merchant of Venice." She consented and they thoroughly enjoyed the play; Booth took the part of Shylock, while Barrett personated Antonio. A couple of weeks later a great educational convention was held in the city. People came from all parts of the Union. The Athens of the South opened wide her hospitable gates and entertained her cultured guests with true Southern hospitality. The President of the Educational Association and his wife, who were from Kansas, were quartered at one of the leading hotels with many other distinguished educators. The President, during the convention, won golden opinions, filling the chair he had long held with courtly dignity. Every courtesy was extended them by the

city's most prominent men and women. Northern and Southern culture graciously commingled. Ethel and Jessie Lee, accompanied by Alma, attended the convention and met many of the distinguished visitors, among whom were the President and his wife. They were charmed and gave them high praise. Four days later a bomb from Kansas City fell and burst in the Southern Athens.

Ethel came rushing into Katherine's parlor, her eyes blazing, followed by the indignant Jessie Lee and Alma; the face of the latter wore an expression of lofty contempt. Ethel thrust the morning paper before Katherine's eyes and pointing to a paragraph, said:

"Read that, mamma, read that."

"Yes; said Alma, "read it and tell us what you think about it."

"We want to know what you think of such a woman," said Jessie Lee. It was a paragraph copied from the *Kansas City Journal*, having been taken from a letter written to a friend in that city by the President's wife, in which she held her entertainers up to ridicule, especially the women, and ended by saying she "hoped a day would come when she could see black heels on white necks."

Katherine, after reading it, looked up at the indignant faces.

"It is infamous, girls. She never expected that to be published."

Alma who had sat down on the sofa and lifted Annie, a dainty, golden haired fairy of three years to her side, said:

"No; she never thought it would see the light. I am glad she is unmasked."

"I am too," said Ethel, "right here among the people she has maligned—"

"And to whom she is wishing such rare good fortune," said Alma ironically, clasping a thin gold chain around Annie's little white neck that had become unfastened. "She deceived us awhile with her Judas smile and talk."

"Yes; Jezebel's whipped out," said Jessie Lee with a laugh; "our keen, lynx-eyed editor here knows his business——"

"But don't he?" interrupted Ethel. "I know he sent that cutting to his press with glee, so as to let the people here know what a viper they have been entertaining, before that viper got out of their midst—"

"She couldn't wait to get away before spitting out her venom," said Jessie Lee, toying with Annie's silken ringlets.

"Don't be so bitter, girls," said Katherine; "such actions bring their own punishment; the woman is filled with bitter prejudice and don't realize what she has said——"

"I'll never believe it, mamma, she is just wicked, atrocious——"

"I think so too, Neh, and not worthy of notice," said Jessie Lee. "Come, we are due at the dressmaker's this morning. Let's get ready and go."

The paper containing the unlucky paragraph was carried to the woman by her husband before she left her room that morning. She was struck dumb with chagrin and so deeply mortified that she would not go to breakfast, but went to bed instead. Her husband had been re-elected to his high office and when the convention met that morning promptly resigned. The people were sorry for him when he said "the woman to whom his wife had written had betrayed her confidence; that it was unfortunate; he deeply regretted it; no words could express his regret; that his wife was prostrated with grief and chagrin. He thanked them for their kind hospitality; he would ever hold them in pleasant remembrance." They pressed him to keep the office, but he firmly refused. It was pitiful. He came to the city so proud and left so crestfallen.

The home of Mrs. Glenrose was a gay center that summer, where Daisy Hardcastle, who had spent the winter in Memphis, drew around her an admiring circle of friends; and when Jessie Lee accompanied by Ethel went home and Susie, Mrs. Glenrose youngest daughter of sixteen, was counted in, they almost made another "Merry Four." So rapidly the days came and went that the time drew near for them to separate almost before they were aware of it.

The four girls were taking an airing one afternoon in a

surrey, wheeling through leafy, shaded roads, when Jessie Lee said:

"Say, Daisy, who is this gentleman from the Old Dominion that is writing to you so often?"

"He," said Daisy, flushing, "is a knight, *sans reproche*."

"Does he live in the Bluff City?"

"Yes; but he is summering at his ancestral home, Glamorgan, in the State of the Mother of Presidents. I see that my friend, Mrs. Dale, has returned from White Sulphur. I expected to be back in the city before her but have failed."

"Is the gentleman handsome?" asked Susie, drawing her lawn skirts in from the wheels. "Describe him to us, Daisy."

"He is a blonde, Susie; with light, short curls clustering all over his head, blue expressive eyes, square chin, a sweet smile, and stands six feet without his shoes. Do you like my description of my knight?"

"Splendidly, Daisy; tell us more about him."

"I will sometime, Susie. Somers," to Mrs. Glenrose's young son who was driving the ponies and bowling along at a rapid rate; "don't drive so fast, my boy, and we will enjoy the scenery more."

"All right, Aunt Daisy; I just thought I would give you a breeze."

"I am told that the members of the Twentieth Century Club, Daisy," said Ethel, "are all anxious to improve themselves; that it is not just a society affair."

"That is true, Ethel; the women are something else besides butterflies, I am proud to say. They are ambitious to advance along educational lines and their courses of reading are always thorough."

"And you are the musical director of the Club for this year?"

"Yes; I was chosen at our last meeting."

"Where will you sing this winter?" asked Susie, breaking a spray of hazel as the surrey slowly rolled along.

"At Calvary, my dear. Girls, I have always envied your being at the church when plucky little Abbott bearded

the lion in his den that Sunday morning. I read all about it in the Memphis papers."

"It fell like a bomb shell in the congregation," said Jessie Lee, "and everybody thought she did right."

"People were with the song bird down my way," said Daisy.

"Invective like that does no good—convinces nobody, leads nobody into a better life. 'Lead, Kindly Light' is a suggestion that should be heeded more by those who would lift humanity up."

The following week Daisy left for Memphis, and a few days later, Mrs. Garland, Ethel and Jessie Lee were back from their summer outing, the latter again in the Conservatory of Music.

They found the city *en fete* for the coming of the nation's chief executive and his wife, who would stop for a few days, en route for the great Atlanta Exposition; they were to be guests at beautiful Belle Meade.. The President received at the Capitol, while the lady held a levee at a leading hotel. Mrs. Glenrose, Mrs. Somerville and her young son, Keeble, came up for the occasion as did thousands of others from country towns. Katherine and her party struggled through the crush on the stairway and in the corridors leading to the reception salons, but Mrs. Somerville's heart failed her at the jam and she and Keeble retreated. The lady was assisted by several prominent women; the President's private secretary, who was a Tennessean and former governor of the state, stood at her side and pronounced the names of everyone he knew as they passed, so when Katherine approached she gave her a smile and a cordial handclasp, saying:

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mrs. Garland."

She and her party went out, realizing why the nation loved the President's gracious wife.

The winter had closed in with snow and freezing winds, when she received a letter from Edwin with the news that his father had been taken ill while away from home at one of his courts, and that he and his mother were at his bedside. Later a bulletin came saying there was decided im-

provement. Then at the end of a fortnight the physician who had attended Judge Somerville, having business in the city, called on her and told her he had accompanied his patient home, and that he was on the way to complete recovery. Much relieved, Katherine went about her literary work with renewed effort.

The pastor of the church of which she was a member resigned and a Spirit-filled, scholarly man took his place. The choir, a quartette, consisted of the finest singers the city could afford. She still attended the Friday afternoon prayer-meetings, glad that she could in some measure appreciate the high spiritual plane the leader and some others had attained to, if she could not reach there herself. Ethel and Jessie Lee were engaged in a round of gayety, but were promptly at services every Sunday. Daisy wrote that she "was delightfully located in the Bluff City, being near all the theatres and churches."

December was waning, when a letter came from Tom, begging her to come and see his father; that he "was low-spirited and needed cheering up. He had not regained his strength as they had hoped, and while he was not really ill, he did not rally as he should, and it would do him good if she would make him a visit."

While she was trying to decide whether she could go just then or not, a telegram was handed her, which said:

"Come on the first train."

She left that afternoon and a long, dreary ride she had, filled as she was with dread and suspense. The train seemed to creep and to stop at every little place on the route. Night fell and her sad forebodings increased and as the train clanked on in the darkness through forests and over streams, she reviewed her life, strewn with crushed hopes and broken ideals, all along the journey. The slow dark hours crept—the train crawled. At length it stopped a couple of miles from her destination, at a switch, waiting for a train meeting it, to pass. It came, slowed up and was gone, when a man came aboard, carrying a lighted lantern. Some one across the aisle asked him a question which she did not understand, but she heard the reply:

"The judge has just died."

And this was the way the dread tidings reached her of the death of the last one of her father's house; the last one of the happy home circle of The Oaks, save herself. She drew down her veil and sat very quiet, making no moan at the arrow with which a stranger's hand had just transfixed her heart. The train stopped; she entered the carriage and drove to the residence; meeting Tom in the hall, she said in a low voice:

"Oh, Tom! Why did you not let me know sooner?"

"It was so sudden, Aunt Katherine. We never dreamed of his dying until this morning when he unexpectedly took a turn for the worse."

The wife was dazed, the sons trying to comfort her, and when Katherine entered her room, she cried:

"Oh, Katherine! you are the only one left for us to love now."

Undergirded with a living faith, the sister went into a room alone, feeling that her noble, self-abnegating brother had been called from a troubled world to his reward which the Righteous Judge held in store for him. He had never been the same since John went away. And his boy's spirit wanted him and he wanted to be with his boy. And the blessed, merciful Christ who loved them both with an ever-lasting love and whom they loved and confessed here on His footstool, had been gracious to them and called them to the throne-room of His kingdom, where their yearning souls were reunited forevermore.

Telegrams and letters of condolence poured in to the widow and his sons. He was buried in the cemetery near the town, the family preferring his last resting place to be near by.

No judge ever presided over a court whose lawyers loved him more. He had been to them like a father and it was with genuine grief that the different courts over which he had presided drew up resolutions of love and respect to his memory.

Katherine lingered a few days after the funeral and then returned home, resuming her various duties with a subdued,

chastened spirit. Mr. Garland had for some months been troubled with a cough and as the winter advanced it grew worse, and Katherine began to fear that consumption, the scourge of his family, would take hold of him. At length he began to keep his room, sitting all day in an easy-chair, reading; towards evening his cheeks would flush and his eyes brighten and he would talk with unusual animation. His physician, however, told her that all bronchial affection was attended with some hectic fever and that her husband had no consumption. Still he ordered him to Florida. It was impracticable for her and him to be absent from home at the same time and Ethel was detailed to accompany him, a duty she assumed with pleasure.

One wintry evening they took a Pullman coach for Pensacola, thence to Jacksonville where they remained a week. His drooping spirits rallied as soon as they were fairly started. At St. Augustine he rapidly improved and frequently went out strolling with her about the old Spanish town, inhaling the invigorating ocean breezes, cheerful, hopeful and talking of his plans for the future.

There was a gentleman and his daughter from Albany, New York, stopping at the hotel whom they found very agreeable, and when he did not care to walk, Ethel would go with Miss Lacy on the beach and watch the white horses chase each other and break on the shore. A senator, who was a member of the Florida legislature, became quite interested in her and would take her and Miss Lacy driving about the country, among orange groves where buds, blossoms, green and ripe fruit, were all growing on the same trees. When she was invited to go driving or walking with her new acquaintances, she would ask:

"Papa, must I go?"

"Certainly daughter," he would reply; "it makes me improve to see you enjoying yourself here. I will read the papers and sit on the gallery and talk to Mr. Lacy about my native State."

Afterward they went to Palatka and spent a month there. Then to Ocala, where he decided to remain until the time set for their return. Ethel, while gazing into the pellucid

depths of Silver Lake, so clear that a silver dime is plainly visible on the white sand thirty feet below, felt as if she would like to go in search of Ponce de Leon's fabled spring said to bestow eternal youth on those who drunk of it's waters. April came and they began to think of a day when they would go, and the middle of the month they took rail for Pensacola, where they tarried a few days. They reached home one morning, rather unexpected by Katherine, who was glad to see her husband so much improved. Jessie Lee, whose school would soon close, was delighted at Ethel's return and they began to make plans for the summer.

He continued to improve for some months and then, his health becoming precarious, his physician advised him to remove to a country town. He did so, and the autumn found the family established in a place containing some four thousand population two hours by rail from the city. Katherine was pleased with the change, many congenial people, who knew her through her books, gathered about her.

Ethel still corresponded with Mr. Poindexter. However, she met a gentleman at her new home whom she found very interesting and agreeable, and who was, from the first, strongly attracted to her, and after the lapse of a few months she closed her correspondence with the Mississippian.

Mr. Melville was the only son of a gentleman of good estate, whose blue-grass farm, stocked with blooded horses, was one of the finest in the county. The young man had lost his mother in childhood, and often spoke touchingly of her, who was his ideal of womanly loveliness. He had one sister, Ellie, then just out, and she and Ethel soon became fast friends. The former was an optimist, seeing life through lenses, *colour de rose*, and, in consequence, had many friends. Her brother had fine literary tastes, which was, to Ethel, one of his chief attractions. Their father had been a gallant soldier in the Confederate service, and the name of "K. Melville" was a synonym for probity and honor wherever he was known.

The autumn and winter passed, and Mr. Garland went to some springs, famous for their curative properties, leaving efficient clerks in charge of his affairs. Arthur's wife bore

him another daughter, who was named Ethel, for her cousin.

As the summer advanced, Katherine joined her husband, taking John and Annie with her. She found him hopeful, and he enjoyed seeing the children frolic under the great forest trees before the hotel. Since his return from Florida, he had been drinking light wines at meals.

When they returned home, the eldest one of "The Merry Four" came on a visit. Ann had made a second marriage and was a widow again. She had borne one son to Mr. Sears, who was now grown and had recently married. They lived again over the old days at The Oaks.

The sister who led the Friday afternoon prayer-meetings in the city came out, with her husband, for a week's visit to Katherine while Ann was her guest. It was a season of spiritual refreshment for them.

One day, after she was gone, Ann said:

"Cousin, we are interested about the souls of our sons. Let's besiege The Throne together every day for their salvation. You lead in prayer one morning; I will lead the next."

They did so, and had a spiritual uplift for their own souls. She stayed a couple of months, and then left for her home in the western part of the State. It was the last time they ever saw each other.

Katherine's church relations in the town were pleasant, her pastor being an earnest young theologian, anxious to do good. In the autumn, Jessie Lee came to be present at Ethel's marriage. It was very quiet, the immediate family and a few intimate friends, among whom was Miss Alledale, being present. Two weeks afterward Jessie Lee returned home, and a month later the young couple went to housekeeping, and Katherine found the place very lonely when they were gone.

The light wines Mr. Garland used proved deleterious, and as the winter deepened his cough grew worse. It was a gloomy time, for she was taken seriously ill, and did not recover till spring had come.

In June he went to a distant summer resort, difficult of access, ten miles of staging across a rough road having to

be gone over to get to it. He was failing rapidly, and quite unable to attend to his affairs, and advised her to take a house in the suburbs of the city for the summer.

A month after their removal she went to him, and was shocked to find him scarcely able to sit up, but still hopeful of recovery. He wished to go home, and a cot was placed between the seats of a pleasure wagon for him, and he was driven slowly to the station, where they spent the night, taking rail in a chair car for the city the next morning. His room in the suburban home was large and airy, with a pretty view of wood and meadow from the windows, and he would sit in the mornings, propped up with pillows, reading the daily papers and talking of his plans for the future. It was her habit to read a portion of the Bible every day, and at one time he requested her to read aloud. He was so deeply interested that she read chapter after chapter of the Gospel of St. John to him.

"You understand these things," he said one day; "in the bygone you used so often to ask me to go with you to church, and I would make excuses and send you along by yourself."

"One is not saved for going to church, dear," she said, "but for trusting in Christ. A simple, child-like faith in Him is all that is needed. He that hath the Son hath life."

At his request she would sing hymns, while he lay listening with closed eyes. She read of the crucifixion, of the great sacrifice God had made in giving his Son and the Son made in giving himself for the salvation of the human race. One day she read to him the fifteenth chapter of Mark—that graphic description of the greatest drama ever enacted in the universe. She read where the Roman guard, pierced to the heart at the mighty scenes taking place before him—the sudden darkening of the heavens, as if the sun were failing and fading in his course; the earth quaking as if in the throes of dissolution; the rending in twain of the temple veil and hearing the mighty cry of the great Sufferer when he gave up the ghost—was constrained to cry out, "Truly this man *was* the Son of God." As she read, the sick man's eyes filled, and, through the tears, faith was mirrored in their depths. The pastor of the suburban church visited

him and talked in his earnest way of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, and the devout sister with the aureole on her brow came and knelt at his bedside in prayer. He expressed a wish to join the church, and a minister of the denomination to which his mother had belonged came out and received him into the fold of believers. After that a sweet peace passing understanding seemed to enter his soul. The last night the humble pastor came and stayed at his bedside till dawn. He lay in a semi-conscious state, arousing and speaking at intervals. Friends gathered in the room. Just before the end he took his son's hand and spoke affectionately to him and to others about him. His wife knelt beside the bed, his hand in hers. Some friend moistened his lips with water, when he murmured:

"This is the happiest day of my life."

He breathed his last, when a low, sweet strain sounded in the room. It was Katherine singing:

"Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging, close to thee;
May thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee."

The gray skies were weeping when the carriages came, in the early dawn, to take the family and friends to the station. They bore him away to be laid beside her brother in the cemetery of her native town. Letters of condolence came to Katherine, among them one from the sweet, devout sister who had prayed at her husband's bedside.

Ethel was ill, unable to be with her, but she was wonderfully sustained by the Arm that is mighty to save.

Mr. Garland left some insurance policies, and Katherine had an income from her literary work. Her son superintended for her the improving of a pretty home on a desirable suburban site, and she furnished it comfortably. She made her home here with her son and his family.

Susie Glenrose came to attend one of the leading suburban schools, and her presence in the house was very grateful to Katherine at this time. She was one of those lovely characters one meets but once in a lifetime. The low brow, shaded

with masses of dark hair ; the deep, expressive blue eyes ; the delicate contour of cheek and chin ; the rosebud mouth ; the slender form, with unstudied attitudes of grace ; the bright intellect and sweet, unselfish soul, made her unique, charming, beloved.

One evening she had prepared her lessons for the next day, and, coming into her aunt's room, stood looking down at her, singing :

"God is our refuge, a very present help in trouble."

Katherine thought she had never seen a lovelier face.

The school she attended was two miles out—a fine old mansion to which many large additions had been made. It was surrounded by magnificent grounds, rich in statuary, fountains, and flowers—a beautiful setting for the girls who came from all parts of the Union for instruction.

CHAPTER XIX.

WIDOWHOOD.



DURING her first year of widowhood, Katherine did not write much, and at its close she became secretary of a W. C. T. U. organization, of which Mrs. Elmore, wife of a prominent judge, was president. She had held that position many years, her residence being always the home of Miss Willard when she came on her Southern tours in her work. Descended of colonial ancestry, she was State Vice-Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and always attended the congresses, that met yearly at the national capital. At the solicitation of friends, Katherine joined that organization also, and was elected corresponding secretary of the chapter of which Mrs. Estelle Beaumont was regent, whose home, in one of the most fashionable sections of the city, was a center of culture and refinement.

The charities of both of these women among the poor and unfortunate of the city were unknown and uncounted, for they belonged to that class of philanthropists who do not let their left hands know what their right hands do.

Like Mrs. Haven, of Mississippi, Mrs. Elmore built a church and hired a preacher to fill the sacred desk; only her church was for poor whites and Mrs. Haven's for poor blacks.

Judge Elmore, with his keen intellect, superior analytical and oratorical powers, and broad, Christian sympathies, towered high as a man and a jurist among his eminent compeers. In him and his wife Katherine found invaluable friends.

Mrs. Elmore habitually attended the little church, finding there spiritual sustenance that seemed lacking in the great congregation where her name was enrolled.

One of Katherine's old classmates, Mrs. Bosworth, formerly Miss Jordan, was living near her, and their friendship of years gone by was renewed. She was a widow and resident with her daughter, whose husband was an official of one of the railroads running into the city. Katherine and her friend, Eliza, spent many pleasant hours recalling the days of "auld lang syne."

She went, accompanied by her grandson, John, now ten years old, to the Columbian Exposition. The Court of Honor with its MacMonnies and electrical fountains, the Administration Building on the lake fringed with incandescent lights, the Peristyle, the Statue of Liberty, the search lights, electrical effects, and magnificent palaces filled with treasures of art and industry from all quarters of the habitable globe, were a revelation to her. In the art palaces, "The Flagellants," a painting by Bouguereau, stayed in her memory. A country had been smitten by a terrible plague and the citizens had flagellated themselves, hoping thereby to stay the destroyer's hand. A hundred people on the large canvas, stripped to the waist, were coming down a slope, the blood streaming from self-inflicted stripes, their faces expressing dire agony.

Columbia Avenue, in the Liberal Arts Building, was a magnificent thoroughfare. Here was Germany's display of porcelain and France's exhibit of sculpture. "The Descent from the Cross," one of the finest pieces of statuary in the world, was in this collection. John was interested in the animals in Lincoln Park and enjoyed the excursion on the steamer on Lake Michigan's blue bosom immensely. He liked to patronize the ice railway and to ride on the intramural line that ran over the Eskimo Village. He got lost one night in the Electricity Building as they were leaving it for their hotel. They had stopped at a counter, looking at some curios some distance from the door and then moved on, some forty people going in the same direction. John was a

step behind her and when she got to the door, Katherine glanced around to find him missing. With a beating heart she hurried back to the counter and found him leaning down on it, crying.

"Oh, John; how did you get away from me?" she asked.

He was happy at seeing her and wiping away the tears, replied.

"I saw a peanut stand and thought I could run to it, buy some peanuts, and get back before you were out of sight."

"What prompted you to come back to this counter?"

"I just thought you would come here to look for me."

Much relieved, they went immediately to their hotel. They remained several days longer than they at first intended and it was a weary pair that finally took rail for home.

The sweet-spirited minister who had been called to the church of which Katherine was a member in the city, resigned and one of the most eminent divines and popular orators in the South took his place. He was a deep thinker and preached sound doctrine, but somehow, Katherine got more spiritual strength in the little factory-district church her friend had built than she got there. She spent much of the time in reading and meditation, and attended the prayer meetings, still conducted by the devout sister; knowing well that she still lingered in the outer court, try as she might to get into the high, holy place, where the sister and a few others stood.

Daisy Hardcastle had married her knight, "*sans reproche*," Mr. Jordan Morris. Katherine received a letter from her dated at Glamorgan, his ancestral home in Virginia, while she was preparing to go to Jessie Lee's wedding, who was to be married to Dr. William Slavour, a gentleman standing high in his chosen profession.

She stopped on her way to visit Addie Rosser, now Mrs. Tremont, whose pretty home was on the outskirts of the town where she resided; she found her the same genial, cheerful friend as in the olden time, well versed in current literature and the vital questions of the day. It was a delightful visit to Katherine, whose heart turned back to the friends whom she had entertained at The Oaks so long ago.

From there she went to her native town, spending some days with Mrs. Somerville; visiting the graves of her husband and brother. She and Mary Moore—now Mrs. Kirkwood—drove to The Oaks and found many sad changes about the old place. They went to the cemetery and it was a sweet and mournful privilege to Katherine to stand with Mary beside the graves of her dead. They drove back when the shadows were lengthening toward the east, silent, their hearts filled with sacred memories, and reached town when the stars were palely glinting in the skies.

The next day she arrived at her destination, and found the Glenrose household in that pleasant commotion preceding a wedding—the bride-elect quite happy and Susie, now a young lady, the very joy of the home. It was a pretty home wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Lucerne, the latter a favorite cousin, and their niece, Florence, a bright, sparkling brunette, being present. When the happy pair were gone away on their bridal tour, Katherine spent some days with Mrs. Lucerne. At twilight she and her hostess would sit on the vine-wreathed veranda and listen to Florence discourse sweet music on the piano, the strains sometimes, lilting, merry; sometimes sad, floating out from the lace-draped windows on the soft, delicious air. One evening when she was playing some low, dreamy sonata, and they were listening in their accustomed seats among the flowering vines, Katherine asked:

“Cousin Lizzie, do you ever talk to the Lord about the loved ones who have crossed over the river?”

“How do you mean, cousin; pray for the dead?”

“Perhaps, dear; if you put it that way.”

“But that is rank Catholicism.”

“I have prayed so habitually for my loved ones while they were living, that after they passed away, I found myself unconsciously talking to Him about them. Cousin Lizzie, they are in God’s universe. Why should I not commune with Him about them?”

“But they do not need your prayers now. Prayer with them has changed to praise.”

“Yes; that is true, but I love to think of them in connec-

tion with Him. I felt my mother's presence after she went away as sensibly as I now feel yours."

"Well, we have the Word that tells us that angels (purified spirits) have at times visited the earth; why should they not come back to us, now?"

"They do come back to us, cousin; not as Spiritualists believe, but in the Lord's own appointed way."

"I well believe it, my dear," said the lady, plucking a creamy cape jessamine growing in a jar at her elbow and handing it to Katherine. The strains of Gottschalk's "Last Hope" stole softly out from the parlor. They lapsed into silence, listening to the dreamy, pulsing notes.

Katherine left the following day and went to Mills' Point, where, years before, James had taken a boat for Vicksburg, and later, she, accompanied by him, had embarked for the State capital *en route* for college. The place seemed to her like what she imagined an Alpine village to be, with steps going up from street to street and the houses perched on cliffs, one above another.

Mrs. Sarah La Fouace Herbert was Katherine's hostess, a woman of great force of character, descendant of the Countess Le Ard, who was living in Versailles, France, at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Countess, who was a Huguenot, chanced to be on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nourse, in Herefordshire, England, and thus escaped death. A fine cut of her ancestral home, Weston Hall, hangs in Mrs. Herbert's parlor. The Nourse coat of arms is a shield elaborately scrolled, surmounted with a mailed hand grasping a serpent that is coiled around it.

Mrs. Herbert was president of the Temperance Union in her town and told Katherine of her work while they sat on the gallery of her home, overlooking the river checkered with shade and sunshine, pearly mists lazily drifting along its course. The latter never grew weary of gazing at the broad immemorial river eternally sweeping on to the sea. "Men may come and men may go, but you go on forever," she murmured, late one afternoon when sitting alone she looked at the great flood shining like molten gold in the

westering sun. How far away was that time of her girlhood when, with her brother, she embarked on that river on her way to school! What mighty changes had taken place in the country and in her life since then! But the river was still here, unchanged. How long had it been here? Aeons, perhaps. How long would it be here? Aeons, more, perhaps, bearing to and fro on its bosom hearts as ardent and hopeful as were those of James and Guy when it bore them to the Crescent City and back to Vicksburg, and then brought James to this place nearest The Oaks. That light-filled river! It made her think of eternity. The sun dropped behind the hills of Missouri and the sheen on its bosom faded. Over across the gray flood, in the northern heavens wheeled her mother's favorite constellations, the Great Bear and Cassiopea's Chair, around Polaris, that astronomers say has slightly changed its position in millions and millions of years. The robins twittered, cleaving the air, flying nestward. Zephyrs soft as those of warm Sicilian seas came, freighted with sweetness, from the star-lit river, fanning the brow of the lonely woman. Vega and Hercules were mounting toward the zenith, their light serenely reflected on the placid waves.

"It is my Father's river; they are my Father's constellations," she murmured prayerfully.

A light footstep sounded on the gallery and Mrs. Herbert came slowly trailing her soft silken skirts along the floor, saying:

"Alone with the river and the stars?"

"Yes, my friend; God has made this world so beautiful."

"I have often thought," said the hostess, "of what heaven must be, when the world is so fair."

The tea bell sounded; she took Katherine's arm and drew her indoors.

Resident in the town was Mrs. Elizabeth Tracy, a widow, sister of Mrs. Somerville whom Katherine visited. Her son, Charles, had recently married Miss Mabel Frere, a belle of the county. Mrs. Tracy's pretty daughter, Mattie, gracefully assisted her mother in doing the honors of their home, and they took pleasure in climbing the various

flights of steps that led from street to street with Katherine, and tramping to different points where the finest views of the river presented themselves. The mother was that "Aunt Bettie," who was so kind to her little nephews when they ran away like babes in the wood that bygone summer day. Sacred memories were busy with their hearts as they strolled along the grass-grown cliffs and talked of the old happy days of their girlhood.

Katherine returned home strengthened in health and spirits. The first of the winter, a great evangelist came and opened a meeting. He had held several meetings in the city before—the first under a great tent where thousands flocked to hear him and hundreds were converted. He had once been a frequenter of saloons, whom the Spirit of God had transformed into a mouthpiece for work in His vineyard. He wielded a Damascene blade, cutting right and left, piercing to the core every kind of vice. He denounced the formal, worldly Christian in such wise that many ceased to go to hear him and many others were waked up and turned with renewed zeal to their religious duties. It was now some years since he held the first meeting under the tent and his audiences overflowed the Tabernacle, which he had been instrumental in building, with its seating capacity of five thousand. He preached with his usual earnestness, handling the popular vices and follies without gloves, his keen wit and tender pathos moving the multitude now to laughter and now to tears. Among those that he had been instrumental in bringing to Christ was a river captain, the owner of a line of steamboats, on each of which was a saloon. He was also proprietor of one in the city. After his conversion he put all the saloons off his boats and turned the city grog shop into a mission where members of the Salvation Army held services every night. He also assumed the main responsibility of building a Gospel Tabernacle.

During one of the evangelist's meetings, Arthur had joined one of the prominent churches of which his wife was a member. He was naturally of a religious turn of mind, and often said he was frequently conscious of being providentially protected and kept from danger. The gallery had

not yet been put in the Tabernacle, and at the close of the meeting an association of prominent men and an auxiliary circle of women were organized to raise funds for that purpose. Mrs. Elmore was elected president; Katherine, secretary; and the wife of the river captain treasurer of the auxiliary circle.

Under the auspices of the circle, lectures and other entertainments were given, so that with the liberal contributions and efforts made by the association of gentlemen, of which a gallant Confederate officer was chairman, a sum sufficient to erect the gallery was soon realized. It was put in, thus making one of the finest auditoriums on the continent.

The State would soon be a hundred years old, and her citizens were making preparations to celebrate the event with a grand exposition. More than a year before the time, spacious suburban grounds were laid off, with drives winding through great, fragrant flower gardens, wide artificial lakes, grottoes, and fountains. The picturesque isle of Capri was reproduced in miniature in one of the lakes, at which, a year later, gondolas from Venice were moored. Magnificent palaces were erected, among them the beautiful Parthenon, with its columns and friezes, for an art gallery, and the Erectheum, for a history building. To add to the interest of the celebration, it had been arranged that the National Confederate Reunion should be held that year at the capital of the Volunteer State.

CHAPTER XX.

APPARENTLY A NEW DOCTRINE.



WO years before the exposition, Arthur removed his family to a country town. His mother leased out her home and went with him. It was an hour's ride by rail from the city—a center of wealth and refinement, in the midst of one of the finest farming districts in the State. Among those who called was the wife of a physician and her daughter, who came to be warm friends of Katherine. Their devotion to each other was beautiful. The mother had annihilated years with her youthful spirit, and come half-way down to her daughter's level; the daughter, with her fine intellect and heart of filial love, had stepped up, so they stood together—one in thought and purpose. At Maplehurst, their suburban home, Katherine found with Mrs. Greville and her daughter, Susie, appreciation and rest of soul.

Located in the town was a Swedish woman, an artist who, during a ten-years' residence in Paris, had been a pupil of Bouguereau's, and who had traveled over Europe as companion to Nillson, that Katherine employed to paint her portrait. She recounted her experiences in different European cities while with the diva, which Katherine, as she sat for her, found very interesting. She also drew a sketch of John, and one day, while sitting for her, he asked:

"Did you ever see Queen Victoria, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes; at Buckingham Palace," she replied, studying his left eyebrow, "when the diva sung before the queen at the private theater there. Her Majesty sat just in front of the stage, the Prince and Princess of Wales on one side of

her, and the Princess Beatrice on the other. There were many other princes and princesses and lords and ladies who sat behind her. The prima donna was grand that evening, and the queen gave her a magnificent bracelet of diamonds and pearls."

"Tell me of some other things, Mademoiselle," said John, trying to hold his position.

"Well, John, I saw a bull fight in Madrid, when Alphonse, King of Spain, and his cousin, Mercedes, were married. The diva was there, with her troupe, in grand opera for the occasion. Bull fighting had been put down in Spain, but a special privilege had been obtained for it then, on account of the royal wedding. I went one afternoon, in company with another lady, to see a fight. A man on horseback would run at the bull, who had been blindfolded, and stick him with a spear. He was called a *matador*, and the bull would rush blindly in the direction of the man. At last, the bull got the bandage off his eyes, and how he did raise sand in that arena! There were two men on foot, who had sharp sticks with red streamers that they would shake at the bull to make him mad, and he would plunge after them, and they would hop, skip, and jump to get out of his way. Then, the *matador* would bear down on him, and the poor, tortured animal, mad with pain, would plunge, head downward, at the man, trying to stick his horns in him. The lady with me was looking through her opera glasses—lift your chin a little, John—and said:

"'Oh, the horse looks as if he had five legs!'

"'That can't be,' I said, leveling my glasses at the horse; and what do you think it was, John, that made him look like he had five legs?'

"I haven't the least notion," said the boy; "what was it?'

"Well, the bull had gored him so that a part of his entrails had come out and were trailing around in the sawdust."

"I should not have wanted to see that. It was cruel," said the boy.

"Horribly cruel. Well, they took the poor creature out and stuffed him up with straw and bandaged him and brought him back, and finally the bull killed him."

"And what became of the bull?"

"At one time he was getting the best of the *matador* when the men with the sharp-pointed sticks goaded him so that he turned on them and they skipped out of his way."

"I have heard," said John, changing his position, "of the thumbs of the people being turned down, which meant that the bull might kill the man."

"Yes; a long time ago they did that way in Rome—turn your face a little to the right. Ladies beautiful, handsomely dressed, would keep their thumbs turned down and see a bull gore a man to death, when to raise their thumbs would have saved his life."

"They were wicked—had awful bad hearts," said the boy.

"It was the custom of the country, and they thought nothing of it. You are tired, and can go now."

"Tell me some more. I am not tired much. What became of the bull?"

"We left before the fight was ended. I heard the bull was killed the next day, after having nearly killed two men. I will tell you some more tomorrow."

The church Katherine attended in the town had but few members, and one night the building took fire and burned down. To raise money to build a new church was the next thing to do. Many of the citizens subscribed to the fund, and the ladies of the church decided to give a concert, in which members of other churches were invited to assist. Katherine had conscientious misgivings about it, but silenced her scruples and went into the work with a will. She wrote a little drama which she, with twenty others, played, dressed in the costumes of "ye olden time." There were specialties between the acts, one of which was the song, "Judith," sung by her, costumed in white brocaded silk petticoat and long black satin court train and sweeping Oriental sleeves, all bordered and lined with a stuff simulating ermine. A golden coronet surmounted her Eastern coiffure. Miss Greville accompanied her on the piano, and she sung and acted the part of "Judith," making up her mind to slay "Holofernes" with fine effect. The audience

was enthusiastic and clapped for an *encore*, when she came back and sung "Annie Laurie."

One prominent member of the church parodied an old-time preacher; another, who was a pillar, sung a comic song, with Mrs. Greville joining in the chorus, which brought down the house. The entertainment was repeated the next evening, with the pastor's approval, two of his daughters having prominent parts: A goodly sum was realized. Then there was an ice-cream supper and a cake-walk given to increase the fund.

Katherine's room opened on a gallery, and early one morning Ethel, four years old, knocked loudly on the door.

"Now," said Katherine, letting her in, "if you had knocked softly, like this," and she tapped lightly on a table, "I would have written a poem about you. I once read a poem that begun:

"'A tap on my door, low down, low down.'"

A few days later, quite early one morning, while she was dressing, there was a light, low tapping at the door. She opened it, and there, fresh from her bath, in white lawn frock and bare feet, the sun making an aureole about her head, with its flowing, golden hair, Ethel looked up with laughing brown eyes. Katherine caught her to her bosom, and while she was pouring out her heart on the child, whose arms were about her neck, there came a low request:

"Ma, give me a nickel."

And so the poem was written and entitled:

ETHEL'S REQUEST.

A knock on my door, low down, low down,
I open to see a golden crown
In the young day fair and sweet;
The loveliest vision in all the town—
A dear little girl with eyes of brown,
And naked, lily white feet.

Into my arms, my sweet, my sweet,
She nestles; oh, but two fond hearts meet
In the fitting shades of my room.

"May she ever as now be pure and fair,"
I whisper while kissing the bright brown hair,
And cheeks of delicate bloom.

Round my neck her arms are wreathed, are wreathed,
Into my ear a fond wish is breathed
As I kiss the waxen brow;
A small, fair hand caresses my face,
With all a four-year-old's tender grace;
"Ma, give me a nickel now."

Katherine went with friends to the Presidential inauguration that year. At the hotel where Tennesseans most do congregate, she met many acquaintances and friends, and was introduced to the President-elect, whose genial face and pleasing manner was absolutely free from anything patronizing. An hour afterward she was standing in the hall where the elevator stops with Mrs. Latour, of Memphis, when a graceful, sweet-faced little woman, dressed in gray silk, supported under one arm by a gentleman and by a young girl under the other, came across the hall and stopped before the elevator. The door opened, and the wife of the President-elect was gone.

The senior Senator from the Volunteer State and his wife extended many courtesies to Katherine and her party.

The inauguration over, they visited Corcoran's art gallery, in which is Powers' "Greek Slave." It is the *chef d'œuvre* of sculpture in that fine collection. A statue of Napoleon, seated, guards the entrance to the hall devoted to the exhibition of painting. "The Burial of Moses" impressed Katherine more than any other canvas there.

A morning was spent at the Capitol, in the galleries of the House and Senate and in the Supreme Court room, where the judges sat, in their long black silk gowns. This was not Katherine's first visit to the National Capital, and she recognized many members in both houses who had been there for years.

The Smithsonian Institute and Fisheries Building claimed them for one morning, but everything paled before the glorious art displayed in the Congressional Library. It is untellable for magnificence of detail in decorative art—this

palace of which Li Hung Chang said, in driving past it one day, on being told that it was not quite completed:

"I do not wish to see it."

They went to Mount Vernon, and were shown through the mansion of the Father of His Country. In one of the rooms the spinnet of Maria Custis stood, and Katherine wished to invoke a strain from its yellow keys, but knowing it to be impracticable, did not voice the wish. From the tomb, guarded with lofty iron gates, one had a fine view of the broad Potomac. Returning by way of Alexandria, they visited the church where Washington worshiped; then into the city to the navy yard, where a woman was hung by the Government who knew nothing of the foul conspiracy that had done to death one of the nation's grandest souls and given the South the most unkindest cut of all. Then to Arlington, once the home of Lee, now surrounded by the honored graves of them that wore the blue. As Katherine stood there, her thoughts went back to her playmate brother and to Guy Haven, whose tragic history she had learned from Mr. Seawell's letters, who, with thousands of others, had followed to the death the hero's standard, and she felt as if his noble spirit still lingered amid the shades of his ancestral home above Potomac's wave.

The next day the Treasury, Navy, War Department, and Pension Buildings, the latter still wearing its elaborate decorations for the inaugural ball of three evenings past, were visited. She went shopping one morning alone, and bought dainty silk dresses for Annie and Ethel. It was sprinkling rain when she came out, and, seeing a cathedral, she entered it and had a season of prayer and meditation, which rested her spirit. The open sanctuary, inviting one to come in from the turmoil of the thoughtless world and refresh the weary soul, is a precious privilege. Christ, when on the earth, frequently went off alone to a mountain. The thronging multitudes, whom he taught and fed and healed, wearied him, and he sought communion with his Father to rest and be refreshed.

The following day Katherine's party was received at the White House, and when the Senator from her State pre-

sented her to the President, briefly speaking of her literary work, recognition came into his eyes, and he said, with his genial smile:

"I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Garland yesterday, and am pleased to renew my acquaintance again today."

The salon in which she had formerly been received when visiting the Capitol was unchanged. The same furniture, the same circular sofa, on which she had sat and chatted with statesmen and their wives years before, were still there. The same chandeliers and draperies, the same paintings, among which was a full-length portrait of Dolly Madison, were on the walls.

She had been at home a week when Mrs. Elmore telephoned her to come to the city to confer with her on an important matter. She went, and was there several days, and when she returned home she was told that a series of meetings was being held in one of the churches. As was her habit, she went one morning and listened attentively to the sermon. The man astounded her with his doctrine, which was preached mostly to Christians. The text was:

"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

"You know," said he, "that you are living up-and-down lives, and mostly down. Ever since your conversion there has been something in your hearts that troubled you—some root of bitterness that you could not account for. You have been unstable in your Christian living. Why? Because you are double-minded. Inbred sin, the old Adamic sin, for which you are not accountable, that still has lodgment in all converted souls, lies at the bottom of all this double-mindedness. It is for you to let Christ take out of your hearts that inbred sin and make them pure. He has forgiven your sins, your overt acts of rebellion against Him, and you are out of Egypt, but wandering in the wilderness of inbred sin. Come to the fountain of cleansing and have it washed away. It becomes sin to you when you know of this fountain and refuse to be cleansed. Come over into Canaan, out of the wilderness, and you will be no longer double-minded; you will be single-minded. 'Purify your hearts, ye double-minded,' says James. Do this, and all

your aspirations, the whole trend of your souls, will be heavenward. You will no longer want to raise money for the church by giving theatricals, ice-cream suppers, and cakewalks; you will do away with your grab-bags and all such lottery schemes. You will not want to do these things to get money from the world for the Bride, the Lamb's wife. Such offerings are not acceptable to Him. They are an abomination to Him. The mission of the church is lofty, grand, glorious. She has God's message to the world, which is of awful moment. She stands for all that is pure and holy that has ever come from heaven to earth. Hers is a noble, holy work, and it will take noble, holy men and women to do that work. And if, when the world's hungry hearts gather around her altars, she gives them a stone for bread and a serpent for fish, she will be execrated and disowned of God and accursed of men, the laughing-stock of hell.

"Now, is it not a fact all too patent that, whether they intend it or not, the great denominations are conducting themselves before the world in a manner calculated to bring it to believe that, at least, soul saving is not their chief work? Are they not acting in a way calculated to turn the sinner's mind from the high concern of his soul's salvation to some lower aim? Many of the common people and others are losing confidence in the church as a soul-saving institution. Many are arising to allay anything like alarm, but let not their siren song lull us to a deeper sleep, while the enemy of our souls succeeds in causing the light that is in us to become total darkness. The increasing accessions from the church, as well as from the outside, to the ranks of Christian Science, Spiritualism, New Lightism, and other occultisms of our times, is proof of wide-spread disappointment and dissatisfaction with the churches. In God's holy name, let us awaken and put on the whole armor of the Lord, lay aside books on the 'Conclusions of Modern Scholarship,' and in the might of Israel's God, fall on our faces and cry till our prayers and tears come up before Him and the windows of heaven are opened, and the Spirit is poured out upon our people, checking and reversing the tide of sin and worldli-

ness, which is sweeping its augmenting millions to an awful retribution.

"Friends, do we not still believe in the old Bible? Has "higher criticism" insinuated its deadly virus into our hearts that we can no longer keenly feel and realize the certain and imminent peril of the sinner? From much of our modern theological literature, the mind and heart becomes calloused to the full weight of the truth. Surely, the great truths the Wesleys used, when the Holy Spirit through them shook vast sections on both sides of the water, have not changed. If with one voice the church will proclaim a full gospel from side to side of this broad land and pray with mighty groanings to God, there will yet be heard the sound of a mighty, rushing wind, and, filled with the Holy Ghost, the church will forge her way to the front, and her sons and daughters rejoice in the coming kingdom.

"May the living God help us to arise, shake ourselves aloof from skepticism and subtle, useless distinctions, and go from the upper room sanctified, clothed with authority from God, and speak the truth with no uncertain sound. Not more than one in fifty of church members claim to have been born of God, and the church is swamped, filled with worldlings, and rich men have become a necessity to it. The Methodist Church has, from the beginning, had a clearly defined doctrine of sanctification. She teaches the truth that sin—the carnal nature—remains in the regenerated, and that by a definite, instantaneous act, it is cleansed away, sanctifying the heart. It is in the Bible, and he who makes the 'Second Blessing,' or the entire sanctification of believers, the subject of ridicule or reproach, puts his soul in jeopardy. I tremble for the man who puts in his time in the pulpit with mere trifles and leaves his people in ignorance of the great need and gracious privilege of full salvation from all sin. I read in Hebrews, twelfth chapter and fourteenth verse, this text: 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' There is no heaven for a man without holiness, and there is no holiness outside the all-meritorious blood of Christ, and there is no method of obtaining it but by simple faith. The only remedy or atonement there is for sin this universe committed or inherited is

in Christ's blood, and faith alone can appropriate its cleansing power. If bishops, elders, and pastors would go back to the plain doctrines of the church and mightily stir up the church to seek for holiness of heart as an instantaneous deliverance from inbred sin, our altars would be full of church members crying for the cleansing power.

"The money that is expended for tobacco and useless ornaments amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars would be poured into the treasury of the Lord in thankofferings. The missionaries would catch the spirit; and a revival of Holy Ghost religion would roll to earth's remotest bounds. The great God of this universe has a Shibboleth. We shall meet it at the ford of that dark river just ahead. We shall meet with it at the gates of the City, and on the day of judgment. 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' Will you seek this grace that puts a smile in the soul forever? Will you have your soul anchored in a haven of peace here on earth? Will you have all bitterness, all disposition to strike back when wronged, taken out of your heart? Then come and seek the blessing of entire sanctification."

A hymn of invitation was sung, and many went forward and knelt at the altar.

CHAPTER XXI.

OLD AS HOLY WRIT.



KATHERINE knew not what to think. Here was a doctrine she had never heard before. And in her inmost soul she knew it was true. So, God did have something better for his people than the up-and-down life, mostly down. A thousand cords seemed twined about her heart, drawing her to the altar. But she did not go. That evening at the services it was the same way, but the next day at the eleven-o'clock service she went forward and gave her hand to the preacher at his proposition to all who would "seek sanctification by faith." Immediately, a great peace began to fill her soul.

Her pastor, a prominent lady member and others of her church bitterly opposed it, calling the doctrine "rank heresy." A friend of hers living in the country lost her husband, and, in company with the prominent member, she drove out, finding a presiding elder there, the daughter of the man who had died being a Methodist. The elder and the lady who had driven out with Katherine denounced the doctrine, holding it up to ridicule in the parlor where the dead man lay. The next day the lady and their pastor did the same thing, while the three were on their way in a carriage to the cemetery to attend the burial.

That afternoon Katherine went to a fashionable reception instead of to the service, which was the last one of the meeting. Engagements called her to the city, and when she came back she entered, as usual, into the social life of the town, and her friends said they were "glad she had not gone off into fanaticism, as they feared she would."

When the spring opened, a noted evangelist came to the town, preaching the doctrine of the "Second Blessing." Three days of the meeting passed before Katherine went. Again the mysterious cords drew her to the truth, but she held back, while scores were flocking to the altar. The church was crowded at every service, and she shrunk from the thought of people saying:

"Mrs. Garland is seeking sanctification."

Each day she grew more unhappy, and finally, one morning, she arose in the congregation before the evangelist had begun to preach, and said:

"I am determined to have this blessing at any cost. My mind is fully decided on that point."

That afternoon, in her room, she was in great stress of spirit. A mighty heaviness lay on her soul, that, weeks before, had drawn back from her gracious privilege. How she prayed and wept and struggled against the powers of darkness that were fighting her, trying to keep her back from the truth! The enemy even suggested to her that perhaps she had never been converted, but she soon put him to flight on that point. She knew she was a Christian. She could never forget that May morning at The Oaks, when, after a mighty struggle, her soul had been born into the kingdom of God! She could never forget the joy of that hour and the faithfulness of her Saviour all the years since then. He would come and stay with her awhile, and then He would go, and she would mourn his absence and try to be content with her lot, never dreaming that the word of God means just what it said to believers:

"Learn of Me and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

She was in such stress of spirit on the banks of the Jordan that she felt like going back into the wilderness to eat again of the heavenly manna, of which she had so often partaken.

One morning she went to the church, and when the invitation was given she arose, and for the first time knelt at the altar. Friends gathered around her, among them two good women, who essayed to lead her in the way which is in the midst of the highway over which the unclean shall not pass.

The prominent member of her church, who was really a

good, kindly woman, though prejudiced, and did not see the truth, bent over her and said :

"What are you doing here?"

"I am very unhappy," Katherine replied.

"Are you not a Christian?"

"Yes, I am ; but I am so unhappy."

She went away, and when the service closed Katherine requested the wife of the man whom she had first heard preach the doctrine to talk with her. She was an earnest woman, and all alive to the mighty importance of the work to which she and her husband were devoting their lives. She gave her some comfort, and she went home feeling as if her soul stood on some lonely outpost in the gloaming looking for its coming Lord. That evening at church she heard, as it were, the notes of the nightingale afar off, but exceedingly sweet. The next day was Sunday, and the usher seated her beside the prominent sister who whispered, while a song was being sung :

"I sympathized with you so yesterday, and wanted to go and comfort you, but home duties prevented me."

The gloaming had brightened. It was a morning twilight in which her soul stood listening to the notes of the nightingale, sounding nearer and clearer. Returning home after service, she entered her room, when Heaven opened and poured upon her such a blessing that she needs must tell it to others. She went across a lawn to a friend, who had been in the experience two months, and they had a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord. Thereafter, for Katherine, life took on an interest, a radiance, hitherto undreamed of. The Bible was a new book since she had found that Pentecost was for all God's children as well as for those who had waited in the upper room at Jerusalem. The heavens were bluer, the waving woods greener, the song of birds sweeter, the rose held an added charm, and with her soul it was always the dewy morningtide. She had been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and Christ had entered into her heart to stay. She would no more mourn his absence, since the dark presence which troubled here, and with which He could not abide, was gone.

In searching Holy Writ, she found the doctrine a thread of gold running through all the sacred pages. In reading holiness literature, she found that some saints in all the ages had possessed this great grace—the indwelling, abiding Christ. She now knew what the sister with the shining face, who still held the prayer-meetings in the city, had. And she had sat at her feet a decade, longing, unsatisfied, hungry. She was now convinced that all who had obtained the blessing should testify to it and teach it definitely if they would lead others into that closer walk with God.

A preacher who held an office of great responsibility in her denomination requested her to tell him of her experience. He listened attentively, and when she had finished, he held out his hand, saying:

“I would give this right hand to have what you’ve got. I well know what it is. I have been in the experience, but in taking part in an untoward circumstance, I lost it. But, sister, be careful of your nomenclature. Call the experience you have ‘This Grace,’ or ‘The Second Blessing,’ but don’t call it ‘Sanctification.’”

He was a good, strong man, a power in the pulpit, and had in a bygone time, let go the shore line and floated, peaceful, happy, out on the illimitable sea of God’s love, but he had caught it again, and was pulled back into the surging spume of fret and worry and care. Katherine had discovered that the fight was more on the word than on the experience, and was not surprised to hear his injunction.

She was under the ban of her pastor’s displeasure and that of some of the leading members of the church, but she felt it a small price to pay for what God had mercifully revealed to her.

In the autumn she attended a State convention of her church, and one evening was set aside for special prayer that the ministry might have a larger portion of the Holy Spirit in their work of saving souls. The humble, fervent prayers that were offered by those devoted men! Her heart broke over them. Those men, God’s own children, anxious to do good, and yet setting their faces like a flint against the very doctrine that, accepted, would endue them with power for

their great work and give them abiding peace. Oh, if they would but seek with all their hearts that baptism as a separate, definite work of grace, which would remove inbred sin and set them free, as were the disciples on the day of Pentecost, who thenceforward went forth preaching the word, fearing neither men nor devils. And this mighty truth had been revealed to her, such a cypher as she had been, ignorant of theology, a nobody in the Lord's vineyard, and held from these Doctors of Divinity who had been students of God's word from their boyhood. But they would have none of it; denounced it as heresy, when she knew in her inmost soul that it was the Truth of the Mighty God.

She found that people who received the "Second Blessing" were accused of professing to get to a point where they could not sin. As if a mortal would profess to get above his Master who, while here on the earth, never got to a point—it is reverently said—that He could not have sinned. If one cannot do a thing, where is the merit of not doing it? Christ had a mighty fight in the wilderness and came off conqueror. He once exclaimed:

"I have a work to do, and how am I straitened till I accomplish it!"

The ransomed know He went, but they will never know how far He went, to redeem them from the curse. And His children can so let Him dwell in them, so let Him undertake for them, that they will not sin. They can reckon themselves under the blood from moment to moment, from breath to breath—the precious blood that cleanses from all sin—so that they have no sense of condemnation, but of acceptance in the well beloved all the time. Then they have, let circumstances be what they may, all things under their feet, and can exclaim with Paul:

"The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Katherine was in the city, a guest at the home of Mrs. Elmore, when an intimate friend called, and in their conversation, she said:

"Dear Mrs. Garland, are you sanctified?"

"Not in the sense that you mean," she replied, "that I make

no mistakes, commit no blunders. Sanctification does not perfect one in wisdom. It is simply that perfect love that John talks about that casts out fear. Wesley called it 'Christian Perfection.' Mr. Moody names it 'The Power.' Mrs. Whitall Smith calls it 'The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.' Dr. Carradine denominates it 'Sanctification,' or 'The Second Blessing.' Dr. Earle, of blessed memory, named it 'The Rest of Faith,' Dr. Simpson calls it 'The Deeper Life,' and Dr. Torrey calls it 'The Baptism of the Spirit.' Let it be named what it may, possess yourself of the grace by seeking it as you sought conversion, and you will have Him in His fullness, for He bestows it on the soul, making of it a habitation where He can abide. He visits the converted soul; He lives in the sanctified soul."

When she was gone, Mrs. Elmore, who was arranging some white chrysanthemums in a great majolica vase, said:

"My dear, were you not talking Sanscrit to her?"

"Perhaps so, but I trust she understood something of what I said."

Mrs. Greville had attended the meetings, and rejoiced to find that the Lord had greater gifts for her than she had ever claimed before. She appreciated Katherine's literary work, and insisted that she gather up her fugitive poems and bring them out in a book.

Her son decided to return with his family to the city, and, when they were again settled there, she began the work of collecting and arranging her poems for publication.

It was the year of the Centennial Exposition, and the gentleman who had filled the gubernatorial chair for two terms, and afterward won fame on the lecture platform, had been re-elected for the third term. The inaugural ceremonies took place in the Hall of Representatives, and a lady wrote some verses for the occasion, voicing the feelings of the people, and requested little Annie Garland to recite them. A band, stationed in the gallery, played national airs while the audience assembled. Katherine, with Annie's mother and other ladies, among whom was the one who wrote the poem, sat near the platform. The Governor-elect, handsome, portly, debonair, after taking the oath of office, deliv-

ered in his happiest vein the inaugural address, when the child was introduced and recited, in a clear voice, with graceful gestures, the verses :

"Oh, Governor of Tennessee,
Again the people hail you here,
To rule our State so grand and free,
Beginning this centennial year !

"In lowly cot and lordly hall,
Fond, loyal hearts beat strong for you,
And grave and gay, and great and small,
Hail our brave chief so leal and true.

"I think that flag more gladly flings
Its stars and stripes out on the air,
For hope in many a sad heart sings,
That, erstwhile, groped in dark despair.

"Your clemency to captive cells,
Goes in and lifts the shadows drear ;
It breaks up sorrow's leaden spells,
And hangs hope's rosy chaplet there.

"Oh, many a sorrowing heart you cheer,
With humor rare and happy flow
Of eloquence ; fond memories stir
At strains of 'Fiddle and the Bow.'

"Your silver notes the people sway,
Laughter and tears the hour rules ;
Old care is whistled swift away,
Amid your 'Paradise of Fools.'

"Now, to our knightly chief, all hail !
May wisdom guide our ship of State,
May truth and honor fill her sail,
And victory on her pennants wait.

"So once again to these grand halls
We welcome you. Oh, happy State,
That you were mindful of her calls,
And ever kind to small and great !

"Because to you her honor's dear,
As is your own life's rich, red blood,
We pray for you this glad New Year
The choicest blessings of our God."

She bowed low, and the Governor, surprised and pleased, gave the child a cordial hand clasp and a kiss, amid clappings and cheers, and while the band played "Hail to the Chief," she came down to her mother, receiving congratulations on every side.

The Exposition opened the first of May. Into the palaces that had arisen like magic, exhibits from all parts of the world poured to celebrate the hundredth year of the Volunteer State. The beautiful Parthenon, before which stood a colossal statue of Pallas Athene, was filled with magnificent paintings, many copies from the old masters, and the Government Building held many of the treasures of the Smithsonian Institute. The palaces of industry—Agriculture, Forestry, were grand, and the different State buildings vied with each other in grace and beauty. Beyond the Isle of Capri, across an arm of the lake, the Negro Building stood, filled with the handiwork of the colored people. The great Auditorium was approached by vine-wreathed arbors, and surrounded with blossoming parterres. The Children's Building was filled with curios, and the Woman's Building was a gem of architectural beauty and decoration.

The President of the Exposition was a public-spirited man, to whom its great success was largely attributable. His wife had charge of the library in the Woman's Building, and Mrs. Judith Paysland had the important position of Chairman of Space in that beautiful palace. The grand entrance hall, with its fountain decorated with lilies, whose hearts were incandescent lights, the noble stairway, the exquisite friezes and uniquely beautiful mural treatment, had been done under the auspices of the women from the Bluff City. The auditorium to the left of the hall, with its beautiful frescoes and arabesques of delicate tints and rich draperies, was the work of the Knoxville women.

The salon of the President of the Woman's Board was to the right of the hall, and daintily luxurious in its appointments. At night there were thousands of incandescent globes fringing the palaces and lakes and illumining the fountains, blooming parterres and pavilions where bands

were discoursing popular airs ; and over all the search lights played, presenting a scene of beauty and magnificence.

Katherine was on the programme to read an original poem on a special day, as Poetess of the Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to which she belonged. Washington's famous command at Yorktown had been adopted as the Chapter's motto, and she chose it for her subject. A vast audience had gathered in the Auditorium ; the platform was filled with gentlemen and ladies, officers of the Centennial Board, and their friends.

The State Regent of the Daughters, a lady from the Bluff City, presented a miniature Liberty Bell to the Professor, who filled the chair of History in the Peabody University, when a member of the Historical Society of the State, a cultured, courtly gentleman, introduced her. She came forward and recited the poem :

PUT NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD TONIGHT.

"Dun clouds enwrapped the sunset skies,
Bird music blent with the night-winds' sighs,
Cold swept the river its banks along,
Where camped our troops eight thousand strong ;
A grand voice cried in the waning light :
'Put none but Americans on guard tonight.'

"Stands a martial form in the dying day,
His eagle eyes swept where his brave hosts lay ;
From their prescient depths a clear light poured,
A red ray gilded his scabbarded sword,
While his voice rang true and brave and right,
'Put none but Americans on guard tonight.'

"Did his prescient soul see this State today,
For which he so long held the foe at bay,
With his handful of troops in many a fray ?
The long, weary marches o'er mountain and gorge,
The bleak winter spent at drear Valley Forge ;
'Twas a warning cry in the waning light,
'Put none but Americans on guard tonight.'

"O, say does this nation still heed that command
That first sounded out o'er Potomac's dark strand ?
My countrymen, oh, if you never would drag
In the dust and the mire our grand starry flag ;

Heed, heed our great chieftain's advice and foresight,
And put none but Americans on guard tonight.

"For lo! red anarchy's murderous hand
Has threatened our borders. Oh, freedom's brave band
Engrave on your hearts in letters of light,
'Put none but Americans on guard tonight.'"

She resumed her chair on the platform amid applause and the hearty congratulations of those seated near her. A week later her volume of poems came out, and was well received by the public. In June, the queen month of the year, the National Confederate Reunion met in the city. Battle-scarred veterans, wearing the gray, came up from all parts of the southland. Their ranks were visibly thinned out, a number having answered the last reveille on earth and stepped out into the Valhalla of eternal morning since the reunion of a year gone by. The whole city was *en fete* in honor of their coming, and her best and bravest men, most cultured, beautiful women in flower-bedecked carriages, joined in the cortege at the head of which the column in gray marched to the Centennial grounds.

The sight of the veterans unearthed old, sad memories for Katherine. It brought back thoughts of a lone grave at Mossy Creek, where her playmate brother slept; had he lived, he, too, would be with that column of veterans in gray, so dear to the hearts of the southern people.

Susie Glenrose had married Mr. Nathaniel Higgins, a gentleman from the Lone Star State, and they visited the Centennial before returning to their Texas home. The young husband had business engagements in the city, and Katherine was delighted to convoy her niece through the grand fair.

Concerts were given every afternoon and evening in the great Auditorium by famous bands, led by masters of world-wide celebrity. Children of the American Revolution, with Mrs Latour, of Memphis, State Regent of the organization, assisted in celebrating Children's Day with appropriate exercises, in which Annie Garland gave one of her happiest recitations. It was a morning entertainment, given in the

Children's Building, and that afternoon one of the famous band leaders gave a concert in the Auditorium, in which nearly a thousand children took part, John and Annie being among them. The members of the band occupied the platform, over which was draped an immense silken flag of the Union, while the children sat in the parquet, where Katherine, assisted by other ladies, fastened pretty souvenirs of the occasion on them that had been presented by the band master.

It was a close, sultry day, with clouds chasing each other across the sky. The hall was crowded, and before the concert began a storm of wind and rain broke over the grounds, blowing in a great window near the rafters over at the right of the stage. Katherine sat with a friend some ten seats in the rear of the parquet, near an aisle. She felt some apprehension at the situation, and was wishing she had her children with her, when a woman near the stage came rushing up the aisle, much excited, crying:

"Come out, come out, you will all be killed!"

Instantly the children were on their feet, when the master, whose stand was in their midst, made a sign to the musicians, and a mighty crash from the instruments smote the air, and they swung out on a popular morceaux that drowned the patter of the rain. The children slowly settled down in their seats, and soon began to keep time with hands and feet to the inspiring strains. With the last grand crash all danger of a panic was over, and they acquitted themselves finely in their national songs and choruses. The concert was a success, and when it was over they scattered, happy, through the fresh, delightful grounds.

Through the six months of the Centennial, the President, his officers and the members of the Woman's Board, were indefatigable in their efforts to keep up the interest, and entertainment was furnished visitors each day, aside from the exhibits.

But the most interesting event of the Centennial was the visit of the Chief Executive of the nation and his wife. On the platform of the Auditorium, which was filled to its utmost capacity, sat the good President, whom the south had

learned to love and revere. To his right sat the Governor of the State, to his left the President of the Centennial. Many officers and ladies of the Woman's Board, with their friends, occupied places on the stage. The band was playing "Hail to the Chief," when the first lady of the land, accompanied by the President of the Woman's Board, came down the aisle. The Executive arose, and descending the steps, took his wife's hand and assisted her to the seat beside his own. She was gowned in gray silk, and a dainty bonnet garnished with pale pink roses rested on her wavy brown hair. Eloquent addresses of welcome by the Governor, the Mayor, and President of the Exposition were made, to which the illustrious guest responded briefly, but happily.

Leaving the Auditorium, he reviewed a grand military display by the home and visiting regiments, after which he lunched in the Administration Building. His wife was given a luncheon of elegant appointments in the Woman's Building, where it had been arranged for her to hold a reception for ladies, but her frail health prevented, which was a great disappointment to those who hoped to have the pleasure of meeting her. The following day the President, with his lovely wife and their suite, left, having cemented the ties of the two great sections of the country closer together.

During the last month of the Exposition, the day in honor of the President of the Centennial, was one never to be forgotten in the annals of the State. Being one of the most popular railroad Presidents in the Union, railroad men from the highest officers down to the humblest employe of other systems besides his own, turned out in his honor.

The last day of the Centennial of the Volunteer State went out in a blaze of glory, and the following morning broke with cold, gray, weeping skies and sobbing winds.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELMORE PLACE—THE SISTERS.



SOME of Katherine's friends asked her if she was "going to leave the church?" She had no such thought. The expounders of "The Second Blessing," "The Deeper Life," always discouraged any such course. On the contrary, she loved all the churches better; she thought much less about denominational lines, having stepped up on a spiritual height where she could see clearly across the fences. In company with Mrs. Elmore she frequently attended the Pentecostal meetings that were held in a chapel in a distant part of the city. The latter was still President of the Temperance Union, and after her removal to the city, Katherine was re-elected Secretary, and they attended together the state conventions that met every autumn in different towns. Judge Elmore and his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, Ellinor and Cecelia, spent the summers at their colonial mansion, eight miles from the city. Two years after the Exposition, Ellinor, the eldest daughter, went with a party of friends to Europe, during which time Katherine was a frequent guest at Elmore Place. During one of her visits the lady to whom she had talked "Sanscrit" in the city called, and in the conversation again brought up the subject of sanctification, saying:

"I cannot understand how it is that a person who obtains it does not sin."

"You doubtless regard a mistake or a blunder, sin," said Mrs. Elmore, "and in that you are wrong. The Christian grace that you covet does not give perfect wisdom, but perfect love."

"Please give an illustration of perfect love," said Katherine, laying "The Light of the Nation" she had been reading on the table.

"All right, my dear," said the hostess, and turning to the caller, asked, "Can you see that there is such a thing as blameless, imperfect service?"

"I cannot say that I do," said the lady; "it sounds paradoxical."

"But there is such a thing. You have a little girl scarcely four years old. There is a glass of water on your table several feet distant. The nurse is in the room, but knowing that it will please your child, you ask her to bring it to you. Delighted, she takes the glass in her little chubby hands and brings it to you, spilling some of the water on the carpet, and some on your dress. But do you blame the child for imperfect service?"

"Assuredly not. What mother could?"

"No just and loving mother could. You know that her heart is all yours, and that it is filled with perfect love for you. She has done the best she could in bringing the water, and has your approving smile, which is the sunshine of her life."

"A beautiful illustration," said the visitor. "There is such a thing as blameless imperfection, I plainly see."

"So it is," said Mrs. Elmore, "with our Heavenly Father. He knows we have this treasure in earthen vessels. And though we give Him imperfect, inefficient service, He knows our hearts are all His, filled with a perfect, unquestioning love for Him, who first loved us with an everlasting love, and He sees no sin in the child whose heart is wholly His. We are His through the blood of His Son, and are clothed with the righteousness of His Son. We have none of our own, only His perfect righteousness at which the Father looks, and sees no sin in His fully surrendered child. According to His promise, He removes our transgressions as far from us as the east is from the west."

"How I would love to have this grace!" the visitor said, reverently.

"It is for you, my friend. Sin is a big, black, ugly, thing

that should find no place in the life of a Christian. Let us reckon ourselves every moment under the Blood that washes whiter than snow, even as a clear stream of water flowing continually over a pebble in its bed washes and keeps it all the time clear."

"Another beautiful illustration," the visitor said. "I wish to learn more of this truth that gives such peace to its possessors."

Cecelia came in with a silver waiter piled with white and purple grapes, saying, as she passed them around:

"You must all eat some of these grapes, ladies, for I gathered them myself."

"They are delicious," said the caller, taking a purple cluster, and removing her gloves of cream-colored silk.

"It is thoughtful of you, Cecelia," said Mrs. Garland, "to gather grapes for us. You are always doing some kindly, graceful act."

"Thank you," said the girl; "you are always saying some kind, sweet words to people."

She sat down in an easy-chair, stirring the warm air with a palm fan.

"Cecelia," said her mother, "will you tell Pammy to send in some cream and cake?"

"Certainly, mamma, with pleasure," said the girl, rising and slowly sweeping her snowy-ruffled robes along the great hall to the dining-room.

"Pammy" was the housekeeper, a German woman, beloved as one of the family, having been with them a quarter of a century.

"You will not see," said Katherine, while they discussed the dainty refreshments, "a very great difference in Christians who possess this grace and those who do not possess it. The house that was built on the sand presented as fine an appearance as the one that was built on a rock; the only difference was in the foundations. Rooted and grounded on the Rock, you will not fall to pieces with every gale of adverse fortune, and the worry and fret is taken out of one's everyday life."

"I see a great difference in the walk of you people and

worldly church members," said the visitor, "a very great difference."

"The world," said Mrs. Elmore, "has swept like a flood into the church, and that is why God is raising up a people to declare all His counsel. I had occasion to go into the office of a minister not long ago; he was at his desk preparing his sermon for the next Sunday. 'Purveying for your flock?' I asked, struck with the weary look on his face. In our talk about sermon making, he said, with a sigh: 'Yes, they have to be entertained.' I went out, crying in my heart: 'Oh, for some Calvins, Wesleys, and John Knoxes in this day and generation!' He is not a preacher in my denomination; like so many popular ministers, he, to keep his place, passes unheeded the command, 'Cry aloud and spare not.'"

"Yes, they have to preach smooth things," the visitor rejoined, "for fear some dignitary of the church will ask for their resignation."

"I know a pastor who lives in a country town," said Katherine, "that wished for a revival in his church, and got a brother who resides in another State to come and assist him in a series of meetings. Every evening after services, where they had preached, prayed, exhorted, and invited sinners to turn from sin and seek the Lord, they would go home and with some sisters play flinch until midnight, after which they would partake of a fine collation."

"How could they expect a revival?" asked the lady, setting on the tray the servant held her saucer of Sevres china with the gold-lined silver spoon, and drawing on her gloves.

"They could not expect it," said the hostess; "they should have been on their faces crying to God for an outpouring of His Spirit instead of spending their time over the card table. They need purified hearts; they need sanctification, the taking out of the old man, inbred sin from their hearts which answers so readily to the vain things of the world. They are converted, pardoned, saved; but they are double-minded, one-half for Christ, one-half for the world, unstable in all their ways, as James says. While such is the case, they cannot give God whole-hearted, acceptable service. The

fiat will stand forever, 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.' In conversion, they came out of the world, now they need the world, or that which responds to it, taken out of them. And that taking out is to be most earnestly and definitely sought. The taking out of inbred sin, and when it is taken out, the sweetest peace and rest enter in. If those card-playing preachers had have received the Holy Ghost since they believed, they would not have done that. The name of such teachers in the moral vineyard is Legion. A spirit-filled, sanctified ministry is the crying need of the age."

Late the next afternoon Katherine returned home. A letter lay on the parlor center-table with sad news. Six months before, Mrs. Glenrose had been called on to mourn the death of her husband and eldest daughter; now came tidings of Susie's death, leaving an infant girl whom they had named Hortense.

"Ah, well, how they fall away," Katherine murmured, throwing herself on a sofa by the window that looked out on a green-wooded park opposite her home. Annie, now a slender, graceful girl of seventeen, with her mother's eyes and hair and her father's features, came in.

"I am glad you are back, Madodie," she said, kissing her grandmother and calling her by the pet name she had given her on reading David Copperfield and falling in love with Rosa, who always gave her husband, David, the pet name of "Dodie." "I wish to play my new piece for you," she continued, opening the piano and running her white fingers over the keys. "I learned it while you were away."

"I will be glad to hear it, my dear. What is the name of it?"

"It is one of Chopin's nocturnes. Have you had sad news?" noticing the sorrowful expression on her face.

"Yes; your Cousin Susie, Mrs. Higgins, is dead."

The girl's great gray-blue eyes filled; her finely chiselled lips quivered, and without a word her fingers glided into the low, sweet strains of the nocturne, her quick, high soul interpreting the finest shades of meaning of the great composer. The sun fell beyond the park trees, and twilight shades filled the room before the piece was ended. Then

her hands fell away from the keys and dropped on her lap. Silence reigned for a space, save for the call of the birds in the gathering shades of the park when Katherine said in low tones from the window:

"Play on, my child!"

The girl then played one of Beethoven's sonatas when the moon rose a broad shield, and sent silver lines under the park trees and through an eastern window, flooding the room with a soft, mellow radiance. The sad woman leaned her elbow on the window seat and looked out on the lonely moon-lit park, memory tugging at her heart strings, bringing before her pictures of the home circle at The Oaks when the days sped by on gossamer wing for "The Merry Four." Ann had, a year before, gone to her long home, and the other three were widows with many slain hopes about them. The sweet strains under the girl's magic fingers sobbed and wailed through the room and pulsed out under the park trees where the katydids were shrilling their nightly song. A silver tray heaped with grapes stood on the center table. Ethel, a girl of ten, came in, and taking a cluster, silently seated herself on a hassock at Katherine's feet. She leaned an arm on the latter's knee and looked up into the grave face. The child's complexion was of that rare quality which is smooth, colorless, transparent, with no hint of disease that makes even homely features attractive. Combined with her clear-cut, classical face, she was a beauty. She was keenly penetrative, and her sensitive mind quickly divined her grandmother's mood. The latter's hand lightly smoothed the child's glossy, brown hair banded above her white brow while she ate the fruit, both looking out on the quiet, silvery park. The sonata was ended when Annie struck a few low chords, and her bird-like voice rose in an old song. It was a favorite of Katherine's before the home circle at The Oaks was broken up—one that James had loved to hear her sing in that happy time that now seemed so far away. "Her bright smile haunts me still." The sweet, clinging refrain stole through the windows to the porch where her parents sat listening to the plaintive strains.

She had made some effort at composing, and had been

encouraged by her teacher to cultivate her gift in that direction, and when she had finished the song she said, turning round on the stool :

"Madodie, I have been at work on the music for one of your songs since you have been away."

"Which one of my songs, Annie?"

"The Blue Tennessee."

"Oh, Dodie," said Ethel, abbreviating the pet name of her grandmother. "I have learned that to recite at the Merry Maidens' Club next week. We meet at Katie Bell's home."

"Suppose you recite it for us now, little sister," said Annie, seating herself in a chair at the window in the moonlight. She was dressed in pale green silk, with touches of pink, and a creamy cape jessamine nestled in her luxuriant golden hair.

"Shall I, Dodie?" the child asked.

"Yes, darling, I'll be glad to hear you, and it will be practice for you."

She laid the grapes on the window seat, smoothed out her short white-lawn skirts, and assuming a graceful pose, recited the song Katherine had written a quarter of a century before, when the child's father was a small boy :

THE BLUE TENNESSEE.

Flow brightly, oh, beautiful blue Tennessee,

Long ago poets sung of the gay Gandalquivir,
The Rhine and the Rhone, but the stream fair and free
Is the forest-crowned, beautiful blue Tennessee!

Let Spain boast her Tagus, and England her Thames,
Overlooked by grim castles, begirt with dark shades;
True, float o'er their streams dames with high sounding names,
But by Tennessee's wave dwells the fairest of maids.

In the long-ago centuries the dark Indian maid,
O'er its low murmuring wavelets swift shot her canoe;
Or, with dusky hand moored it beneath the green shade,
To smile on the warrior, brave, faithful, and true.

Its depths mirrored dark eyes soft veiled with emotion,
Perhance, drank the sweetness of beauty's bright tear,
Dropped on its clear bosom as words of devotion
Stole low on the pure maiden's listening ear.

Then, let Germany boast of her vintage-wreathed Rhine,
And Spain of her palace-crowned, gay Guadalquivir;
The loveliest stream on which sun did e'er shine,
Is the forest-crowned, blue, rolling Tennessee river!

There was a clapping of hands from her audience of two, when a carriage stopped at the gate. Annie threw a light silken-meshed mantilla over her shoulders, entered the carriage, and drove with friends into the city to a lecture to be delivered by a noted savant from the Empire State.

When the war with Spain broke out, John, like many other boys in their teens, wished to enlist, but his mother objected, and he continued at school. Subsequently, the family removed to a distant country town, excepting Katherine, who remained in the city, pursuing her literary work.

In the autumn Miss Elmore returned, and it was interesting to listen to her tell of the foreign countries she had visited. She loved most to dwell on her travels in the Holy Land—her walks through the streets of Jerusalem, her visits to Gethsemane, Olivet, and Calvary, and her journeyings along the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee.

One bleak, wintry afternoon she was spending a couple of hours at Katherine's home, when she picked up a volume of miscellaneous poems and read one aloud to her hostess. The refrain in each stanza came with sad insistence:

"Even this shall pass away."

She sat on a sofa, her blue-cloth dress sweeping in heavy, graceful folds to the carpet, one white hand carelessly holding the rich fur boa that had slipped to her lap. Brown curls clustered about her forehead, from which she had removed the hat of blue velvet covered with ostrich tips, and she would raise her brown eyes thoughtfully each time that she read, in a low, impressive voice, the refrain:

"Even—this shall pass away."

A year after her return from abroad, Katherine and her mother went to a convention that was held in a little mountain city in the eastern part of the State. Ellinor drove with them to the station and saw them off.

The mountain town was beautifully picturesque in its gorgeous setting of autumn foliage, and its citizens vied with each other in showing courtesies to the visitors. The

ladies from the State Capital had an ideal home, and the luncheons served at the temple by the ladies of the local union and their friends were banquets fit for a king and his court.

The President, a woman of fine executive ability, was devoted to the work, and had largely increased the membership during this, her first year in office. The convention was a success, and at its close she was re-elected, and the two ladies from the State Capital selected to fill important State offices. The delegates returned to their homes much encouraged and more resolute than ever to press the mighty battle they had, for humanity's sake, undertaken.

When Mrs. Elmore reached home she found Ellinor indisposed, but did not think it a serious matter. A week passed with no improvement, and the family physician finally pronounced her illness to be typhoid fever. As the days went by she seemed at a standstill, and when Cecelia or her parents would try to cheer her and talk of future plans in which she was to share, she would shake her head and say:

"No, I will not join you in that."

The devoted father, after weary days of watching, was himself taken ill. Their upper rooms, large and airy, were connected by folding doors, and from his couch he would talk to his daughter, endeavoring to cheer and encourage her. She would answer sweetly until she grew too ill. One morning she said:

"Mamma, I have had a vision of the Lord."

"And what was it, my child?"

"He beckoned to me, and said: 'I have need of you. Come!'"

For weeks afterward she lay a sufferer. At last the end came, and she fell asleep in the arms of her Redeemer. Beneath this mighty rod of affliction the parents passed, undergirded with a sublime faith.

The still, white form was taken to the city mansion, where beautiful floral offerings were sent by sympathizing friends. Impressive funeral obsequies were held over the remains of the devoted girl in the church that she had loved to attend, and then the white casket was borne to a beautiful necropolis on a green hill beyond the city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT THE SPRINGS.



THE following summer Ethel came to the city, and Mrs. Garland took her to a health resort, where they sojourned for some time. The child was pale, languid, listless, and loved to lie around on sofas with a story or picture book. The waters were said to have fine restorative properties, and seemed to reinvigorate her, and with the change of air and scene she was soon able to take horseback rides, of which she was very fond, in company with a little girl of her own age. Late in the afternoons, when the shadows had lengthened, Ethel would mount "Paint," the name of the horse she rode, from his having great white and yellow splotches on him, and her little friend, Elizabeth, to whom her grandfather, a cultured gentleman and a capitalist, had given the pet name of "Sugar-pie," would mount Rosa, a gentle, easy-going bay gelding, and they would go careering through the leafy woods to the village post office, three miles distant, and return at a slow, quiet pace, reaching the springs in the sunset.

The capitalist was a retired physician, and a kinsman of Katherine's, who knew and loved her mother, and had in the by-gone time been a guest at The Oaks. It was pleasant to sit on the long gallery and talk with him of the old days while the children were out on their afternoon rides. He was a lover of Shakespeare, and was often to be found in some quiet spot reading a play. His daughter, the wife of a banker, was also at the springs.

One morning, she had just finished reading an act in

"As you like it" to several ladies and gentlemen, her father being among them, when a man came in with a magazine in his hand, saying :

"I have just been reading Ignatius Donnelly's ideas, and the arguments he brings to support them about Shakespeare's plays. I just believe he is right about them. Bacon must have written them."

"What are some of his arguments?" the capitalist asked.

"They are obscure, and one must read for himself to understand them; but I can advance one that is patent to everybody. How could a country clod like that sheep-stealing Bill Shakespeare have ever conceived them? Why, he had to have a knowledge of law and medicine, and would have had to have visited the foreign countries where the plays are laid, to have written of them like that. And there is no record of his ever having been outside of his own tight little island."

"Granting all you have said to be true," said the Doctor, "he is a benefactor of the race to let them come down to succeeding generations under his name, since Lord Bacon refused—if he did write them, as Donnelly claims—to father them."

"He was ashamed and afraid to own them. Afraid that he might lose caste with the Virgin Queen. The stage was in low repute in those days," said the man, playfully pulling one of Elizabeth's plaits, who chanced to be sitting near him.

"Imagine, if you can, Shakespeare's plays being lost to the world," said the Doctor, drawing his little granddaughter to a seat on his knee.

"It would be an irreparable loss," said the other.

"What boots it which one wrote them since the world is benefitted by them?" said the Doctor. "That sheep affair was but a boyish escapade, and Sir Thomas Lucy was a cranky, sore-headed landlord, making mountains of mole hills."

"Yes, and he would never have been heard of outside of his shire but for Bill's boyish escapade, as you term it."

"The plays," rejoined the Doctor, "a rich heritage, are ours, and our children's, and we should thank God for them,

and not spend time in delving into literary crypts and springing theories to bamboozle the people instead of encouraging them to study the plays, which, after Pilgrim's Progress, are next to the Bible."

"I heard Donnelly," said Katherine, "deliver a lecture on his pet theory a couple of years ago."

"I heard that lecture," said Mrs. Candon, the Doctor's daughter.

"Were his arguments conclusive?" the man asked.

"They were plausible, about like those in the magazine, I fancy," she replied, rising and going out on the gallery, followed by her niece and Ethel.

That afternoon when the children were riding at a slow pace back to the springs, after a brisk canter to the village, Ethel asked:

"Did you ever read any of Shakespeare's plays, Elizabeth?"

"Yes; just the easy, story plays."

"That is what I meant, not the big plays. I have read the story plays, and they are fine."

"I think so, too, and while the man was talking this morning in the parlor and calling him Bill, so pat, I thought he ought to heed his advice about some things."

"Is that so? What things?"

"Why, don't this Bill, as he called him, say somewhere, something about putting an enemy in your mouth? How does it go, Ethel?"

"I don't exactly remember, but its something about how terrible it is for a man to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brain."

"That is just it, Ethel, and I am afraid that man does just that thing. Did you smell his breath this morning?"

"No; I was not close to him."

"Well, I was, and smelt his breath, strong. He had been drinking wine or something. Didn't you notice how red his face was?"

"Yes, I did, but thought it was his natural color. You know we looked at the pictures in the magazine he left in the parlor."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I have been thinking about that horseman with a dead soldier flying away with him in the air. I want to know about it."

"Wasn't it a German story?"

"I think it was. I am sure of it."

"We will ask auntie," said Elizabeth, "she can tell us."

They cantered along the smooth approach to the hotel. Mrs. Candon was standing on the gallery when they alighted.

"Auntie," said her niece, running up the steps and catching her around the waist, "Ethel and I want to know about a picture we saw in a magazine this morning. A man on a horse is flying through the air with a dead soldier."

"Why, my dear, that is a valkyrie carrying the dead soldier to Valhalla."

"And what is Valhalla?" Ethel asked.

"It is the soldier's heaven, Ethel. When a soldier is killed, or dies, he is carried by a valkyrie to Valhalla, according to German mythology."

She took a hand of each of the children and drew them along the gallery, saying:

"Come with me to the alcove yonder, hung with the vines on which the moon-flower grows. Aren't the blossoms beautiful gleaming so white against the dark leaves? And they are so fragrant when the sun has set and the dew is falling; it is quiet there, and I will tell you a German saga, if you promise me you won't get frightened——"

"Oh, no," they protested, "we will not get scared!"

"Is it a ghost story?" Ethel asked. "I have read in my school books about the Spirits of the Brocken."

"I will leave you to judge, dear, after I have told you the saga, and we must hurry or the supper bell will ring before I am through."

They sat down on the circular bench, and with an arm around each of them, she told them the wierd story of Seigfried, how he had found the fabled pool in which if one bathed he became invulnerable to all weapons and would never die; then, of his adventures by land and sea, thinking he bore a charmed life, immune from all danger by the

wonderful bath; of how he finally met his death by an arrow piercing him through his back to his heart. There was one little spot on his back on which a leaf had fallen and adhered when he had plunged into the pool which the fabled liquid failed to reach, thus making him subject to death as other mortals.

"I heard of a man," said Ethel, "who could not be hurt except in his heel——"

"That was Achilles, Ethel, in Grecian mythology. His mother, Thetis, when he was an infant, took him by the heel and plunged him into the river, Styx, which made all who bathed in it proof against any danger, but the liquid failed to reach the heel by which she held him. He was a brave, great soldier, and for ten years was the leading spirit in the siege of Troy, but Paris at last shot him in the heel with an arrow. Just before his death he had killed the great Memnon, whose statue, even now, is said to sing at the rising of every sun. He was the son of Eos, and mythology tells us that 'the fresh morning dew which springs from her tears proves that she has never ceased to lament her heroic son.' There is the supper bell; we must go."

"Won't you tell us some more after supper, auntie?"

The twilight was fading, and a few stars shone in the evening sky as they went slowly along the deserted gallery to the supper room.

"I don't know, dear; these stories are so tragic to tell to you and Ethel after dark. And you will be listening to the music of the band after supper. I will tell you some more tomorrow."

Some weeks later Katherine and Ethel visited for a couple of days an aged widowed cousin, who, with her two sons, resided some miles from the springs. The great, old house, standing on an eminence with its queer stairways, unexpected alcoves, and big, lonely, shadowy rooms with their immense old-fashioned fire places, the wide verandas where one could sit and view the country town perched on a hill many miles distant, were of great interest to the visitors. The spring house down in the leafy woods, whose floor was a solid rock, over which the cold water, never failing, poured

around the jars of milk and butter, was a revelation to the city-bred child. The aged hostess, bent and feeble, was a daughter of a sister of Katherine's mother, and her heart went out to this kinswoman of over three score years and ten.

The morning after their arrival, she said :

"Katherine, I have not been to church in seven years."

"What a deprivation it must have been to you, cousin. Why do you stay away from our Father's house in this way?"

"It is a good distance to any church, and my health has been frail, and I just got out of the habit of going."

The mists in the valley beneath them rose and fell, now concealing and now revealing the town that gleamed in the morning sun far in the distance.

"It has been so long since I have heard a hymn sung," she said plaintively, looking through her glasses over the rolling mists to the blue sky above the town. Could you sing one for me?"

"With pleasure. What hymn would you like for me to sing?"

"I tried to get one of my servant women to sing 'How Firm a Foundation' to the old tune not long ago, but she did not know it."

"Bring the hymn book and Testament from the table there, Ethel, and we will try to sing the song. Shall I read a portion of Scripture?"

"I will be glad if you will. In my isolation here the Lord has been so good to me. I think He takes into account our environment, Katherine."

"I am very sure He does, cousin."

She read a portion of the Gospel of John, making appropriate remarks, and then kneeling with Ethel by her side, while the aged hostess bent reverently forward, prayed. Then she and the child sung the hymn to the old-time tune, and when they sung the stanza,

"Even down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne,"

the listener bowed her head and wept. How many thousands of God's people has that old hymn comforted and encouraged on their pilgrimage to the Better Land!

The next day they bade the aged cousin good-by and returned to the springs. The doctor and his party were gone, and Ethel's jaunts about the country were taken in a surry with her grandmother. They returned to the city the latter part of August, and had been there a week when Mrs. Beaumont, who was still at Montrose, her country home, telephoned Katherine one morning begging her to come out the next day, saying she would send a carriage for her. At nine o'clock the carriage came, drawn by a pair of spirited grays. There had been a shower the night before, and she and Ethel thoroughly enjoyed the cool, delicious air as they sped through green lanes and along wooded roads to Montrose.

The colonial mansion, with imposing pillars running along the front, stood on an elevation overlooking valley and woodland, and through the foliage they could see, as they passed through the double iron gates and drove through the domain, the blue winding river at intervals gleaming in the distance. Mrs. Beaumont had lost her parents when a small child, and had been reared by a sister, who was standing on the colonnade when the carriage drove up; she came down the steps, saying:

"Well, here comes Sunshine," giving Katherine the name she often applied to her. "How delighted I am! And this is little Ethel. Come right in."

She preceded the visitors through the hall to a large, airy room, into which Mrs. Beaumont came, smiling a welcome. When their hats were removed, she led the way to a pleasant alcove on the colonnade, where Persian rugs, rattan rockers, a hammock slung between two pillars, and a table on which were new books, late magazines and papers, made it a delightful place in which to spend the morning hours. Mrs. Smiley was a devoted Christian, and like her sister, a practical one, never saying to the destitute, "Be ye clothed and fed," and then doing nothing to relieve their necessities. She had for years been enthusiastic in temperance work,

having, herself, gone into the homes of the poor and seen the dire need and bitter sorrow of defenseless women and children, when the father spent his wages for strong drink and neglected those dependent on him for support.

The hostess signed to a servant to hand some ice water from a chased silver service on the table. Delicious woodsy scents came up from the fresh, undulating landscape. A cluster of white camelias in a silver epergne on the table shed their rich perfume in the alcove.

"Zeline," said she to the servant, "bring the stereoscope and those pictures from the table in the library," and turning to the child, continued, "there are some very pretty views in the collection, Ethel. I am sure you will like them. Here, sit with your back to the light, my dear," placing a chair near the wall.

She took the stereoscope from the maid, focussed it and putting a picture of the White House before the glasses, handed it to Ethel, laying the other views on the table near her. Then taking a seat near Mrs. Garland, she asked:

"Did you hear the National President of the King's Daughters, Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes," Katherine replied, "and was quite pleased with her address; I always read everything I see from Mrs. Bottome's pen."

"I gathered from her remarks," said Mrs. Smiley, "that she has entered into the deeper life."

"After the close of the meeting I had a short talk with her," said Katherine, "and I am quite sure of it."

"Did you join the organization?" Mrs. Beaumont asked, toying with the glossy leaves of the cape jessamine growing in a jar on the colonnade.

"Yes; Mrs. Bottome pinned the purple ribbon on me herself."

"I am so glad you have joined our ranks, Mrs. Garland. The organization does a grand work. By the way, when did you see Mrs. Clayton?"

"I have not seen her for over a year. I think she has gone from the city to live. She was in failing health, and talked of going to California when I last saw her."

"I have not seen her since our chapter's sword presentation to our favorite General."

"That was a brilliant occasion," said Katherine, "the chapter certainly had cause to be proud of you as its Regent."

"And of you as Corresponding Secretary," said the hostess, with a graceful wave of the hand.

"Thank you; his daughter graced the occasion, I remember; she sat just behind you on the platform."

"Yes, she was in mourning for the loss of her mother. I will leave you with my sister awhile," she continued, rising, "as I must see the housekeeper about some matters. Ethel, are you through with the views? Here is a book you will like."

She took "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm" from the table and handed it to the child, who threw herself in the hammock and was soon absorbed in its pages.

Katherine and Mrs. Smiley discussed the temperance situation at length, and when the hostess came back she said to the latter:

"I see you are mounted on your hobby, but for that matter everybody should be interested in the temperance cause. You rarely ever come to the D. A. R. meetings now, Mrs. Garland."

"Not often. I have had so many things recently to attend to that I have not had time."

"We miss you at the meetings," she said, then turning to Ethel, "I have a pony you must ride; here comes the boy with him now."

The child sprang from the hammock, laid down her book, and was soon careering through the grounds.

"She enjoys that," said Mrs. Smiley, watching her gallop along the drive and disappear among the trees.

"Yes, she rode a good deal while we were at the springs."

Half an hour later Ethel dismounted on the colonnade with heightened color and sharpened appetite for luncheon, which was soon announced. As they entered the dining-room her grandmother asked:

"Which do you like best, Paint or the pony?"

"Oh, I like the pony the best."

After luncheon she went back to her book and hammock, and while the hostess lingered in the dining-room, Katherine and Mrs. Smiley entered a cool, shaded parlor whose windows looked out on the colonnade.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A HEART TO HEART TALK—A PICNIC.



SINCE coming out here this summer I have not attended any of the chapel meetings," said Mrs. Smiley. "I miss them so much."

She seated herself in a light, cane rocker beside Katherine, who reclined on a sofa gently waving a fan, lightly stirring the asparagus ferns growing in a vase that stood at her head.

"Yes," said the latter, "one gets hungry for the full gospel. A soul that has slaked its thirst at the full flowing fountain of salvation is never satisfied with anything less than that."

"I recently read a book," said the other, "which asserted that Wesley taught that perfect love is an instantaneous gift, and that one could also grow into it."

"That is a mistake, he never taught the growing theory," Katherine said; "a few souls get into the experience without knowing it, or calling it by any special name. A Christian who prays much, studies the Bible, and meditates continually on the things that pertain to salvation, will gradually receive the great Second Blessing or baptism of the Holy Spirit."

"Or the abiding Christ," said Mrs. Smiley.

"Yes, for He comes into the soul to stay. It has been cleansed, purified, and He makes it His abode. You have heard persons tell that their experience of pardon was gradual; a twilight in the starless night of conviction began to dawn on their souls as morning dawns on the world; it slowly, gradually grew brighter, until the soul was basking in the blessed light of a perfect day. So it is with those devoted ones who daily read God's word, frequent the secret place of prayer, and meditate on His goodness. It is like

ascending a stairway. You start on the first step and go up, step by step; there comes a moment when you plant your feet on the top step. You are in the upper hall, where the pure, sweet airs of Heaven are playing."

"It is true, Sunshine, it is true," said the other, her dark eyes shining with the Christian's deathless hope. "I know whereof I speak."

"Praise His name, it is given to us to know! It is not a 'hope so,' but a 'know so' with us. Those devout souls may never have heard of a definite second work of grace, never heard of Wesley's exegesis of the doctrine of perfect love, never heard of sanctification except to read about it with blinded eyes as I did for over a quarter of a century. A person cannot definitely seek something he never heard of."

"But they get into the experience," said Mrs. Smiley, "without seeking it as a special grace."

"They do; because they are seeking to know His whole counsel, to do His blessed and holy will, and He graciously leads them step by step to the upper Pentecostal room. They did not grow into it. God brought them there and bestowed the great grace on them—a free gift, as pardon was a free gift."

"The dear sister," said Mrs. Smiley, "who leads your Friday afternoon prayer meetings, sometimes attends the Pentecostal meetings; she said to me the other day, 'I have everything that those people have.' She visits the jail and reads the Bible to the prisoners and prays with them every Thursday."

"She is a spirit-filled, sanctified woman, whom everybody loves. But very, very few enter into the Holy of Holies in that way, as she has. Nearly all of God's people linger in the outer court, dallying with the world, more or less. And those who enter the Deeper Life in that way lead very, very few into it. I sat at the feet of that woman for over ten years, knowing she had something I did not have, something I wanted, but she never led me up to where she stood. She had not received her Pentecost as a second work of grace, did not know it as such, hence she did not teach it."

"To teach it brings reproach," said Mrs. Smiley, "but that would not make any difference with her."

"No, not the least. She would not care for reproach if she saw it that way. Reproach for Christ's sake would be sweet to her."

"I know that those who teach it receive the reproach of the church and of the world," said Mrs. Smiley, bending over to inhale the breath of a bowl of roses on a table at her elbow.

"And they have their reward," said Katherine; "and it begins right here in the world, for God plants their feet in a large room, hides them in His secret pavilion from the strife of tongues."

"Yes, He compasses them about with songs of deliverance, sunshine, and feeds them on the precious hidden manna of His love."

"And He makes them to rejoice; makes them exceeding glad when men say all manner of evil against them, falsely, for His sake. I should never have entered in had I not heard the doctrine preached as a definite, distinct second work of grace. Something to be sought as a special entity, a second gift from God. And when my soul heard the clarion call of this mighty truth, it sprang to meet it as the panting hart springs to drink of the clear, cool-water brooks."

Zephyrs from the river, freighted with woodland perfumes, sang low in the shrubberies, and softly lifted the filmy lace curtains of the room, while a mocking bird poured out his heart in song from a forest tree in the grounds.

Mrs. Beaumont was out in the pillared alcove spreading an ecru linen afghan, embroidered and fringed in bright colors, over Ethel, who had fallen asleep in the hammock over her book. She was one of those thoughtful, self-abnegating characters; always seeking to promote the comfort and happiness of others, and realized that wealth and position placed great responsibility on its possessors.

"I love to hear you talk, Sunshine," said her friend, in a low, sweet voice."

"That is because you are in this precious secret of the

Lord. It is the subject. We love to talk to each other of him in whom our souls delight."

A silence followed while they listened to the bird and from the window watched the slender, graceful form of the hostess crossing the graveled walk to speak to a servant rolling a lawn cutter on the grass. A piano stood open and at her friend's request for some music, Katherine rose and played one of Kotzebue's sonatas, and then glided into a nocturne which she knew was a favorite with the ladies. The mistress of the house came in and sank into an easy-chair, while her soul drank in the sweet strains that pulsed softly out on the warm, delicious air. Katherine glided from one morceau to another, playing softly, restfully. When the last silvery strains died away, Mrs. Beaumont drew a deep breath of content, saying, "You are skillful at interpreting the composer's thought, Mrs. Garland, you seem to grasp at once the most elusive, delicate shades of meaning; yours is soul music."

"I do not deserve such measure of praise," said Katherine, resuming her place on the sofa, "however, I long ago learned that in music or recitation, expression, the audience was swayed in just the same measure that my own soul was stirred."

"Yes," said Mrs. Smiley, "a teacher or preacher to get pupils or audience to be in earnest must be very much in earnest himself."

"That is just it, the fire of enthusiasm leaps like the electric spark from soul to soul."

In pleasant interchange of thought the hours passed, and when the shadows were lengthening, the visitors were wheeling through vale and woodland back to the city. The middle of the autumn, Ethel went home, her health much improved. Katherine was busy preparing another work for publication. Annie came to her for the winter, during which time she pursued her musical studies and had the privilege of hearing great artists, among whom were Sembrich and Paderewsky. She was Miss Elmore's guest for a month, the judge and his family having returned to their city resi-

dence in October. Cecelia was not going out, but she had a delightful visit in their quiet, cultured home circle.

Spring came again, with its blue skies and verdure and bloom, welcomed as it always is, by every one. This yearly resurrection from the frost of winter to life with fragrance, blossom and fruit, brought forcibly to Katherine's mind the in supernal happiness, youth and beauty, to die no more.

She spent the month of May with her niece, Mrs. Morris, who now had two bright children, Helen and Edmund, and lived in a pretty home in the suburbs of the Bluff City. At home, the Carnegie Library had, in her literary work, been of invaluable assistance to Katherine, and here the fine Cassitt Library, overlooking the Father of Waters, amply supplied her need. She attended a concert given by Daisy, assisted by other artists, to the Twentieth Century Club, which was followed by a reception, where she met and interchanged ideas with many of the club's cultured members.

The daughters of Mrs. Bethel, who was one of "The Merry Four," Mrs. Tenmount and Mrs. Raymond, were living in the city, and Katherine renewed her intimacy of by-gone years with them. One evening she returned from a drive with them, and while seated at the tea table, said: "Daisy, I walked to Arkansas this afternoon in company with Emma and Mattie, convoyed by one of the most gallant gentlemen of the Bluff City."

"I see; you walked across the bridge, auntie, and who was the gentleman?"

"Mr. Ellis Mason; he is descended from the old courtly regime of the southland."

"Yes, he comes of chivalric ancestry," said Daisy, handing her aunt a dainty envelope; "here is an invitation for you to a reception, given by the Daughters of the American Revolution to Captain Maynard, of the gunboat, Nashville."

O, yes; he fired the first shot of the war with Spain," she said, glancing at the billet. "I don't go to receptions often, Daisy."

"I know, auntie, but you must go to this. And tomorrow we must drive to the wharf and see the boat."

"Certainly, I'll be glad to go over the boat, and to please you, I'll go to the reception."

"You are lovely, auntie; we won't stay late."

"She is a little wheeler, Aunt Katherine," said Mr. Morris, passing his cup for more tea.

The reception was a success, and did honor to the patriotic organization that gave it. The Regents of the two chapters with their ladies were resplendent in satins, laces and diamonds, and the illustrious officer, with his staff, in their uniforms presented a brilliant scene; the wit, grace and beauty of a large portion of the State being assembled in their honor. A few days later the gunboat, in its progress up the river, touched at a point not far from the town where Katherine's son's family resided. Many of the citizens took rail for the place where the vessel was moored, among whom was Alma and her daughters. The latter were presented with souvenirs by the officers, Captain Maynard giving Annie a handsome pen that he had used in his naval expeditions.

Her father was in Louisville, setting straight the books of a gentleman of large business, whom he loved and honored. He was a man of scholarly attainments, deep research and wide travel, his fine home abounding in curios gathered by him in Europe and Oriental lands. A christian gentleman, possessed, of ample fortune, he was a benefactor of his race, and from some cause Arthur became a favorite of his. The great stalwart soul appreciated him and sympathized with him in his difficulties, and Katherine's son trusted him implicitly. To him this good man was a tower of strength. During his stay there she, accompanied by Annie, made him a visit, and he was delighted to go with them to places of interest in and about the city. He had a fine ear for music, and thoroughly enjoyed listening to his daughter invoke sweet strains from the piano and sing his favorite songs. One morning Annie and her father were passing McCauley's Theater, and observing that it was open, she expressed a wish to see the interior decoration. They went in and found some two hundred children, from four to fourteen years, on the stage, marching and counter-marching, bowing, dancing,

and pirouetting to inspiring music, under the direction of a young woman, rehearsing an extravaganza for some charitable cause. They remained a few minutes, finding that it would be presented the latter part of the week at a matinee, which they attended and enjoyed, Annie said "immensely." They crossed, in company with friends, on the ferry to New Albany a few days later, and after driving about the pretty town, picnicked in a suburban, wooded, romantic spot, where a clear spring bubbled from a moss-grown cliff. Mr. Ernest Fall, formerly of Tennessee, then resident of the city, was Annie's escort.

When the luncheon of ham and turkey sandwiches, pickles, jellies, and cake had been discussed, they left a servant to replace the hamper with the linen cloth, napkins, and other appurtenances in a carriage, and disposed themselves on a green slope whence they could see the Falls City, set like a gem, on the opposite shore of the broad Ohio. "The home of Prentice," said Katherine, "his name was a household word at The Oaks when I was a child."

"It is still a household word in many homes," said Ernest. 'My Mother's Grave' and 'The Closing Year' will never die."

"Don't you think Sidney Lanier and Edgar Poe outrank him as a poet?" asked Annie, arranging some ferns she had gathered at the spring, in a cornucopia of paper.

"Well, yes, in a sense they certainly do outrank him."

"I think no greater genius than Poe ever lived. 'The Raven' is the bitter heart-cry of humanity in a starless night of despair—a heart-cry for the rest of Aiden, that every soul longs for, whether it knows it or not."

"Very true, Miss Annie, but the masses don't understand 'The Raven' or 'The Tell Tale Heart,' 'Annabel Lee,' and 'The Fall of the House of Usher.' They don't want to contemplate the horrors of 'The Pit and the Pendulum.' What a weird, far-reaching genius was his!"

"The wine cup made him hopeless," said Katherine. "It was that which plunged his high, sensitive soul into the starless pit of despair. It's horrid toils enmeshed him as the sea serpent enmeshed and crushed to death the Laocoon. I

have searched in his despairing minstrelsy for a note of hope in vain. He knew about the happy Aidenn, but the wine cup blinded his vision so he could not find the pearly gate. Our Poe, 'poor fallen child of Poesy.' "

"What is sweeter, sadder," than his

"Ligeia, Ligeia, my beautiful one,
Whose lightest word does to melody run,"

said Annie, her wistful gray-blue eyes fastened on some scarlet trumpet blossoms, whose vines had clambered through the boughs of a tall tree close by, that gleamed like spots of flame in the foliage.

"Nothing in the language is sadder or sweeter," said Ernest, but I love poetry that breathes of hope, of the morning-tide of life."

"So do I," said Annie's father. "The Wizard of the North is my poet. Happy hope breathes through his verse with all its weird and tragic suggestion. The deer hunt in 'The Lady of the Lake' thrills me."

"I was glad he got away from the hounds," said Annie. "How does it begin?"

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
When shone the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made,
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade,"

her father quoted, his brown eyes deepening as he thought of his care-free boyhood days, when he first read the poem. "I was always glad he got away from the cruel hounds after his long, hot chase the next day," repeated Annie, "as panting, steaming, spent, he reached a remote, safe, delightful spot in the fastness of Ben-Venue."

"Cold dews and wild flowers on his head."

quoted her father, immersing the stems of the ferns in a silver cup of water he had brought from the spring. "I enjoyed," he continued, "the movement and rush and view halloo of the spirited chase, but, like you, Annie, I was glad

the noble stag got away from the fangs of the hounds. As well as I love Scott's poetry, I love his prose works better. They are inwoven in the memory of my youth, and now they hold for me the same old charm."

"I have inherited your love for The Wizard," smiled Annie, "as you are aware, and have sighed over the woes of Amy Robsart, Annie of Gierstein, Effie Deans and many others."

"Well," said Mrs. Thierson, formerly Leonora Garmonde, still resident in Katherine's native town and visiting her sister, who lived in the Falls City. "I love the English poets, but I love our American poets, too. Longfellow has a charm for me, and Whitcomb Riley, the heart-to-heart homeliness of his verse touches me, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, what a portrayal of human nature is in his 'Professor at the Breakfast Table!'"

"Yes," said Katherine, "the keen, sensitive nature of the hunchback is well depicted."

"And do you remember," said Mrs. Thierson, "his bitter soliloquy about his size in which he says, speaking of other people, how that 'when they die, they would occupy long graves as though they were proud of the room they would take up?'"

"Yes, I remember weeping over his lamentations," said Katherine. "When my first book came out I sent a copy to Dr. Holmes, and received from him an autograph letter of thanks which I keep as a cherished souvenir."

"I imagine he would be prompt to acknowledge such a compliment," said Mrs. Thierson. "Like Mr. Fall here, I admire Prentice, whose statue adorns the Courier-Journal building over there. His 'Closing Year' is fine. I wish some one here would repeat it."

"Can you not recite it for us, my friend?" asked Katherine.

"Certainly not. If you remember, 'expression,' as it is now termed, was never my forte."

"Well, yes, I believe that is so, but you used to sing well. Do you remember a concert we assisted in long years ago

in our home town, when you sang 'Within a mile of Edinboro?' "

"Can I ever forget it? O, those happy, happy days at Oakland, before so many of my own and your loved ones crossed the last river." Her eyes grew misty and she looked across the Ohio to the domes and towers of the city, glittering in the westering sun. A silence fell on the party that was broken only by some robins chirping and darting in and out among the scarlet trumpet blossoms.

"Annie," said her father, after a space, "you recite the poem and Mrs. Thierson will favor us with the old, sweet song. I was a small boy, turning to the latter, but I remember that concert, and your singing the song."

"Yes, do favor us, Miss Annie," said Ernest, "and then I will bring my guitar from the carriage and accompany Mrs. Thierson, if she will allow me."

"I shall be quite pleased, Mr. Fall."

The summer was waning and soft autumn tints had touched the landscape. The girl rose to her feet, and, to the accompaniment of the rippling waters, repeated the poem, her expressive gray-blue eyes frequently glancing from her audience to the city across the river, which loved to honor the memory of him whose exquisite verse she was so gracefully interpreting.

As she bowed and resumed her seat on the grass there was a clapping of hands that startled the robins in their blossoming coverts, and they nestled closer in the fragrant depths, watching with alert eyes the proceedings below.

The guitar was brought, the gentleman struck a few chords, when Mrs. Thierson sang in a clear, high soprano the old Scotch ballad; the notes winding in silver cadences among the bosky depths of the trees at the foot of the picturesque cliff. There was another hand-clapping, which amounted to an encore, but she could not be induced to sing again. Arthur took the guitar, and sweeping the strings, sung in a peculiarly sweet, mellow baritone, "The Cottage by the Sea."

It unearthed sweet, sad memories for his mother and her friend, and when it was finished they rose and left the group,

strolling arm in arm by the riverside, recalling the halcyon days when to them the world was young.

Annie and Ernest talked in subdued tones, her father having taken the guitar and retreated to a moss-grown boulder under the vine-hung tree, where he played low, sweet music with his eyes fastened on the dimpling, light-filled river.

When the ladies returned from their walk, the party entered the carriages and drove to the wharf, crossing the river in the sunset that changed its wavelets into rippling gold. Mrs. Thierson left the next day for Tennessee. That evening Katherine, her son, and Annie, attended by Ernest, went to a reception given by a friend who had formerly lived in the Rock City. The evening was half over when her escort brought a gentleman to her, saying:

"Miss Garland, allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Goose."

She found it difficult to keep her face straight; however, he was quite intelligent and interesting.

"Which goes to prove," she said, laughingly, to her father afterward, "that there is nothing in a name, and that the Bard of Avon knew whereof he wrote."

CHAPTER XXV.

A RECEPTION.



THE autumn was advancing when they returned to Tennessee. Annie remained with her grandmother in the city until after the holidays and then went home. One bleak, February day, Katherine received a letter from her son containing very sad news. His good, strong friend was dead. The letter was a heart-cry of agony. He had seen the clouds heaped on the bosom of the man who loved him, who had confidence in him, who always drew from him his best effort. "It is so hard," the letter read, "so hard, mother; there are so many people in the world doing no good. Why was my noble friend, who was doing so much good, whose whole life was a benediction to those about him, taken away?"

Katherine had, herself, asked that question years ago and got no answer. She had no answer now, save one she had found in Holy Writ, which reads thus:

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." She wrote to him, trying to comfort him. She pointed him to the Saviour, his Elder Brother, who has promised to stay with his people even unto the end of the world. And he who loved him with an everlasting love would give his grand, good friend back to him in the many-mansioned home, where there are no tears, no partings.

Captain Paysland, who had been a brave Confederate soldier, was superintendent of the Sunday school in the church of which Katherine was a member. Very dear to his faithful, zealous soul was the cause of the Master, and he was the moving spirit in establishing mission Sabbath schools in outlying, destitute portions of the city. He did a grand work

as president of the board of directors of the Southern Chatauqua, and his wife, who had for years been chairman of the Ladies' Association, was enthusiastic in her efforts to advance its interests. Their daughter, Mrs. Folsom, wife of the State Treasurer, inherited her mother's charm, tact and love of literature; in any circle she chose to grace she was a potent factor, and she was untiring in seconding the efforts of her parents for the good of the mountain Assembly. Her eldest brother, Lieutenant Winston Paysland, had distinguished himself for service in the Philippines and had been transferred to the United States cavalry after the close of hostilities. Merritt, the second son, lived in Central America, having mercantile interests there, and the youngest, Matthew, named for his father, was resident in Georgia, having recently married Miss Cobb, granddaughter of the Georgia statesman.

The society of Mrs. Paysland was grateful to Katherine. She was appreciative of her literary work, and her culture, delicate intuition and true, staunch nature gave the writer a sense of restfulness when in her presence.

One wintry afternoon subsequent to her return from Kentucky, she was spending some hours with her; they were in the library of the fine old mansion with its books, pictures, cabinets of curios and handsome, unique draperies; *the ensemble* of the apartment—so characteristic of the hostess, held an especial charm for the visitor. In the course of their conversation the former said:

"I was introduced to you, Mrs. Garland, through one of your poems some time before we met, entitled 'September,' which had in it the ring of the true metal. It quite caught my fancy and I recall one of the stanzas that ran thus:

'From August's fainting days
Comes grandly forth September, golden shod,
And scatters ripened fruit and goldenrod
Through all the orchard ways.'

"Praise from one with your literary acumen is pleasing," said Katherine; "however, prose, and not verse, is my forte."

"Both are your forte, I think. I certainly enjoyed 'A Soul Illumined,' your last prose volume. It took research to write that book."

"Yes, it required some study," said the guest, pushing her chair back a little from the glowing grate.

"Mrs. Brevard, who is now Regent of the Cumberland Chapter, tells me you are on the programme to read a paper on the 'Battle of Bunker's Hill' at the next meeting. I shall try to be present."

"Your presence is to me, when before an audience, always inspiring."

"I believe," said the other, "that we are what the scientists term enrapport."

"I am sure we are, and with your many social engagements, my friend, I shall deem your presence a compliment. The meeting is on Washington's birthday."

"Yes, the twenty-second of February," which is a little over a week from today. How the time flies!"

"It does, indeed. 'Tempus fugit,' often occurs to me."

A silence ensued, broken only by the embers dropping on the hearth and the keening of the wintry wind at the lace-draped windows.

Katherine's furred wrap had fallen away from her shoulders, revealing the white contour of neck and chin as she reclined in the high-backed, antique rocker, her thoughtful eyes fastened on the glowing coals.

Mrs. Paysland sat in a low, easy-chair, robed in a soft gray-cashmere tea gown, with pale pink-silk facings, her dainty, slippered feet resting on a velvet hassock, and as the fire light played over her graceful form and high-bred features, the visitor, knowing somewhat of her ancestry, thought her a worthy descendant of Bartholomew Dupuy, of Sontienne, and his beautiful Countess Lavillon, who so long ago fled with other Huguenots from persecution in France to other countries.

A great cluster of white carnations stood in a vase on the center table; she drew the vase to her and was inhaling their fragrance when the door bell rang. A few moments later, a servant ushered Mrs. Brevard, the niece of Mrs. Polk, who

was one of the grandest women who ever did the honors of the White House, into the library. Two years before the august, venerable lady had died and was laid to rest beside her illustrious husband in a beautiful sequestered spot in the Capitol grounds. Her niece was a woman of fine presence, charming, approachable, magnetic, and was always handsomely gowned.

She wore that day a carriage costume of black velvet en traine, with touches of mauve moire silk, garnished with guipure lace. When greetings were exchanged and she was seated she turned to Katherine, saying: "How fortunate I am to find you here, Mrs. Garland! In addition to the reading of your paper at our next meeting, which will be at my residence, Polk Place, I am going to beg you to favor us with a patriotic recitation you gave us on Flag Day during the Centennial."

"I remember that occasion," said the lady of the house, "and your poem was the piece par excellence on the program. I hope you will accede to Mrs. Brevard's request."

"I hardly know how to refuse our Regent anything," said Katherine, and will be glad to contribute to the celebration of the natal day of Washington. So you won't attend the National Congress this year?"

"Yes, I leave here the evening of the twenty-second, and will reach the capital in time to take part in the deliberations. My daughter, Mrs. McClung, will accompany me, and after the congress we will go to New York for a month, so the Vice Regent will preside at the next meeting. Isn't it lovely in Mrs. Garland," turning to the hostess, "to read her poem before the chapter again?"

"It is characteristic of her to accommodate her friends," said the lady, with an affectionate glance at the authoress.

"I have, since the Spanish war," said Katherine, "added a stanza to the verses."

"Have you, indeed?" said Mrs. Paysland. "I should like to hear them. Since my son took such an active part in the war, I am interested in anything concerning it."

"Can you not repeat them for us?" asked Mrs. Brevard, with her fascinating smile. Recall them if you can."

The authoress thought for a moment and then in a low, distinct voice repeated the stanza with effective expression:

"And now, afar in warm eastern seas
Brave Dewey still bears it to grand victories;
Where the white man takes up his burden, with hopes
To uplift humanity; where fair Cuban slopes
Kiss the waters, Schley and Wheeler our colors unfold—
They've broken old Spain's dark, cruel hold
On the Queen of the Antilles. Sing out happy sea!
For our glorious banner, the hope of the free!"

"There's a grand ring of patriotism in the stanza," said Mrs. Paysland, "and it is due our heroes to mention their exploits in song and story."

"It certainly is, and I am proud of our poetess here," said Mrs. Brevard, with her most engaging manner. "I remember introducing Lieutenant Hobson to her when he came to the city, and did not need to tell him of her literary work. He seemed very appreciative."

A servant came in bearing a silver salver with fruit, cake and wine. Katherine partook of the fruit, but left the wine untouched.

The entertainment at Polk Place was a success, for failure was a word unknown to the hostess. Along both approaches, through well kept grounds to the grand old mansion, guests went at the hour of three in the afternoon, and the halls and salons were soon thronged with beautiful, handsomely gowned women.

Portraits of the illustrious couple were draped with a silken banner of the Union, and other smaller flags were artistically arranged among green, feathery ferns and gorgeous hot-house flowers, forming a brilliant setting for the fair guests, who had gathered at this old historic home of the eleventh President to do honor to the memory of the first President of the nation. A band stationed in the hall behind a screen of palms discoursed patriotic airs, before and after the programme, which was effectively rendered. Mrs. Elmore pronounced a beautiful invocation, when Maramé Du Maurier read a fine eulogy on Washington, which was followed by the authoress on Bunker Hill. The hostess then

read a paper on Dolly Madison, whose granddaughter had been a personal friend of her aunt, after which Mrs. McClung sang to piano accompaniment in a sweet soprano, "The Star Spangled Banner." Katherine then read the poem, "Our Banner the Hope of the Free," which completed the programme. Elaborate refreshments then followed, the confections being surmounted by miniature stars and stripes and the ices by cannon.

The authoress wore a black trained silk, the bodice garnished with white satin under black spangled net; a single white rose nestled in her slightly gray hair.

The guests were discussing the ices when a lady resplendent in sapphire-blue velvet and lace of rare pattern drew her into an alcove, saying:

"I wish to congratulate you on the rendition of your poem, so appropriate to the occasion."

She was Mrs. Warrington, a traveled and cultured woman, whose two daughters, for several years, had attended an old and renowned school in the French capital.

"I am sure," she continued, when they were seated, "that you have proved the truth of Tupper's famous maxim, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'"

"In some measure," was the smiling reply. "Do you return to Europe soon?"

"My plans are not yet matured, but I hope to reach Paris for the season. Always beautiful and interesting, Paris is, as you know, at her best in May."

"And London at her best in June," said the other, twining a spray of smilax about an antique lamp from which it had fallen away that stood on a console near her.

"Yes, and one must see those cities then to rightly appreciate their splendor," said Mrs. Warrington. "Despite her many revolutions, the galleries and palaces of France are full of art treasures. Versailles and Fontainebleau, once occupied by kings and emperors, contain rare collections of Gobelin tapestries, paintings, and furniture that I never tire of looking at. However, the magnificent apartments of Napoleon the Great at Fontainebleau, his favorite residence, did not delight me as did the exquisitely beautiful suite of the

unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The rare tapestries in the apartments of Anne of Austria held me for a time spell-bound."

"You visited the tomb of Abelard and Heloise?"

"Yes, and found the fresh bouquet. You, know the legend that their tomb is never without one?"

"O, yes, and you always found a fresh one there?"

"Always; and I have never seen anyone who had been there that did not say there was one there. And I questioned many persons about it. Peculiar, isn't it?"

"It assuredly is."

Mrs. Paysland, in fawn-colored brocaded silk, who assisted the hostess in doing the honors, passed the alcove and dropped a cluster of white hyacinths in Katherine's lap.

"She is an adept at doing graceful things," said the latter, as the lady disappeared behind a pillar.

"There is Mrs. Beaumont looking for me," said Mrs. Warrington, rising. "I am one of the receiving party with her. Madame Du Maurier, take this seat, as the latter entered the alcove.

"Thank you; it is pleasant to get out of the throng for a while and talk with Mrs. Garland. I have been reading Balzac," she continued after she was seated, "and find he is an author one cannot skim."

"No; one cannot skim Balzac," said the authoress; "there is a subtle, elusive philosophy in his writings. 'The Magic Skin' is a deep metaphysical work in the guise of romance."

"The man, the central figure in the story," said the other, "bought the skin in a curiosity shop, did he not? I tried to skim it a year ago and in consequence have almost forgotten it."

"Yes, it had a peculiar property and was influenced entirely by the way the owner of it lived. When he would make wicked wishes and carry them out, it would shrink in certain ratio, and every time it shrunk it shortened the man's life. The shrinking of the skin eventually meant death to the owner of it—the not shrinking meant life to him. It depended entirely on his own actions."

"I remember now," said Madame Du Maurier, opening

her painted gauze fan with sandalwood sticks that sent waves of perfume on the air, "that he hung it on a wall and would go every day to see if it got smaller."

"Yes, and the despair that seized him," said Katherine, toying with the hyacinths on her lap, "as he saw it shrinking day by day, showing him that inexorable fate was pushing him nearer and nearer the precipice into which he must finally fall, was just awful."

"He fell in love with a girl and married her, did he not?" Mrs. Warrington's two handsome daughters, in company with the beautiful young wife of the Governor of the State, formerly a Louisiana belle, slowly trailed their magnificent Parisian gowns past the alcove, bowing and smiling.

"O, yes," said the authoress, her eyes following the graceful forms until they were lost to view in the thronged salon, "he shut his eyes to fate—shut them resolutely to the inevitable and wen on his way blind—there is no one so blind as those that won't see—going frequently into excesses, which, of course, grew on him; he just went with a blind fatuity on, hoping against hope, though the skin was visibly shrinking every day.

"I remember," said the other; "he fought fate with a tiger's ferocity. It was about the size of a fox's skin and the black grains of the leather were so highly polished that it's roughness presented a thousand little surfaces that vividly reflected the light. His agony was terrible."

"I was on the rack," said Katherine, "as I followed him through his long drawn-out agony at the knowledge of having to die as the inexorable skin on the wall grimly assured him; have to die and leave his beautiful, worshiped bride."

"It represented the circle of his days," said Madame Du Maurier; "but I hoped he would somehow survive its disappearance."

"Yes, toward the end I began to hope he might survive the entire disappearance of the skin; began with him to hope against hope. Finally, one day he looked at it to find it had shrunk to an inch in size, and his agony and suspense were fearful."

"But his hope was vain," said the other, a look of intro-

spection in her thoughtful eyes; "he died when the skin shrank into nothingness."

"Yes," said the authoress, stirring the perfumed air of the alcove with her white-satin fan, "he died when the magic skin shrank into nothingness."

A silence fell between them while the strains of the band behind the palms, playing *America*, rose and fell on the air. They watched the gay groups promenading in the spacious salon for a while when Madame Du Maurier said:

"I have sometimes thought, Mrs. Garland, that the French authors depict the emotions and workings of the human soul with a finer, keener insight than those of any other nation."

"They certainly have analytical, far-seeing intellects. I prefer English or German literature to theirs. It is purer, healthier, and breathes of hope and peace. George Sand's books drag the soul down. George Eliot's books lift the soul up, whatever may be said of her religious beliefs."

"Well, I don't like Sand. '*Les Misérables*' elevates the soul, you will acknowledge."

"Yes; I think no finer character than Jean Valjean was ever drawn by pen of man."

"You have read '*Amiel's Journal*, of course?"

"Yes, and wept over it, so true to life is it. He faithfully depicts the sufferings, mental and physical, the hopes and fears of the consumptive."

"Indeed, he does," the other said, looking at her small watch set with gems. Glancing at the brilliant throng, she continued: "These are gruesome subjects to discuss in this gay assemblage."

"True, a dark line runs unfailingly alongside all the bright ones in this mundane sphere."

They rose and left the alcove, encountering Mrs. Beaumont, who was arrayed in lavender velvet and pearls, and handed Katherine a cluster of golden-hearted pansies, smiling, as she quoted the lovely Ophelia's words:

"There are pansies for you; that's for thoughts."

They joined the promenaders, meeting a bevy of debutantes, among whom was Miss Bessie Barr, just back from

a European tour. She was the daughter of an eminent lawyer, an old time friend of the writer, and quite a literateur for one so young. Her Parisian gown of white brocaded silk, with garnishings of rare lace and touches of pink, a string of gold beads, each bead set with a small diamond encircling her white throat, was very becoming to her. Her brown eyes deepened with pleasure as they clasped hands, and she said:

"Mrs. Garland, your paper was fine, and the poem thrilled me to a deeper feeling of patriotism than I have ever felt before."

"*Merci, ma petit amie,*" said the authoress; "like some others who go abroad for a twelvemonth, your spirit of patriotism did not diminish during your absence."

"*Non, Madame, Je suis parfaitement Americaine.*"

"I suppose you went everywhere."

"*Oui, Madame,*" said the girl, as they sat down on a divan beneath the portraits of the President and his wife, one corner of the great silken banner making a pretty background for the debutante's graceful head. "I made the *grande* tour, quite leisurely, however; not like many others who only get a bird's eye view of the sights and wonders of the Old World."

"Better a bird's eye than none at all," said Katherine, smilingly.

"Ah, *certainement*, Madame. I saw miles of canvas said to be the work of the old masters; pictures, dark and dim with age, that have brought fabulous prices in the Pitti Palace, in Rome, Venice, Pisa, Dresden, the Luxembourg, until my mind grew weary. However, I'd stop and rest and start again with renewed interest. We visited the home of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. I think Eugene Beauharnais the most gallant figure in French history. His bravery as a soldier and his chivalric loyalty to his mother, the Empress Josephine, always thrilled me."

"Did you go to Malmaison?"

"Yes; the palace is an interesting spot."

"You know it was there that Napoleon, after his fall, took his leave of Hortense and went to the port of Roche-

fort, where he boarded the Bellerophon for England and was made a prisoner by Captain Maitland, the commander of the vessel."

"Yes, and the Austrian Archduchess, instead of standing by her heroic, though fallen, chieftain, and her child, heir to an empire, ran off to Vienna and allowed a one-eyed count, who wore a green patch on his face, to pay court to her. Poor, craven soul. 'What a falling off was there!' as Avon's bard says."

The girl sat with her clear-cut, beautiful profile silhouetted in the electric light against the silken banner, her red lips rivalling the shower bouquet of scarlet carnations she carried, one tiny white silken slipper peeping from beneath her robe, an exquisite type of the beautiful, cultured woman of the southland since the civil war. She was a grandniece of the Miss Flora Barr, of Katherine's childhood, whose pet poodle had excited so much merriment in the old country church in that long, by-gone time.

"Of course, you went to Stratford, *mon amie?*" said the writer, inhaling the breath of the pansies.

"Ah, *certainement. Il fait chaud cette après midi,*" opening her painted Parisian fan of white silk and waving it slowly to and fro; "we were at Stratford three delightful days. I was deeply impressed while there, and also at the humble cottage of Burns with the truth that genius is no respecter of persons or classes. *J'espere vous me comprenez, Madame.*"

"*Oui, ma jolie amie, Je comprenez,*" smiled the authoress. "You went to Berlin?"

"You know the itineraries, all stereotyped; but mine was leisurely, a part impromptu," laughed the fair debutante. "Ah, *oui*; I journeyed up the storied Rhine to Bonn, the beautiful. We stayed there a week and went to Weimar. I saw the original *MMS.* of the 'Nibelungen Lied.' I sat down and tried to spell out a page of it, not reading old German readily." Her brown eyes grew darker as she added: "I felt that the spirit of the dead and gone mystics were thronging about the uncanny old castle. Those old

Norse myths and runes and sagas have a strong fascination for me."

How beautiful she was with her classic, electric face! This typical daughter of the fair southland!

There was a movement of departure; they rose and a voice at the side of the authoress said:

"I will call for you to drive with me tomorrow."

It was Mrs. Warrington, who had already made her adieus to the hostess.

"Au revoir," smiled the fair debutante.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ILLNESS—DIVINE HEALING.



IN the early part of June, Katherine went to the town where her son's family resided for a visit. Many of her old-time friends lived in the place, which made it very pleasant; a month passed when she was taken ill. She had no thought of it being serious and supposed that she would regain her wonted health in a few days. However, many days and weeks passed before she began to rally, and October's cool breezes were blowing before she was really convalescent. She received letters from her friends in the city, wondering at her long absence and anxious to know when she would return. Through the long summer days, she had much time for introspection, and during her slow convalescence her Bible was her constant companion. Friends came with words of encouragement and brought delicacies to tempt her appetite and flowers to cheer her sick room. She knew she had been very ill; knew from the serious faces about her that they had apprehended that she might bid them a last farewell and go away to her eternal home. And she was quite resigned. It looked bright to her on the other side. Still, she hardly thought she would go then, feeling, somehow, that her work on earth was not quite finished.

She had recovered sufficiently to sit in an easy-chair in the parlor, when a lady to whom the truth of divine healing had been revealed, visited her. She lived a beautiful life of self-sacrifice, and assured Katherine that it was a matter of faith in God's promises, and that the will was a large factor in assisting the inquirer to accept the truth.

"I have found in my experience, said the authoress, "that decision has largely to do with spiritual blessings."

"It certainly has," said the visitor. "A great writer tells us that 'the will is the seat and region of faith.' We are enjoined to have God's faith in His truth. His is the only effective faith. Human faith is a rope of sand, but God's faith prevails."

She went away leaving the invalid thinking deeply of what she had said. She had given the subject some thought before, and knew it must be true, for she had heard devout Christians, among whom was the lady who had led the prayer meetings in the city, testify to its truth.

Katherine began to search the Scriptures on the subject, and found the doctrine running through Holy Writ from beginning to end. Away back in Exodus God had said to his people whom he had delivered from Egyptian bondage, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and the Psalmist exclaims: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities and healeth all thy diseases." At God's permission, Satan afflicted Job with a terrible sickness. Isaiah, seven hundred and fifty years before the Messiah came, said: "He was wounded for our transgressions and by his stripes we are healed."

The Holy Spirit poured light on the pages as she read.

The transgressions of the first parents of the race brought sickness and every other woe. The day sin was born, sickness was born. They were twin brothers. Christ regarded it as akin to sin and rebuked it wherever He went. And those He healed, if sinners, were converted. His word or touch healed the body and at the same time healed the sin-sick soul. She found but little said about physicians. Good King Asa "sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians" in his last illness and died.

A woman bound in disease, bent and suffering by Satan for eighteen years, who "had suffered many things of many physicians," was not benefited, but rather grew worse, had but to touch, in faith, the Master's garment to be made perfectly whole.

He rebuked the fever that had laid prostrate Simon Pe-

ter's mother-in-law, and she got up and assisted in extending the hospitalities of her daughter's house.

An intimate friend called one day who had never given the subject any thought, and was surprised to hear Katherine's belief about it. She was like multitudes of other Christians, thinking that the days of miracles were past, and that while "Christ still forgives sins on earth, He does not heal diseases."

"Sickness," said she, "is often a means of grace and draws the soul nearer to God."

"Then why not submit to it?" said the invalid, "why send for a doctor and try to get rid of the means of grace as soon as possible?"

"It is but natural for one to seek health if one is ill," said the visitor; "natural to call for the assistance of one who has made healing a study."

"Assuredly; but the assistance of that One, who never makes a mistake, is infinitely preferable. The sins of loved ones will drive a devout, trusting soul nearer to God, but that does not make the sins right. Sickness that drives the soul to God does not make sickness righteousness. To those who are saved, in the economy of God, everything is a savor of life unto life."

"The Apostle Luke," said the visitor, "was called the beloved physician."

"True," said Katherine; "but there is no record of his ever having practiced medicine after he met the Messiah."

"Then you think it is reprehensible to seek to physicians in this day and time."

"By no means. It certainly is right if one has not the simple, Christ-like faith to go to the Great Physician, who knows so well each one's need and never makes any mistakes. The medical profession is among the noblest of the professions, and my favorite brother embraced it and did great good in his special sphere. O, the doctors do a grand work for humanity, and they will always have plenty to do."

"You think, then, that they need have no fear that their occupation will ever be gone."

"Not in the least. This mighty truth has been revealed

to a popular doctor in one of our large cities, and he goes to the Great Physician for himself, while he prescribes for his patients. He tells them of the truth and lives it, and if they don't accept it, he does the next best thing, he prescribes medicines for them."

"It seems just impossible," said the visitor, "to change the thought and habit of a lifetime in the way you speak of."

"It is impossible to human strength, and is never done except through the knowledge of the truth—except the soul lets Christ undertake for it. Victory then is the sure result."

"Christian Scientists eschew medicines; what do you think of them?"

"They are as far from the truth as the antipodes are asunder; they deny the efficacy of the blood of Christ."

"They claim that he is a way-shower and profess to follow his teachings."

"But do they follow them? 'If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above. Set your affections on things above and not on the things of the earth.' Where do their affections seem to be fastened? on heavenly things or on material things? Do they act as if they have here no continuing city? As if they are pilgrims and strangers on the earth? What sacrifices do they make to bring the world to Jesus?"

"I am free to say that I don't see that they make any. As a rule, they go clad in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. They deny the existence of matter, but they certainly enjoy with zest material things."

"'By their fruits ye shall know them.' One of their lecturers asserted on a certain occasion that 'something was wrong with Paul or he would not have suffered so many persecutions and been attended with so many disasters?'"

"I have heard them say that to practice it assures material prosperity as a general thing," said the visitor; "they deny, too, the existence of sin or a personal devil."

"Then, if no sin exists, there was no need of the great sacrifice. It is one form of anti-Christ—a strong delusion to those who embrace it."

"But they are so sure they are right, and they heal the sick."

" 'There is a way,' quoted Katherine, 'that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' The rods of Pharaoh's magicians became serpents, like Moses' rod did, but the serpent from which the great leader's rod was transformed, swallowed the serpents of the sooth-sayers. You look on sickness as an evil, do you not?"

"I certainly do; a very great evil."

"The climax of the prayer which our Lord taught His disciples, was 'deliver us from evil,' and if his children pray in faith to be delivered from the evils of sickness, He grants their prayer. He tells us that He withholds no good thing from them that walk uprightly and put their trust in Him."

"But we are told by the church dignitaries that the days of miracles are past."

"There is no ground for such assertion," said Katherine; "when a soul is born into the kingdom of God, a greater miracle is performed than the healing of a diseased body would be. What greater miracle can there be than for an outbreking sinner, steeped in crime, to turn from his evil life and live to the glory of God and the uplifting and saving of his fellow-men, as Jerry McAuley, of New York, did?"

O, the transforming power of the spirit of God is wonderful; too wonderful for man's comprehension," the caller said.

"And it will heal a diseased body," said Katherine, "if one has appropriating faith."

"What do you think of the belief that some have of the Lord's return?"

"Some whose hearts are open to the truth are fully convinced that He will come back soon, because He gave His disciples the signs of His return, and the signs are surely before us. We have only to look to see them. One was that His gospel should be preached to every nation on the habitable globe. And there is now not a nation to which it has not been carried. You know of the earthquakes, some of

them great ones, sweeping off a whole city, as St. Pierre. Look at the long, long famine in India."

"Yes, and we hear of wars and rumors of wars."

"Certainly, and the great nations of the earth that are not at war, are armed to the teeth, ready at a word to fly at each other's throats; they are increasing their armies and navies as never before in the world's history."

"I was reading this morning of the false prophets that will arise in the last days," said the visitor.

"Yes, false prophets that shall deceive the people; we see them in the many "isms" that have arisen, theosophism, spiritism, scientism, new lightism, and others, that, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. Are not the great churches cold? Is not there a great falling away, as He said there would be? You have but to look around you and see."

"That is true, Mrs. Garland, that is true," said the other, sorrowfully.

"There shall be perilous times," He said; are not these perilous times?" said Katherine; "look at the fearful catastrophes that are continually occurring; people bent on pleasure at one fell swoop plunged, by the thousand, into eternity, as in New York harbor a year or so ago. 'As in the days before the flood, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be.' Then 'they ate and drank and bought and sold and married and gave in marriage until the day that Noah entered into the ark and knew not until the flood came and took them all away.' 'When you see these signs,' He said to His disciples, 'know that it is near, even at the doors.'"

"These are surely times of unbelief," said the visitor, with a deep sigh.

"Unbelief," said the writer, "still asks the mocking question: 'Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.'"

"I have thought," said the caller, "that there was a plain-tiveness about the question he asked his disciples: 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?'"

"Faith. Ah, happy are the faithful who are looking for His return. Watching, as He commanded, for Him to come back. But whom do you find watching? If we are expecting a friend, we set our house in order and array ourselves in becoming dress to receive that friend. We are expectant and speak often of him. How often do you hear anything said of His return in the pulpit? Is the professing church watching with throbbing heart and beaming eye as a bride should watch for the coming of her bridegroom?"

"I am afraid not. Old Formality has her in a close embrace."

"Well, when He comes the dead in Christ shall rise first and the saints on earth shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye and caught up to be with Him in the air. Then will come the great tribulation, such as never was on earth before. Then the backslidden church will see her defection and be restored, and a nation, that many think is the Jews, will be born in a day. Many will perish, but many in that awful tribulation will embrace the truth."

When the visitor was gone, Katherine leaned back in the easy-chair and looked through a mullioned window out on the green lawn, set with flowerbeds of geranium, verbena and heliotrope. White, fleecy cirri drifted along the blue afternoon sky. A humming bird at a honeysuckle vine was rifling the blossoms of their sweets.

At length she took a letter that had been opened from the table and re-read it. It was from Ethel Melville, who now resided in a distant city, and spoke of her four girls. Kleber, the eldest, named for her paternal grandfather, was her mother's domestic fairy. Minta, the second daughter, beautiful and frolicsome, was the life of the home; Lily Bell was quiet and thoughtful, while Ellen, the youngest, was a veritable elf, darting here and there about the house. She folded the letter and spoke aloud, her eyes on the white floating cirri.

"Dear Ethel; she has a 'Merry Four' of her own. How glad I am that Dr. Slavoure and Jessie Lee are living there."

The strains of a song, "He was a prince," sung by Annie, came from the distant parlor where she was entertaining

the Sans Souci Club. Ethel drove past in a pony cart with a school-girl friend. Alma had gone to a ladies' church meeting. She took up a blue and gold volume, a copy of "Imitation of Christ," when Annie came in, saying: "Mrs. Hunter has called to take you driving."

Donning a silken wrap, hat and gloves, she was soon rolling along the broad street in the pretty trap of the wife of the Congressman from that district. She was a cultured, companionable woman; her conversational gifts and pleasing personality made her a factor in social circles at the national capital, her husband having had a voice in the nation's councils for twenty years. She kept pace with political issues, and his success was largely attributable to her tact and conservatism. They soon left the town and were driving through shaded country roads, talking of late books and of their mutual acquaintances in Washington. Katherine listened interested to her reminiscences of the good President, beloved of the south, so foully done to death that fateful autumn day in the "Rainbow City" beside the blue waters of Erie.

"His devotion to his invalid wife was beautiful," she said, reflectively, as they rolled slowly under the dense shade of the trees.

"No journey," said Katherine, "was too long, even across the continent, for her to undertake to be with him."

"She always wished to be with 'The Major,'" said Mrs. Hunter, gathering a spray of wild roses as they went slowly past a hedge. "To mortal vision, so short sighted," she continued, pinning some of the pink blossoms on Katherine's silken lapel; "it does look like there are colossal mistakes in this world."

"Thank you, I love wild roses. It was a dreadful stroke for the devoted wife—and for the south," said the authoress, with a dreamy, far-away look at the level, golden rays filtering through the trees from the setting sun.

"A popular writer tells us," said the Congressman's wife, "that 'the wounds inflicted by reconstruction, rankled and festered for decades, but when the bayonet was removed, the Saxon asserted himself. The carpetbagger went to the

penitentiary or vanished. The negro returned to the cotton field. Then the north elected a President with a mind to see like Franklin and a heart to feel like L'Hospital. The wounds healed and cicatrized. The south honored and loved him. She was become Cinderella at the ball. Loyal she had been for years, and war came to make her patriotic. Another leaf was turned in the book of history. The page looked bright, and it was told everywhere that only Cinderella had a foot to swear by. Then the door of despair was opened and it was called the door of hope. Attempt was made to join together what Almighty God had put asunder. Charleston was not an equal to either Portland. At Charleston a Federal official is appointed, not because he is competent, but because he is offensive. Cinderella is sent back to the washtub."

A deep silence ensued. The trap moved slowly through the forest, Harvey, the negro driver, holding the reins loosely, at whose side sat the young son of the lady. They stopped at a spring, whose water bubbled over the thick wooden frame around it, in a picturesque glen. Birds were calling to each other in the trees, the tops of which were bathed in the setting sun. A bed of sweet pinks grew near; a white gourd hung on the branch of a cedar. Mrs. Hunter gave the driver a silver cup and said to her son: "Rice, how fresh and beautiful those flowers are; get out and gather some of them, while Harvey gives us some water."

"I was at a railroad crossing near the town here," said Katherine, the dreamy, far-away look still in her eyes, "in a telegraph office when the awful news of his assassination came over the wires. It was just too terrible to believe."

"And how the people waited," said Mrs. Hunter, "in suspense, from day to day, for tidings from his bedside in Buffalo. Finally, the end came, and on the day set for memorial services the railroad trains were stopped throughout the length and breadth of the land, from Ontario to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for five minutes while they were lowering his body to its last resting place in Canton!"

"I remember the address your husband gave at the me-

morial services here," said the authoress," after Major Garmonde and other prominent citizens had spoken. He delivered a few sentences when his voice broke with emotion; and he had to pause for composure before proceeding with the eulogy that brought tears to many eyes."

"And you followed with a poem, beautiful, appropriate, Mrs. Garland. Is it too much to ask you to repeat it for me now?"

To the accompaniment of zephyrs wandering in the glen and the song of the bubbling spring, Katherine recited the poem, the lad standing on the grass, his hands full of the purple blossoms on one side of the trap, the driver on the other side, holding the reins. The eyes of the boy opened wide with interest as she proceeded, and when he mounted to his seat, he said:

"Mrs. Garland, I want a copy of that poem to declaim when I return to Georgetown to school."

"You are as appreciative as your father, Rice," said the lady, "when I went back to my seat that day, which was just behind his, he turned, and grasping my hand, said: 'Mrs. Garland, that is the finest poem you ever wrote.'"

"It was so appropriate, and you rendered it so well," said the boy's mother. "Harvey, drive back to town, now."

"I see our Senator from the Bluff City is distinguishing himself," said the authoress.

"Yes, he is a fine orator, a profound thinker and a very brilliant man, and is considered by many as the leader of the Democratic party. His wife is a superior woman and an ideal wife for a political man, for she makes friends wherever she goes."

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting her; we corresponded once about a certain matter and she writes charmingly. Like the writer you quoted a while ago, the Senator deprecates the fact that the door which was opened, instead of being one of hope, proved to be one of despair."

Reaching the environs of the town, they met the lady's eldest son, a young lawyer, who had achieved a fine reputation in his profession, in an auto, with his bride, the daughter of an eminent jurist, whom he had recently married in a

University town. The couple smiled and bowed as they swept past, and Mrs. Hunter said:

"Tom and Mary are taking their usual airing."

Katherine stood on the pillared gallery when Ethel returned from her drive. The latter sprang up the steps, saying:

"O, where did you get the pretty wild flowers?"

"About two miles out of town."

At that moment the child's mother came out. The passing years had only added to her tactfulness and grace.

"Run and put the flowers in water, Ethel," she said, and tell Mary to serve supper. I hope you had a pleasant ride," turning to Katherine.

"With Mrs. Hunter it could not have been otherwise, Alma. Was there a full meeting of the ladies of your society?"

"There was quite a number and some good work done."

Mrs. Somerville was living in the town with her sons, James and Keeble. The former was handsome, popular in society, with but one drawback, which was a great one; he occasionally drank of the intoxicating cup, the red moloch that yearly slays its hundreds of thousands of the flower of our country. Keeble, the younger son, was a choice spirit, bonhomie, expansive and the stay of his mother's declining years. He was like his Uncle James in manner and appearance, whose death, years before, had, for a time, blotted the sun from Katherine's sky.

After supper the authoress was sitting alone on the pillared gallery, the moonlight flooding the lawn set with shrubbery, the blossoms exhaling their fragrance on the dewy night, when a man came out of the dense shade of the trees that bordered the lawn and stepped briskly up the paved walk. It was Keeble.

"I was glad to see you out driving this afternoon, Aunt Katherine," he said, seating himself beside her and taking up a palm fan that lay at her feet.

"Thank you, Keeble, it was pleasant in the woods; the first autumn tints are beautiful."

"Mother was here to see you this afternoon. Where is Annie? I want her to play some for me."

"In the sitting room over a book. She is always glad to play for her favorite cousin."

"She is a prime favorite of mine. I'll go and find her."

Her eyes followed him into the lighted hall and on until he entered the sitting room. How like his Uncle James he was! No wonder she loved him.

The following morning a letter came from Mr. Seawell, now an octogenarian. It had been six months since she had heard from him. He wrote from Havenhurst. A letter she had received four years before from him had announced the death of Mrs. Haven and a month later Captain Haven had followed his wife. Cyril, having lost his wife, was now an old man and resided at Havenhurst with his son, Guy's family. Mr. Beverly had long ago gone to his reward. Stella, who was the Countess of Castlereagh—her husband having, on the death of the Earl, two decades before, succeeded to his title and estates—had the previous year visited her old home and carried back with her Cyril's granddaughter, the beautiful Alicia Haven, and her cousin, Stella Halliday, granddaughter of Kirk Halliday, a hale, hearty old gentleman, still resident at Halliday Towers. His mother had long been dead, and a year before Lee had passed away. A clipping from the *London Times* was enclosed, telling at length of the presentation of two beautiful belles from the southern states, Miss Haven and Miss Halliday, at Queen Alexandria's last drawing room.

She returned the letter to the envelope and leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes. A letter from Mr. Seawell always saddened her, for it unearthed memories of her brother James, with whom, in thought, she associated him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

L'ENVOI.



T length she rose, and with the letter in her hand, went out on the lawn. She slowly strolled along the walks, stopping here and there among the shrubbery, and finally came on a small plot set with touch-me-not, hollyhock, and four-o'clocks. She lingered near it, her heart busy with sweet, sad memories of the far-gone times at The Oaks that the letter and the old-fashioned flowers had awakened. How remote seemed those happy days! She gathered some of the flowers and sat down on a rustic bench while Tennyson's verse,

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,"

came into her mind. The morning was advanced when she went in, meeting Annie in the hall and asked:

"Who planted these flowers?"

"Little sister made the bed and planted them."

She was arranging a vase of American Beauty roses on the center table, making a pretty picture as her slight, willowy form bent gracefully over the flowers. It was a week before Katherine answered Mr. Seawell's letter, and when she had sealed and addressed it, she took up her pen and wrote:

ETHEL'S PARTERRE.

"The sun lay warm on vale and hill
In August's weary days;
Woodthrushes perched amid the trees,
Poured forth their tuneful lays.

"Sweet woodland essences came up,
Borne on the fitful breeze;
Whose undertones breathed low, so low
In nature's minor keys.

"I, listless, strolled along a lawn
Of lovely rainwashed green,
All set with fragrant flower beds,
And winding walks between.

"Caladium, stately, swung its leaves
Upon the golden air;
Geranium, heliotrope, tuberose,
All shed their sweetness there.

"Here, violets smiled, and roses, too,
Queen of the blossom world;
Lilies their golden-hearted cups,
And petals white unfurled.

"I loitered here and there and thought
Of lotus plant, trieste,
That makes the weary heart forget—
Heart always to be blest.

"And in the breezes undertow
Came close that minor strain,
The birds caught it, the bees hummed it,
'Twas sad as winter rain.

"What ailed the birds? What ailed the bees?
What ailed the sun that lay
On hill and vale? My heart, my heart,
'Twas you that ailed that day.

"You thought on, longed for lotus fruit
That makes the soul forget
Its duty to the race on whom
God's seal of mercy's set.

"Still wandering on with heart trieste,
I came upon a spot
Abloom with old-time hollyhock,
And old-time touch-me-not.

"The four-o'clock's had oped their cups
And shed their perfume there;
Who planted this? I asked; one said,
'Tis Ethel's own parterre.'

"My girl of twelve had turned the sod,
Sowed seed with her own hands,
Whose old-time blossoms now brought back
My youth's fair summer lands.

"Oh, how they babbled of the time
When all the world was young!
And hope and joy and loved ones gone,
About my footsteps clung.

"Conscious no more of that dark line
That runs through warp and woof
Of life, I turned me to the morn
And saw no cloven hoof.

"Vanished the thought of lotus fruit,
Faith plumed her pinions there;
The minor threnody was mute
In Ethel's sweet parterre."

Before returning to the city Katherine went to a neighboring town to visit Jane—Mrs. Bethel—and her brother Ben, who was the lad whom "The Merry Four" sometimes drew into their games at Oak Hall in ante-bellum days. He was a leading merchant in the town, having Edgar Clark for a partner in business. He had an interesting family of four sons and four daughters. Edgar had a charming wife, and two sons had been born to him, and Porter, Jane's only son, had married an accomplished woman, and four boys had blessed their union. Mrs. Ferrill, formerly Lavina Saville, a banker's wife, lived in the town, and Katherine found herself the center of a circle of friends of bygone days.

A yearly custom of decorating the graves in the cemetery obtained there on a certain Sunday afternoon, and it was observed during her visit. Hymns were sung, prayers offered and an eloquent address delivered by a prominent lawyer, after which the flowers were distributed.

Katherine knelt by Ann's tombstone, breathing a prayer as she laid her chaplet on the sacred mound, when she perceived that some one had preceded her with a beautiful tribute to her cousin's memory. Looking up, she saw Mary Bryan, a statuesque, white-robed girl standing near, with whom she had been intimately associated during her visit.

"O, here is my White Rose," said the authoress, going to the beautiful girl's side. "It is just like you to anticipate me in placing flowers on the grave of my beloved cousin."

"I, too, knew her and loved her," said the girl, in a low, musical voice. Mary was one of those rare characters that is always ready to sacrifice self for the interests of others.

Katherine left the next day, and while she waited for her train, she saw an array of coaches handsomely decorated with banners and pennants roll into the station. This was "The Boosters' Train," of which she had read in the daily papers, which was filled with representative business men, touring the towns of Tennessee and Alabama in the interests of the capital city. It was the most completely equipped train that ever swept over rails. Not only were telegraphic facilities attached to the train, but there was a telephone in every coach, and she saw the secretary of the Board of Trade in his seat talking to his wife in her private parlor in Atlantic City. At every town where they stopped the wires were connected at a moment's notice.

"But isn't that train a beauty?" said Miss Bryan, who had come to see Katherine off.

"It certainly is," replied the latter; "the world moves, Mary," she added, kissing her good-by. She was pleased when she got back to find Mrs Glenrose, Alma's guest. She now resided in the Lone Star State, and was *en route*, with little Hortense, Susie's child, a blue-eyed fairy of four years, for the city in which Jessie Lee and Ethel resided.

It was a precious reunion, and all too short, for she only remained a week in the place. A month afterward Katherine returned to the city, and went, one morning, to hear an evangelist, who, in passing through the town, delivered a couple of sermons. He spoke on the theme which had for months so deeply interested her. He said in the discourse:

"Man has a two-fold nature. He has both a material and a spiritual nature. And both natures have been equally affected by the fall. His body is exposed to disease; his soul is corrupted by sin. We would, therefore, expect that any complete scheme of redemption would include both natures, and provide for the restoration of his physical as well as the

renovation of his spiritual life. Nor are we disappointed. The Redeemer appears among men with both hands stretched out to our misery and our need. In the one He holds salvation, in the other, healing. He offers Himself to us as a complete Saviour. His indwelling Spirit, the life of our spirit, His resurrection body the life of our mortal flesh. He begins this ministry by healing all that had need of healing; He closes it by making on the cross a full atonement for our sins, and then on the other side He passes into heaven, leaving the double commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils. . . . They shall lay hands upon the sick and they shall recover.'

"This was 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' What has become of it? Why is it not still universally taught and realized? Did it disappear with the Apostolic age? Was it withdrawn when Peter, Paul and John were removed? By no means. It remained in the church for centuries, and only disappeared gradually in the growing worldliness, corruption, formalism and unbelief of the early Christian centuries. With a reviving faith, with a deepening spiritual life, with a more marked and Scriptural recognition of the Holy Spirit and the Living Christ, this blessed gospel of physical redemption is beginning to be restored to its ancient place, and the church is slowly learning to reclaim what she never should have lost.

"Faith must ever rest on the divine word and the most important element in the 'prayer of faith' is the full and firm persuasion that the healing of disease by simple faith in God is beyond question a part of the gospel and a doctrine of the Scriptures. The earliest promise of healing is in Exodus, where God covenants with the Israelites that if they will obey Him, keep all His statutes, He would put none of the diseases on them that He had brought on the Egyptians, and saying:

"'I am the Lord that healeth thee.'

"David exclaims: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.'

Isaiah said, 'Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and by his stripes we are healed.' We find this in Matthew: 'He healed all that were sick that it might be spoken by Esaias, the prophet, saying, 'Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses.'

"In the same full sense as He has borne our sins, He has surely borne away and carried off our sickness. In abiding in Him, we may be delivered from both sickness and pain. Thus, by His stripes, we are healed. Blessed and glorious gospel! Blessed and glorious Burden Bearer! Thus, the ancient prophet beholds in vision the Redeemer coming, first as a Great Physician and then hanging on the cross as a Great Sacrifice. And thus the Evangelists have described Him for three years, the Great Healer, and then for six hours of shame and agony, the Dying Lamb.

"He fulfilled the character presented of Him in ancient prophecy. Had He not done so, He would not have been true to His own character, and if He did not still do so He would not be:

" 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.'

"These healings were not occasional, but continual, not exceptional, but universal. He never turned any away. He healed all that were sick. As many as touched Him were made perfectly whole. He is still the same. Now, this was the work of His life. We have been too ready to sum up all the Redeemer's work in the one act at the close; in our zeal for the value of His blood we have forgotten the preciousness of His earthly life. God would not have us forget that He spent three years in deeds of power and love before He went up to the cross to die. We need the Living Christ as much as the Christ crucified. It would take too long to tell how He cured the leper, the lame, the blind, the palsied, the impotent, the fever-stricken—'all that had need of healing.' How He linked sickness so often with sin and forgave before He spoke the restoring word! How He required their own personal touch of appropriating faith; and bade them take the healing by rising up and carrying their bed; how His healing went far beyond His presence and reached

and saved the centurion's servant and the nobleman's son; and how sharply He reprov'd the least question of His willingness to help and threw the responsibility of man's suffering on his own unbelief.

"Was this blessed power to die with Him? We read in the fourth chapter and twelfth verse of John: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, he shall do also, and greater works shall he do because I go to my Father.' And in Mark, sixteenth chapter, He says: 'These signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.'

"Here is the commission given to them, the two-fold gospel and assuring them of His presence and unchanging power. What right have we to preach the one without the other? What right have we to hold back any part from a perishing world? What right have we to go to an unbelieving world and demand their acceptance of our message without these signs following? What right have we to explain their absence from our ministry by trying to eliminate them from God's word or consign them to an obsolete past? Christ did give them and they did follow as long as Christians continued to believe and expect them. And by such mighty signs and wonders the church was established in Jerusalem, Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. The unbelieving world needs them today as much as in the Apostolic times. During the Apostolic age, these manifestations of healing power were not confined to the Apostles. Philip and Stephen were as gloriously used as were Peter and John. In first Corinthians, twelfth chapter, the gifts of healing are spoken of as widely diffused and universally understood among the endowments of the church. When the Apostolic age closed, was this to be continued, and if so, by whom? By what limitations is it to be preserved from fanaticism and presumption? By what commission is it to be perpetuated to the end of time and placed within the reach of all God's suffering saints? We turn to

James, fifth chapter and fourteenth verse: 'Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.' James was president of the Apostolic board, the man first named by Paul himself in Galatians as being among the pillars of the church. He it is who transmits the Apostolic gifts to the ordinary and permanent officers who are to succeed them in the oversight of the flock of Christ. The missionaries need this mighty power in their work among the heathen. He said to His disciples in the ninth chapter of Matthew: 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.' He is speaking this same message to us today, and surely it fits into our times and the world's needs. O, the vastness, the immensity of the harvest. There are one billion and five hundred millions of people on the globe, and more than a billion have never heard of Christ. If you were to take all the churches from Maine to California and crowd into them all the people who never heard of Christ and give them one service it would take five years for every church in America to hold the heathen world once; give them one chance to hear the story of salvation. The dead of a single year would make a line of graves to San Francisco and back six times, and the dead of a single day would make a row of tombs half way from New York to Albany, and it would take every man in New York City to bury the dead of a single day. No wonder we get discouraged and crushed and say: 'What can we do?' Jesus did not say do some great thing, but to 'pray to the Lord of the harvest.' Not only is it a very vast world, but a very destitute world. A billion and a half souls and only thirty million among them have even professed to be Christians. The Church sends one missionary to every fifteen hundred of her members, and over yonder there is an average of one missionary to every sixty thousand heathens. Surely the laborers are few. But what about our giving? It was reported at a late missionary

convention that over twelve thousand churches in America did not give one cent to foreign missions last year. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to keep pace with American wealth. President McKinley, of blessed memory, put the wealth of the country at sixty-five billions; later estimates bring it up to ninety-two billions. Statistics assure us that Christians give one dollar out of every four thousand to missions. What is the matter? The lack of spiritual religion, indifference of Christians to Christ and a lost world. The world spends four per cent of its income for alcohol and tobacco. A calculation has been made that if all the liquor poured into glasses were piled on top of each other they would reach the moon. The world spends two hundred billions of dollars for liquor every year, and the whole church of Jesus Christ spends one two-hundredth part as much to save the world. Last year a hundred millions were spent for educational purposes and libraries. Plenty of people do these things, but O, so few do His work. Seventy-five millions have been spent to reach the North Pole; more than all the Christians in America have ever given in a whole century for the work of foreign missions. And the remedy is, for Christians to 'pray that the Lord of the harvest send forth laborers into His harvest.' The word 'send' means in Greek to press, or push out by a strong and even violent movement. The natural metaphor is a bursting torrent, breaking forth through all barriers and spreading over the land in resistless waves. It describes a great missionary movement, involving the great deep of human selfishness, and leading to the outpouring of means and the consecration of lives, as when men go forth in some great crusade of religious enthusiasm or some mighty enterprise of patriotism. It is no trifling movement of easy beneficence that will meet the world's need today. God does not want your pin money or your endless chains of cheap dimes that you will 'never feel.' He wants our hearts stirred, our selfishness broken up, our dearest, best, and energy, sacrifice and liberality, like the splendid investments that men today are pouring out at the shrine of mammon and spending in the gigantic commercial enterprises of our time. 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest

that he will thrust forth laborers into His harvest,' and send men by thousands and means by billions. What has not prayer wrought? The Master prayed all night and the next day twelve apostles were ordained. The disciples prayed ten days and the next day the power of Pentecost came down. The church in Antioch prayed and lo! a foreign mission was born, and Barnabas and Saul sent forth. A few college lads prayed under a haystack one stormy night and lo! the two oldest missionary societies in America were started and the religious life of our land was changed. The officers of the Church Missionary Society prayed that God would call some of the flower of English society to the foreign field, and lo! before the prayer had reached Heaven, a message came to the secretary to meet a number of the brightest young men of Oxford and Cambridge to confer about this very thing. Let us pray until the world shall see a new crusade and the Lord of the harvest shall send us a missionary revival, worthy of the opportunities of the age, the resources of the Church, the promises of God and the need of a perishing world.

"As has been said, the missionaries need the knowledge of the truth of divine healing. They need to carry this power with them. It is a mighty influence toward the conversion of the heathen. This power was not committed to apostles who were soon to pass away; not to men and women of rare gifts and difficult of access, but to the elders, the ordinary officers of every single church; to those who are in reach of every sufferer, to those who are to continue to the end of the age. And the commission was given at the close of the Apostolic age, not for that generation, but for the one just rising and all the succeeding ages. And, observe, it is a command. It is the divine prescription for disease, and no obedient Christian can safely dispense with it. Paul tells us in the eighth of Romans, 'If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.' This cannot refer to the future resurrection. That will be by the 'Voice of the Son of God';

not the Holy Spirit.' This is a present indwelling and quickening of the Spirit. And it is a quickening of the mortal body, not the soul. What can this be but physical restoration, which is the direct work of the Holy Ghost, and which only they can receive who know the indwelling of the divine Spirit? It was the Spirit of God that wrought all the miracles of Jesus Christ on earth. And if we have the same Spirit dwelling in us, we shall experience the same works. In the fourth chapter of second Corinthians we read, 'Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of the Lord Jesus might be manifested in our mortal body?' This is Paul's physical experience, constant peril, infirmity and physical suffering probably by persecution and even violence, in order that the healing, restoring, sustaining power, and life of Jesus might be more constantly manifest in his very body for the encouragement of suffering saints. In verse sixteen he tells us this life is renewed day by day. In the thirteenth Hebrews, eighth verse, we read: 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.' And this is but an echo of that voice that spoke those parting words a generation before: 'Lo! I am with you alway; even unto the end of the world.' He did not say, 'I will be,' that would have suggested a break; but 'I am'—an unchanging now, a presence never withdrawn, a love, a nearness, a power to heal and save as constant and as free as ever—even unto the end of the world, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever.' "

Katherine left the sanctuary, her soul stirred to its depths over the indifference of the professing Church and of the great, rich world concerning His work, especially among the perishing millions on the Asiatic continent, and with the mighty truth of divine healing taking deeper root in her heart.

And so as month's passed she found Him ever faithful as her Healer. It seemed like a mighty cable that anchored her life to the throne of God. Amid a world of strife and turmoil, she found herself in a pavilion whose walls were sal-

vation and whose gates were praise! And her song of triumph was :

"I have anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest,
How I've tossed on wild tempests before!
But now, they may sweep o'er the wide, stormy deep;
In Jesus I'm safe evermore!"











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